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YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER.*

ON the outposts of science, in their solitary watch-towers, are constantly posted sleepless sentinels watching for new worlds. And when, at length, after long and patient forecasting, a new planet actually makes its appearance, with what a shout of triumph its advent is announced; and what pains are taken, and what elaborate computations are made to determine its distance, estimate its density, ascertain its laws of motion, the elements of its orbit, etc.! Now, when a new poet appears, ought not his advent to awaken at least a similar interest—to be heralded with an equal amount of enthusiasm? The gift of a great poet to the world is of inconceivably more importance than the discovery of a new planet. What planet, pray, or star, which the cunning craft of man has ever revealed, that has been compelled to succumb to the persecuting gaze of the indefatigable astronomer, however brilliant or wonderful, has ever yet conferred such blessings on the race as we are fond of attributing to such bards as Homer, Milton, Shakspeare, Dante, and Wordsworth? What astronomers are in the scientific, critics and reviewers may be supposed to be in the literary world. It is their province to maintain a vigilant look-out, and be the earliest to announce the appearance, in our literary heavens, of hitherto undiscovered stellar orbs of genius.

During the past year two long poems have made their appearance from the English press, both of them, unquestionably, remarkable productions. One of these, by William Morris, author of "Jason," an epic which was very well received a few years ago, is entitled "The

Earthly Paradise." The other, by Edward Henry Bickersteth, is entitled, "Yesterday, To-day, and Forever." The contrast between these two poems, on the score of subject and treatment, is hardly less striking than has been the contrast of their reception. Bickersteth's poem seems, as yet, to have awakened but comparatively little interest in strictly literary circles; whereas, the genius of Mr. Morris, and the manifold excellencies of his work, receive cordial and emphatic recognition. Equally diverse, as just stated, are the spheres in which these eminent artists respectively move. The one is emphatically "earthly;" the other, heavenly. Mr. Morris has rightly named his poem, "The Earthly Paradise," inasmuch as it discourses exclusively of earthly loves and life. The other should have been called, "The Heavenly Paradise," inasmuch as it sings of those pleasures which are for evermore at the right hand of God. The former sets forth only the "Lotus-eating languor of temporary and material bliss; studiously begirts itself within this narrow rim of time;" limits its vision to lands and seas, to men and women as they are under the sun; never once lifts its rapt gaze from the sensual, sexual, corruptible "earthly," to where the star of faith hangs in the heavens, but is content to revel amid the perfumes and sweets of a Mohammedan paradise—the luxurious delights of a "Turkish bath in the gardens of Damascus, whose aromatic air, heavy with a cloud of material fragrance, is broken up by no ray of a divine sun, and where every thing is enchanting to every sense but the sense of the soul."

In every way as remarkable a production artistically as its antitype, Mr. Bickersteth's poem, on the other hand, undertakes to pierce the unseen, and rehearse to mortal ears the story of a redeemed soul from the moment of

*Yesterday, To-day, and Forever. Edward Henry Bickersteth. Robert Carter & Brothers, New York.

its departure from the body, to the final and glorious consummation of all things.

The design of this poem, as it appears from a statement in the preface, has been laid up in the author's heart for more than twenty years. The execution of it, however, at last, occupied only about two years, so that, while thoroughly matured, it comes forth with all the freshness and fervor of a new creation. Indeed, this writer's verse is uncommonly fluent, suggesting, on his part, a truly poetic furor of composition. No weak fluidity, however, is here which, as another has well said, "makes so much of our poetry, sacred and other, but a shallow stream of ceaseless dribble." The flow of our author's verse is as strong as it is even—his stream is ever steady, swift, and full—compelling the reader to acknowledge that, as a rule, the best word, not the poorest, finds ever its appointed place.

This poem, we think, has been deservedly praised on the score of simplicity of style. There is but very little "pomp and circumstance" about it. It abounds in incident rather than illustration; delights in Scripture imagery rather than profane—very seldom, indeed, culling its figures or selecting its imagery from classic fields, or mythologic lore.

The poem is in the form of an epic, and aspires to a place in the same class with the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, the "Divine Comedy" of Dante, the "Night Thoughts" of Dr. Young, and the "Course of Time" by Pollok. It is in pentameter blank verse, twelve books, each about a thousand lines. It may seem that there was great temerity in the enterprise of entering upon a theme that thus necessarily brought our author and his production into comparison, and, in some sense, also, into rivalry with these great authors and their works. Were he especially ambitious of fame as a poet, it might, indeed, be his misfortune that Milton, and others of less note, had handled his great theme before him. But there is no evidence that he is thus ambitious. So far from his having consciously imitated Milton, or any other great master, he seems rather to have written from a full heart, and a thoughtful, reverent mind, in the words that were given him at the hour. As Milton, writing also out of the depths of his own intellect and heart, and from the inspiration of his own genius, neither copied or imitated Dante, so Bickersteth has shown himself a great and original poet by treating substantially the same themes without the least appearance of treading in any of his illustrious predecessors' steps, and in a style singularly original and fresh. He seems to have conceived his subject for himself,

to have handled it after a fashion of his own, and, while embodying in it the type of religious thought and feeling peculiar to his own time, has impressed on the whole work his own distinctive intellectual and moral image. To have only partially succeeded in an enterprise of such magnitude—in a field so frequently trodden—would have been something a good deal better than a failure. But we think that time will demonstrate that, though Mr. Bickersteth may not have equaled quite the immortal worthies already named, he has nevertheless achieved a substantial and permanent success.

Let us now briefly outline, or analyze the action represented. The work opens with the death of the seer, and his entrance into Paradise. Nothing, in our literature, can be more touching or beautiful than the description of the dying scene.

"The last day of my earthly pilgrimage
Was closing, and the end was peace; for as
The sunset glory on the hills grew pale,
The burning fever left me— . . .

The lamp that hung
Suspended in my chamber slowly paled
And flickered in its socket. But my soul
Was lit up with a purer, clearer light,
The day-break of a near eternity,
Which cast its penetrating beams across
The isthmus of my life, and fringed with gold
The mists of childhood, and revealed beyond
The outline of the everlasting hills.

. . . God was there.
I knew it. I was with him. And meanwhile
His angel gently loosened all the cords
Of my frail tabernacle, and the tent
Fluttered to every breeze."

. . . I was more
Than ankle deep in Jordan's icy stream.
My children stood upon its utmost verge,
Gazing imploringly, persuasively,
While the words, 'dear, dear father,' now and then
Would drop like dew from their unconscious lips.
My gentle wife, with love stronger than death,
Was leaning over those cold, gliding waves.
I heard them speaking, but could make no sign;
I saw them weeping, but could shed no tear;
I felt their touch upon my flickering pulse,
Their breath upon my cheek, but I could give
No answering pressure to the fond hands press'd
In mine. . . . I had passed
Beyond the interchange of loving signs. . . .
And whether now the waters were less deep,
Or I was borne upon invisible arms,
I know not; but methought my mortal robes
Now only brushed the smoothly gliding stream,
And, like the edges of a sunset cloud,
The beatific land before me lay.
One long, last look behind me; gradually
The figures faded on the shore of time,
And, as the solemn bell of midnight struck,
One sob, one effort, and my spirit was free."

Taking a farewell glance at his bereaved and weeping family, and guided by his angelic convoy, chief of whom was Oriel, he sets forth upon the road to Paradise.

"Smooth, easy, swifter than the winds of heaven
Our flight was. In the twinkling of an eye

We brushed the mantle of a silver cloud
That floated in mid sky. Like flames of fire
We mounted upward."— . . .

"On our right hand and our left
The stars sang halleluiah as we past."

Paradise at length heaves in view :

"But as we neared
Its extreme confines, I beheld what seemed
A defile in those mountainous clouds, a chasm,
Whence issued floods of radiance, pure white light,
And rainbow tints, roseate, blue, and gold.
This was the gorgeous avenue which led
Straight to the gates of bliss. The massive sides,
Of clouds, which ever hung there undispersed,
And caught on every vaporous fold and skirt
The glory of the sportive rays that streamed
Forth from the happy Paradise beyond."

The air now tremulous with heavenly melody,
the "far-wandering music" of the celestial city
faintly saluting his enraptured ears, the ransomed soul is joyfully welcomed home, while

"— that vast defile of clouds
Reechoed with the impulses of song
And music, and the atmosphere serene
Throbbled with innumerable greetings."

The second book is entitled, "The Paradise of the Blessed Dead," and contains many passages of extreme beauty. The meeting of the soul and the Lord, we think, is admirably pictured; the deep, reverential awe on the one side, and the condescending love on the other. Nor is the seer's description of his meeting with his lost babes, and the glorified from among his own flock, less beautiful.

Fathers and mothers, from whose arms their little ones have been early taken, dwell, with inexpressible interest, often, on the few and, as it were, guarded words of the New Testament which justify the belief that they have been gathered to the fold of the Eternal Shepherd, to be guarded and cherished; and with many a fond imagination endeavor to conceive what they will have become when parental love shall again behold them, within the veil of immortality. Some have been pained to think that the dear objects of their tenderness will have been transformed, by the natural development of that diviner sphere, into such wholly different beings that the peculiar charm of the relationship must needs be gone.

Mr. Bickersteth, on coming to treat upon this delicate theme, gives expression to the following delightful conceits :

"A babe in glory is a babe forever ;
Perfect as spirits, and as able to pour forth
Their glad hearts in the tongues that angels use,
These nurslings, gathered in God's nursery,
Forever grow in loveliness and love—
Growth is the law of all intelligence—
Yet can not pass the limit which defines
Their being. They have never fought the fight,
Nor borne the heat and burden of the day,
Nor staggered underneath the weary cross.

. . . Infancy
Is one thing, manhood one. And babes, though part
Of the true archetypal house of God
Built on the heavenly Zion, are not now,
Nor will be ever, massive rocks, rough-hewn,
Or ponderous corner-stones, or fluted shafts
Of columns, or far-shadowing pinnacles ;
But rather as the delicate lily-work,
By Hiram wrought for Solomon of old,
Enwreathed upon the brazen chapters,
Or flowers of lilies round the molten sea.
Innumerable flowers thus bloom and blush
In heaven." . . .

One of our author's critics, in commenting upon this idea of those dying in infancy remaining infants forever, represents it as an unpleasant thought. We suspect, however, that Mr. Bickersteth has, on this point, correctly interpreted human nature. It is Leigh Hunt who says, "Whoso has lost a child in infancy, has a child in the family for aye." In accordance with what we consider, then, a profoundly interesting notion of the character and place of infants in the harmoniously adjusted fellowship of blessed saints, he most touchingly describes the meeting of the father with the infant children who had been taken from him while he was yet upon the earth.

. . . "But straightway,
Or ever I could utter words of praise,
Voices familiar as my mother's tongue
Fell on me; and an infant cherub sprang,
As springs a sunbeam to the heart of flowers,
Into my arms, and murmured audibly,
'Father, dear father;' and another clasped
My knees, and faltered the same name of power.

The one who nestled in my breast had seen
All of earth's year except the Winter snows—
Spring, Summer, Autumn, like sweet dreams had smiled
On her. Eva—or living—was her name;
A bud of life folded in leaves and love;
The dewy morning star of Summer days;
The golden lamp of fireside happy hours;
The little ewe-lamb nestling by our side;
The dove whose cooing echoed in our hearts;
The sweetest chord upon our harp of praise;
The quiet spring, the rivulet of joy.

The storm
Fell without warning on our tender bud,
Scattering its leaflets; and the star was drenched
In tears; the lamp burnt dimly; unawares
The little lamb was faint; the weary dove
Covered its young head beneath its drooping wing;
The chord was loosened on our harp; the fount
Was troubled, and the rill ran nearly dry;
And in our souls we heard our Father saying,
'Will ye return the gift?' The voice was low,
The answer lower still, 'Thy will be done!'
And now, where we had often pictured her,
I saw her one of the beatified;
Eva, our blossom, ours forever now,
Unfolding in the atmosphere of love,
The star that set upon our earthly home
Had risen in glory, and in pure skies
Was shining; and the lamp we sorely missed
Shed its soft radiance in a better home.

And none who looked on her could choose but say,
Eva, sweet angel, God be bless'd for thee!"

In due season our seer is permitted to visit the "Prison of the Lost." This, in many portions, is sketched with a powerful hand.

"But who, unblanched with terror, may describe
The scene before us? Not in terraces
Or tiers of hills, mountains on mountains built
Yielding access, though arduous, but a sheer
Precipitate descent, a horrid chasm,
—there yawned
Right at our feet; down, down, how deep as yet
No mortal eye might ever fathom, . . .
A land of darkness, and of gloominess,
Dark mountains, and yet darker vales between,
And waveless depths profound, darkest of all;
A world o'ershadowed with the pall of death—
The sepulcher of life."

Oriel informs the seer that thrice, in his ministry of saints, has God ordained that he should tread the dread path that leads to those abodes of woe, and, entering there, read the secrets of that penal world. The first was when commissioned with other elect spirits,

"A legion armed of warrior seraphim,
To bear in chains to their dark prison-house
Those angels who forsook their high estate,
Through alien and unnatural lust."

For it is the doctrine of our poet that those angels spoken of by Jude as not having "kept their first estate, but left their own habitation," and in consequence are "reserved in everlasting chains under darkness, into the judgment of the last day," are those "sons of God" who, "seeing the daughters of men, that they were fair, took them wives, of all which they chose."

"By birthright, sons of God, now sons of wrath,
They, prompted by the boast of Lucifer
Mankind should be his bride, and stung with lust,
Mixed with the daughters of unhappy Eve.
Heirs of her beauty, not her penitence,
In wedlock: . . . whence soon arose
The monstrous brood of giants, ruthless race,
Offspring of human and angelic kind,
Who now confusion more confused and stained
The fairest homes with violence and blood."

In another connection Oriel portrays the

"—profound abyss
Wrapt in tenfold gloom of darkening wrath
Nearest Gehenna's lake,"

where these fallen potentates of heaven are kept in chains.

"Yes, there they lie, immured in darkness, linked
With adamant manacles to rocks
Of adamant. . . . Once they stood
Pure spirits before the sapphire throne in heaven,
. . . . And walked the golden streets,
And plucked the vintage of celestial grapes.
But now behold them—every lineament
Dimm'd with despair and utter agony."

But the first of disembodied human souls Oriel ever bore to his own place in these realms of wrath was that of a young man—of noble birth, of high and generous bearing, but who, alas,

"Like some brave vessel cast on shifting sands,
Made shipwreck of his faith and sank to ruin."

The son of a praying mother, he was seduced by his heathen wife from his integrity and died without hope. From the din and roar of battle; from the trampling of horse-hoofs, the roll of chariots, and the measured tread of thousands; from the brazen trumpets' blare, drowning the shouts of victors, and the cries of wounded, agonizing, dying men, in an instant he was brought to face

"The calm, deep silence of eternity,"
. . . . "At one fell glance
He seemed to measure the abyss profound
Before him, and by terrible resolve,
Alas, too late submissive, to accept
The everlasting punishment of sin."

Our poet evidently feels a genuine compassion for the lost; nay more, he represents all heaven and the Judge himself in tears at the consummation of their irrevocable doom. Nor does he stop here; but taking Dives, we presume, for his example, he represents this cast-away young man himself as retaining some kind wishes for others, even here amid the horrors of perdition:

"A fragment left
Even here, of the Divine original,
Not wholly crushed."
"Subdued he sat,
Apart, crushed, conscience-stricken, almost calm;
Oft gazing on that distant paradise
Which still appeared within his vision's ken,
And cast its reflex light upon his ruin,
But wakened now no hope."

It will be seen that this poem, clinging alone to God's word, deals with solemn faithfulness with the dark side of the future and spirit-world. At the same time let it be carefully noted that it always places the ruin—the future and hopeless loss of souls, upon the only true, philosophical, Biblical basis—that of man's free, intelligent, independent choice. In all the cases given, willful sin is represented as the willingly ruling and central sovereign. Men and angels are damned, not because it has been so ordained from all eternity, but because *they freely choose to sin*. Indeed, in its theology, this great poem, it gives us unfeigned pleasure to say, is thoroughly Arminian. Every soul elects, in the liberty of its own will, its own destiny. The angels are thus constituted, and the lost themselves feel and cling to this central quality of moral being. Christ in his address to the angels all unfallen thus announces the true and wholesome doctrine:

"From this great trial of your fealty
It is not mine, albeit Omnipotent,
To save you. *Ye yourselves must choose to live.*"

Thus Oriel at his creation was addressed:

"I unto whom thou owest
Thy being, thy beauty and immortal bliss,
I claim thy free, spontaneous fealty.
Such is it thine to render or refuse."

Lucifer, also, is made to say:

"I know He is Almighty; but I see
Another image of Omnipotence,
The awful Power of self-determined choice."

Meantime this writer is not really more outspoken and pronounced in his Arminianism than is Milton. No more concise, powerful statements of that great central doctrine of all true theology are to be found than those which abound in the pages of *Paradise Lost*.

"Nor can justly accuse
Their Maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination overruled
Their will, disposed by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge; *they themselves* decreed
Their own revolt, not I. If I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown."
"I formed them *free*, and free they must remain."

"I ordained
Their *freedom*; they ordained their fall."
"Nay, cursed be thou; since, against his, *thy will*
Chose freely what it now so justly rues."
"Our *voluntary* service he requires,
Not our necessitated; such with him
Finds no acceptance, nor can find; for how
Can hearts not free be tri'd whether they serve
Willing or no, who will but what they must
By destiny, and can no other choose."
"Against his will he can receive no harm,
For God left free the will, since what obeys
Reason is free."

"No decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free-will."

Thus far Milton. What more robust Arminianism? How could the most ardent "freedomist" have been more guarded on this point?

Oriel's last excursion through the "flaming vault of hell" was to announce to the inhabitants of those "fields of gloom and fiery woe" the speedy coming of the Lamb's Bridal. In common with a large number in the Church of England, Mr. Bickersteth understands prophecy as indicating a personal reign of Christ upon earth, to commence at a day not now distant; and his poem is constructed in accordance with that theory. While this feature may contribute, to some extent, to popularize and make potent the millenarian ideas, it is by no means necessary to adopt his views on this particular topic in order richly to enjoy his fine poetical conceptions.

Our author's description of the creation of man, of the fall, of the "Assembly of the Lost"—Book V—and of the plans of the latter to conquer Earth, very naturally compel comparison with Milton; but not as much, we suspect, to the disadvantage of the new poet as might be fancied. Thus, for instance, he opens Book VI, "The Empire of Darkness:"

"The rainbow that o'er Noah's sacrifice
Stamped on the morning clouds the smile of God,

Had scarcely hidden in the amber light
Its unremaining hues, when Lucifer
Summoned his scattered armies to attend
His presence on his great vice-regal throne,
Set in the airy firmament. Far off
The signal of the archangelic trump
Rang through the void of heaven, and all his host
Flocking in numbers without number stood,
Cohorts and fiery legions armed for war,
At awful distance from the standard waving
Hard by his seat. . . . Congress malign
Of power in common covenant with death,
Gloomy conspirators, despair of good
Graved on their brow, and in their baleful eyes
Hunger for mischief! But their robes of light
And coronets of glory flashing fire
Dazzled the Empyrean, nor bespoke
Less than a synod of apostate gods."

How much does this lack of being Miltonic? If the latter often exhibited a power and fertility of imagination unapproached and unapproachable, the modern poet, to say the least, has chanted his lay in a style so simple, and so free from those masses of quaint and curious lore which so overlies and obscures very much of Milton's verse, that it can be readily understood and appreciated by the unlearned reader. Not that this work does not exhibit throughout a rich and creative imagination. It does this and more; an exquisite purity of taste, a perspicuity of style and power of delineation that really leaves little to be desired.

And now, while upon this branch of our subject, we would call attention to an interesting feature of this work which has been happily pointed out by another: "In the mode of conceiving and describing the scenery and life of the invisible world there is a felicitous medium between the grossness of sheer materialism on the one hand and the shadowy tenuity of an unreal spiritualism on the other."

This is finely illustrated in the chapter entitled "The Fall of Angels and Men." Though the progress of events is sufficiently dramatic to sustain the interest, and hold the unflagging attention of the reader, yet the fall of Lucifer is made mostly mental, and not a materialized or military overthrow. A chief in heaven, the guardian angel of Eden, viceregent of earth, he became proud at length, and jealous both of man and the Messiah, and, aspiring after universal dominion,

"To plant his seat above the stars of God,
And soar beyond the azure clouds that veil
The throne of the eternal,"

he forfeited his high estate, and fell beneath God's everlasting displeasure.

It is true we miss in this somewhat of the grandeur attending the fall of Milton's Satan:

"Him the almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell

In adamantine chains and penal fire
Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms."

"From morn

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A Summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling star."

There is no such grandeur connected with our poet's conception of Satan any way as that which so eminently characterizes Milton's or even Dante's. Doubtless our poet was satisfied that Satan had been exhaustively treated—effectually "done," and so he is content simply to describe those subtle questionings and that uncertain sophistry by which his mind, fluctuating, is overpowered and at length led away from its allegiance to a fancied independence.

Then comes—Book VII—the song of "Redemption," in which the salient facts of Christ's earthly career are rapidly, eloquently, most grandly chanted.

"The Church militant"—Book VIII—describes the triumphant progress of the early Church in spite of

"Shame, taunts, revilings, hunger, nakedness,
Bonds, dungeons, scourges, tortures."

Fightings are meanwhile represented as going on between God's hosts in spirit-land, and the "devil and his angels." In this chapter the author undertakes to identify the several pictorial representations or prophetic symbols of the Apocalypse with the successive struggles and triumphs of the Christian Church.

Conforming to the premillenarian theory, he puts this event before the millennial Sabbath, the resurrection of the wicked, and the general judgment. Sketching now, in tuneful numbers, the triumphs of Messiah, his peaceful reign on earth for a thousand years, the loosing of Satan for a season, his terrific onset upon the Church, his final and utter overthrow, the resurrection of the wicked, he approaches the appalling scenes of the last judgment.

"Messiah spoke, his voice

Resounding from the jasper walls of heaven
To hell's profoundest caves. And lo, the deep
Grew darker at the summons. Hades shook
Through all her strong foundations, as of old,
Sinai beneath the feet of God. Nor now
Was key, or loosened bar, or facile bolt
Needed to ope her adamantine doors;
For, as it seemed, the firmament which arched
That prison of the damn'd with lurid gloom
To right and left was rent; and Death and Hell
With dreadful throes and agonizing groans
Disgorge their dead"—

"Hades was empty. Not a sound, or sigh,
Or whisper of a living thing was heard
In the sepulchral air."

And now at last comes the renovated earth, unchanged in form and luminous:

"For the flood of fire

Which wrapt the earth in its baptismal robes,
Had purged, not changed its lineaments."

Christ is in Jerusalem, and the "many mansions" which he had prepared for his saints are vocal with the anthems of the holy cherubim and the songs of the redeemed.

Thus grandly does he paint this distant future:

"Cloudless indeed our joys in earth and heaven,
Ceaseless our ministry, and limitless
The increase of that government and peace,
Messiah's heritage and ours. For as
Our native orb ere long too strait became
For its blest habitants, not only some
Translated without death, for death was not,
As Enoch joined the glorified in light;
But at the voice of God the stars which rolled
Innumerable in the azure firmament
By thousands and ten thousands, as he spake
Six words of power, the seventh, it was done,
Were mantled and prepared as seats of life;
And it was ours to bear from plant to plant,
Like Adam, in some paradise of fruits
The ancestors of many a new-born world.
Like Adam, but far different issue now,
Sin and the curse and death forever crushed.
And thus from planet on to planet spread
The living light. As when a white-robed priest,
Himself, surrounded by his acolytes,
In some vast minster, from the altar fire,
Lighting his torch, walks through the slumb'rous aisles,
And kindles one by one the brazen lamps
That on the fluted columns cast their shade,
Or from the frescoed ceiling hang suspense,
Until the startled sanctuary is bathed
In glory, and the evening chant of praise
Floats on the radiance; so it was in heaven;
God's temple, and the expectant firmament
Hung with its lamps, innumerable stars;
The Priest, Messiah; Earth, the altar flame;
Angels and saints, the winged messengers,
And that great choral eucharist, the hymn
Of all creation's everlasting praise."

THE FOUNDRESS OF SAINT CYR.

IN our researches into the life and times of Louis XIV, we meet with one who, though she was gifted with a high order of mind, superior judgment, and exquisite manners, and manifested much dignity in misfortune and great prudence at the height of prosperity, yet left behind her a sad reputation for intrigue, heartlessness, ingratitude, and hypocrisy. A recent voluminous history of Madame de Maintenon, written with tender reverence by a grand nephew, and the publication of her true correspondence, have been successful in destroying old prejudices, in modifying severe and unjust judgments, and dissipating many calumnious insinuations and retrospective aspersions that have hitherto clouded her interior life, thus placing her in a very advantageous light, which, till now, would have appeared unreal. Yet it is difficult to establish all that this historian would do to remove all the doubts of even impartial men, and so to determine the nature of the political role that this illustrious woman filled as to

restore to her the attraction and charm of which she seemed deprived. Resistance of opinion is, in this case, not surprising, for public opinion, though often indulgent toward vices colored by a little grace or brilliance, does not pardon equivocal characters or situations. There are names, consequently, that are surrendered to unpopularity, instinctive judgments from which there is no successful appeal, causes lost of necessity, and, if you will, prejudices which evidence alone can dissipate. But in the life of Madame de Maintenon evidence is too seldom presented.

It was, perhaps, her misfortune to have appeared in so considerable a role at that sad period of the long reign of Louis XIV, in which striking disasters abruptly succeeded unparalleled grandeur. Defeats and misfortunes, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, bold disregard of the most sacred rights of conscience and family, the expatriation of a whole people, the ruin of industry and commerce, the persecution of Jansenism, devoutness made a stepping-stone to fortune, state offices no longer granted as formerly to merit and birth, but to religious intrigue, the kingdom given up to hypocritical baseness, defamation of characters, and the frightful reaction of the materialism which was the consequence of all this—such are the overwhelming charges which weigh upon the memory of Madame de Maintenon, and these the most skillful apology can not entirely dissipate. Yes, her misfortune lies precisely in the fact that the mystery that envelops her political life can not well be cleared up, and that she must be wholly or conjointly responsible for all the evil which happened during her unprecedented favor. It can doubtless be readily demonstrated that there is more prejudice than justice in this severe judgment of posterity; but as it will always be impossible to establish with any precision the exact part she played, and her share of influence in the affairs of her time, her true character will remain in that mysterious twilight which gives emphasis to all accusations, and resists all apologies.

The mystery that hangs over the part she took in politics, envelops likewise her private life. Her whole life seems to have been only an adventure. Illustrious by birth as the granddaughter of the famous Agrippa d'Aubigné, she was the child of a worthless father, and was born in a prison of Niort. Her mother, compelled by extreme poverty to live by the labor of her hands, wrote to Madame de Villette, when she confided to her charge the poor child for which she could not provide: "I am afraid this poor, sickly child will give you a great deal

of trouble; such are likely to be the results of your willingness to take her. May God give her the grace to return your kindness!" An order from the court soon tore her from this hospitable but Huguenot family, and placed her in charge of a relative, Madame de Neuillant, who was an ardent Catholic, but whose converting zeal went no farther than paying her board with the Ursuline nuns at Niort. Nothing could be more painful than this forsaken childhood. Subject to all the caprices of misfortune, she passed in humiliation and destitution the early years that are usually so sweet and smiling; hers was a premature experience of the bitterness of an education bestowed by charity. When she had reached the age of sixteen, beautiful and interesting from her very misfortunes, she was presented to the poet Scarron. The poor girl, at this first visit, blushed deeply, while her eyes filled with tears; she was painfully sensible of the singular fashion of her dress, quite too short in the skirt, and otherwise fitted after the mode of Niort. The poet fell in love with her, and married her. She had not courage to prefer the convent to a life with the melancholy and facetious cripple, "the epitome of all human wretchedness."

Eight years afterward, having become a widow, she fell back into her former distress, and led an uncertain life in quest of a position—the familiar friend of the wealthy, the dependent of the most illustrious patrons—and concealing her poverty as well as she could. It is this period of her life that her enemies attack the most implacably; but the abusive relations of Saint Simon contain insinuations rather than proofs. There is every indication, on the contrary, that she knew how, as she says herself, to "respect her poverty;" and that in the most perilous situation in which a woman, elegant and at the same time out of her class, could be placed, she was guarded by an earnest sentiment of honor which with her was natural. This self-reliance lasted till Madame de Montespan offered her the position of governess to her children. Having become the confident and friend of her benefactress, she gained the heart of Louis XIV—without seeking it, perhaps—caused him to separate from his favorite and return to the queen, and upon the death of the latter a secret marriage fixed her fate and fortune forever.

We see from this succinct statement how open her life is to discussion. Each of her acts, in default of sufficient light, can be variously interpreted according to the opinion adopted concerning her character.

When she had reached the pinnacle of grandeur Madame de Maintenon was not happy; her

best years were still those of her poverty. She passed her life in never belonging to herself, but adapting herself constantly to the humor of others, and pining in continual self-denial. Expressions of restrained grief, which disarm her judges of their severity, and change censure to compassion, sometimes escape her in her correspondence. "Do you not see," she said to Madame de Glapion, one of the nuns of Saint Cyr, from whom she had few secrets, "do you not see that I am dying of melancholy in a condition of life that would seem fortunate almost beyond imagination, and that only divine aid keeps me from succumbing to it?" At different times she desired to retire to a convent or to America, whither she had been taken by her father in her childhood, but she had not the courage for so extreme a resolution. Ambition and the persuasions of the clergy, who made her their tool, reconciled her in a measure to what she felt to be an almost insupportable existence; her early habit of self-restraint gave her, in her later years, the yielding disposition and adaptability, the reserved and dignified air, and the soundness of judgment for which she is admired.

It seems singular to us that this woman, for whom it is difficult nowadays to feel any sympathy, was in great favor with her contemporaries, and charmed nearly all with whom she lived. "On her entrance into the world," remarks Duke de Noailles, "she interested and softened the man who appeared least likely to be affected—the infirm and facetious Scarron, whom pain could not render serious, and who, all at once, was touched by a feeling which softly colored the close of his days, the only sentiment, perhaps, at which he never laughed." Madame de Sévigné, Ninon de Lenclos, Madame de Montespan, Racine, Boileau, Desmarests, the Bishop of Chartres, and Madame Guyon, the sinner and the saint, admired her, and were captivated by her various attractions. She pleased some by her wit, others by her devotion. Fénelon said of her, "She is reason speaking by the mouth of the Graces." Louis XIV loved her as well as he was capable of loving. At Saint Cyr nuns and young ladies felt for their foundress a filial respect, and an attachment more tender than ordinary gratitude. Madame de Maintenon knew her power, and attributed it to the good qualities of her heart.

"During my childhood," she says, "I was the best little creature you can imagine. I had an excellent disposition, and was good-hearted; in a word, I was truly what is called a good child, so that every body loved me; and even the servants of my aunt, with whom I then lived,

were all charmed with me, and that because I thought only of pleasing them. When I was a little larger, and lived in convents, you know how much I was beloved by my teachers and companions, I have told you many times; they were delighted to have me with them, and always for the same reason, that I rendered them service, and thought only of obliging them, and being the servant of all from morning to night. After that I found myself loved again in society on all sides; there was a strife as to who should have me. . . In fact, all crowded eagerly around me, men and women; it was a friendship of esteem, and was general, for I did not wish to be loved in particular by this one or that one. I wished to be loved generally, and to have people speak well of me—to act my part well and gain the approbation of worthy people. . . I was sensitive to the praises of the King, and equally so to those of a porter; there was nothing which I could not do or suffer in order to be well spoken of. . . I practiced much self-denial, but that cost me nothing, provided I enjoyed a fine reputation, for this was my folly. I cared not for riches, I was above self-interest, but I wished for honor. Now tell me, I pray you, what is more opposed to God than this? Was not this the sin of Lucifer?"

To this desire to please, which, with Madame de Maintenon, rose almost to the dignity of a virtue, we must add the most brilliant and solid mental qualities, a sweet and benevolent nature, a countenance at once lovely and noble, an exterior the most attractive, a constant care to sustain her part, scrupulous attention to even the least of her actions and great self-possession. It is to this union of so many different qualities, doubtless, that we must attribute the wonderful fascination she exercised in the changing society in which she lived. All this is lost to us. Her letters, which, it would seem, should reproduce her moral physiognomy, are generally more remarkable for correctness than grace, and for sound judgment than sensibility. Her exact and concise language has no touching nor moving qualities: it has scarcely any charm but that of good sense and moderation.

We see also that her power of fascination had diminished considerably at the time of her favor with royalty, at least to those who did not know her intimately. The youth of the court, who bore impatiently the painful yoke of devotion that she imposed on all, saw in her only a cold and austere old woman whom it was dangerous to displease. The general sentiment she inspired at that time was one of distrust and fear. Saint Simon has thus judged her, repeating, without inquiring into them very closely, the

slanders of the discontented and persecuted; and from this time forward the triple unpopularity of an odious political role, an equivocal life, and a character that had lost its attractiveness, has shadowed her memory.

This rapid statement will show us that it is difficult to form a correct judgment of Madame de Maintenon. Till lately we have had, for the most part with respect to her, either angry charges or fulsome panegyrics. The truth may perhaps be found between the two; for Madame de Maintenon does not belong to those exceptional natures that push vice or virtue to extremes. She was, on the contrary, all her lifetime in that middle state in which the different feelings reciprocally moderate each other. This very moderation, and the constant care she took to envelop herself in shadows, add to the difficulty of our impartial appreciation. Besides this, documents are still wanting to us. Saint Simon, convicted of error and ill-will, is but a doubtful witness, and the odious accusations of the Princess Palatine are not worthy of credence. The correspondence of Madame de Maintenon alone throws much light upon her character, but unfortunately it has been imperfect till recently, and silent on what we would like to know, and inevitably partial. M. Lavallée has of late rendered an important service to French letters and the study of the national history, by publishing this correspondence for the first time in its integrity. Thanks to this important publication, Madame de Maintenon, better known, will leave at last the realm of legend to enter that of history, and she is not likely to lose by the change.

It was a happy thought of M. Lavallée, as it regards the reputation of Madame de Maintenon, to begin his series of publications with the history of the house of Saint Cyr, and the letters this celebrated woman wrote to the pupils and nuns of this establishment. Saint Cyr, now known in its most interior details, opens a new horizon, or one heretofore but slightly regarded, of the intellectual and moral life of the seventeenth century, at the same time that it throws a very favorable light on the character and habits of seriousness of Madame de Maintenon. We ask ourselves, in fact, after having read this voluminous correspondence, whether this woman, who devoted the most important, if not the fairest years of her life to the accomplishment of the austere duties of education, could have been, as many pretend, one of the vulgarly ambitious class of persons? Does it not seem rather that a love so constant, and views so elevated and serene, are incompatible with low and hypocritical sentiments? Whatever may be

our opinion of this institution, or of the methods of education there put into execution, or of the nature of the religious sentiments Madame de Maintenon sought to inspire in her pupils—I could almost say her penitence, for she had charge of souls—we can not entirely fail to recognize the eminent qualities that distinguish her here. These daily letters and conversations, these interior details, these educational rules, these minute instructions a thousand times repeated, and hence monotonous as a whole, leave upon the mind a lively impression of strength and of very high morality. On every page, so to speak, we meet with a desire for good, an ever-watchful care; and along with a genius for education is the pervading sentiment of a great object pursued with a firm will and an admirable perseverance. In all other positions I confess Madame de Maintenon appears to much less advantage; anxiety about her fortune and reputation constantly manifests itself, and clouds her most apparent acts; but at Saint Cyr are displayed the best qualities of her soul, her truest and most durable affections, and the noblest exercise of her rare mental faculties.

Madame de Maintenon has herself summed up the fair side of her life in the following words: "Providence having designed me for Saint Cyr, gave me special graces for that institution." She possessed, in fact, to a high degree, that natural gift which creates teachers. The need of instructing and directing was her second nature. She had the devotedness and the intelligence required for so noble a calling; she even comprehended it with a greatness, a singular perfectness of perception that has rarely been surpassed. This undeniable devotion, and her serious love for childhood, sprang from a very lively compassion for misfortunes like those which she herself had felt in her youth.

From the day when the benefactions of Louis XIV lifted her from the distress in which she lived after the death of Scarron, she gave strong indications of her vocation and sensibility. There were at that time two Ursuline nuns, Mesdames de Brinon and de Saint Pierre, who, coming from a convent closed from poverty, occupied themselves with educating young girls in a humble house of Montmorenci. Touched by the zeal and destitution of these ladies, Madame de Maintenon intrusted to them a few poor girls, for whose board she paid a moderate price. The happiness she experienced in associating herself with this work of charity, made her desirous to connect herself more closely with the establishment. For this purpose she rented at Rueil, in 1682, a not very expensive house, in which Madame de Brinon established herself

with sixty boarders. Whenever she could escape from the court she joyfully came to instruct and exhort her poor children. "I am very impatient to see my little girls and be with them in their stable," she wrote to Madame de Brinon, "I am growing more and more fond of them."

On the death of the Queen the establishment was transferred to Noisy. Madame de Maintenon then represented to the King "the pitiable state to which the larger part of the noble families of his kingdom were reduced by the expenses the heads of the families had been obliged to incur in his service; and the necessity of their children being supported that they might not fall into utter misery;" she added "that it would be a work worthy of his piety and greatness to found a permanent establishment which should be an asylum for the poor young ladies of his kingdom, where they could be trained to piety and all the duties of their station."

Louis XIV, who already maintained a hundred young ladies at school, among whom were several Protestant girls that had been taken from their parents, entered into these generous views after considerable hesitation. Noisy being then no longer large enough, St. Cyr was built close by it. A rich endowment assured its existence, and the number of the young ladies was carried to two hundred and fifty. The humble shelter thus became a national establishment, the aim of which, in the eyes of the King, was to insure a good and thorough education to the daughters of the nobility who had been ruined by the misfortunes of war.

Saint Cyr was not only Madame de Maintenon's work, but it was, besides, the charm and relaxation of her life. Here the captive was free; she whose life was otherwise spent in serving here found herself mistress and sovereign. This was her own domain, her estate, her family. It would seem that all that she ever loved was inclosed within these peaceful walls. "I love these poor children," she said, "even to the very dust of their feet." For thirty years she made the care of Saint Cyr her principal and dearest occupation; she passed all her mornings there, and often the whole day, overlooking the school-rooms and store-rooms, the nuns and the pupils. She bore herself as an absolute monarch; she was the life of the institution, and directed every thing with an inflexible will, to which her amiable, gracious, and often maternal manner only added authority. Her views were very high; she aimed at nothing less than, as she says herself, "to renew the perfection of Christianity in the kingdom," by the transformation of the decayed nobility. On

the death of Louis XIV she retired to Saint Cyr to seek repose and a tomb.

There are two quite distinct phases in the history of Saint Cyr. The first, very brilliant and noble, conformed exactly to the turn of mind and character of Madame de Maintenon. "To lead our girls to virtue by inspiring good sentiments," said she, "ought to be the controlling principle of the education given at Saint Cyr, where the young ladies should be trained in a Christian manner, reasonably and nobly. . . . We wished to have a solid piety, removed from all the littlenesses of the convent, wit, elevation, a good selection of maxims, great eloquence in our institutions, entire liberty in our conversations, a turn for pleasant raillery in society, elevation in our piety, and a great contempt for the practices of other houses." This was the period that has been so often described, of fine theatrical representations: *Cinna*, *Andromache*, *Iphigenia*, *Esther*, and afterward *Athalia*, were played there in succession, how successfully is well known. The King was so enchanted with them that all the court joined in. Saint Cyr having become the object of extravagant praises, the poor young girls that were so carefully educated there, were filled with pride and vanity; they dreamed thereafter only of grandeur, marriage, and wealth, and no one about them undeceived them. On the contrary, Madame de Brinon, their superior, encouraged them in these foolish illusions, and the necessity for a reform was soon evident to Madame de Maintenon. The too apparent perils that threatened with early ruin the institution to which her honor was bound, the influence of her spiritual directors, the advice of the gravest persons, and the advance she herself was making at the time in devoutness, influenced her to reform the too worldly tendency that she had introduced at Saint Cyr. "God knows," said she, deploring her fault, "that I wished to establish virtue there, but I have built upon the sand. A simple and Christian education would have made good girls, who would have become good women, and we have made fine wits, that we ourselves can not suffer after having formed them. We wished to avoid the littlenesses of convents, and God is punishing us for this pride."

Every thing had then to be remodeled; a general reform was introduced, and the establishment was made a regular society. Madame de Maintenon feared wit now as much as she had loved it, and was as earnest in following after simplicity in all things as she had been in seeking the brilliant qualities the world admires. She fell in some degree into those littlenesses of the convent for which she had so great a

repugnance; but she conferred on them a character of austerity and grandeur which rescued her work, and made Saint Cyr the ideal of Christian education in the seventeenth century. A rapid glance will show us in what this education consisted.

The young ladies, according to M. Lavallée, entered the house at from seven to twelve years of age; they remained there till they were twenty, without ever going out except by rare and special permissions. Their relatives could visit them only during the weeks of the four great festivals of the year. They were divided into four classes. Up to ten years of age they were in the *red* class, and learned in that to read, write, and cast up accounts—were taught the elements of grammar, the catechism, and notions of sacred history. At eleven, they passed into the *green* class, and there learned the same things with music and notions of profane history, geography, and mythology. At fourteen, they passed into the *yellow* class, in which instruction turned principally on the French language, music, and religion. They received also a few lessons in drawing, and learned to dance. At seventeen, they passed into the *blue* class, in which they were taught only language and music, but in which the moral education was perfectly developed.

The course of instruction was limited and but slightly raised, for the tendency now was to rid the young ladies of an inclination for the merely intellectual, which was not quite successful, for the example of Madame de Maintenon prevailed over her exhortations; the taste for wit and refinement could never be banished from Saint Cyr. History even was but little studied there. "It is proper," said Madame de Maintenon, "that they should have a slight knowledge of it, so as not to mistake a Roman Emperor for an Emperor of China or Japan; a King of Spain or England for a King of Persia or Siam; but all that without rule or method, and only so as not to be more ignorant than the generality of worthy people." Manual labor, that healthy and rugged discipline of the body, was held in high esteem at Saint Cyr. All the linen of the house, infirmary, and chapel was made there as well as the dresses and clothing of the nuns and pupils. The young ladies were never idle; they were employed in the infirmary and laundry, they aided the converts—sisters employed in menial services—in sweeping the dormitories and cleaning the school-rooms; the elder assisted in dressing the younger and made their beds. "They must be put to every thing," said Madame de Maintenon, "and be made to work at laborious occupations to render them healthy,

robust, and intelligent. If it could have been compatible with what else they have to do, I should have consented to their doing all the work of the house."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LUCILLE CLIFF'S GIRLHOOD.

PART I.

THE old farm-house lay quiet and content under the smile of the Summer sun—a plain, square building, with nothing of the vanity of youth about it—Gothic window nor modern veranda—neither was there any of the decay of old age; it was simply useful and convenient, making no pretense of being any thing more than it really was—a farm-house. The garden in front, running down to the road, was a veritable garden, with raspberry and currant bushes, lady-slippers, four-o'clocks, tansy and sage, and could by no stretch of imagination be converted into a lawn. Neither could the orchard at the left be any more truthfully called a park; and as for the sea of yellow nodding plumes beyond, that was a corn-field and nothing more. Farther up the road, on the gently sloping hill-side, homes more tasteful and elegant had sprung up, designated by their respective owners as "villa," "cottage," or "residence;" but no inmate of that quiet, brown building would ever have dreamed of calling it any thing but "our house."

Some such thoughts were vaguely flitting through the mind of the young girl, who sat in the doorway of the low portico, scanning the dusty road with dreamy eyes. Tired and warm, she had run out for a moment's coolness and rest, a check apron covering her dress, and her sleeves still rolled up from her round arms. The flushed face was healthful and fair, though a faint shadow rested upon it as she brushed her hair carelessly back, and leaned her head upon her hand. Presently a sound of wheels reached her ear, and she drew hastily back behind the thick leaves of the grape-vine, and watched the carriage as it drove slowly by. It contained but two persons. The gentleman pointed out the house with his whip as they passed, and his companion, a lady, leaned forward to look, revealing to the hidden gazer a slender form, and sweet, delicate face.

"Cildy! Cildy!" called a voice from within the house, "Cildy, where are you?"

"Here," the girl answered slowly.

"It's time we was beginning to look after the dinner. I wish you'd go down into the garden and pick some of them butter beans; there's plenty of 'em now."

"O, dear! I'm so warm and tired!" murmured the girl impatiently, but in too low a tone to be heard by the one within. She lingered a moment till the carriage was fairly out of sight, then turned with a little sigh and went in, coming out presently with sun-bonnet upon her head, and basket upon her arm. After all, picking beans was pleasanter work than staying in the warm kitchen, she congratulated herself as she passed down the long path; but still, why should she do either? Why must she live always in this plain, homely, common life?

The old garden was still, only the low whisper of the wind and the drowsy hum of the bee came there, and the girl's fingers moved slowly as she took up her thread of thought again with nothing to interrupt her. Yes, she was tired of it all. It had been the same thing day after day, month after month from her childhood till now; always so much work to be done; always a sacrifice of pleasure and inclination to duty; always the same struggle to make the limited income suffice for the needed expenditures; never a question of what would be nicest, or what would be liked best, but what could be done without. There had been the heavy debt on the farm to be paid off year by year—going, too, every dollar of it, to one who did not need it! True, it was an honest debt, but why must it be so rigidly paid, cent for cent, when he did not need it and they did? The girlish brain grew weary trying to solve the old vexed problem why one should be poor and another rich—why Dives should sit at his great feast while Lazarus lay at the gate. There was her good, true-hearted father—why must his form become bowed with labor while others rested? Her patient, loving, hard-working mother, too—the girl's heart grew rebellious as she thought of her dear ones. Why was it that others might journey in pleasant paths, while only the dusky highway of duty, barren and hard, stretched away before them? If this monotonous round of work, and planning, and contriving, was all there was to be of life, it was scarcely worth the living; surely it must be something richer, brighter, and better to others. Then she thought of those who passed by in the carriage; she knew them both. Jim Morrison and her brother had been playmates, and that young lady, his cousin, had visited the farm-house often, when a little girl. Many the gay ramble in wood and orchard they had had together. When Abram had to leave the country school for the farm, Jim Morrison went away to college; he was the Rev. James Morrison now, and Laura—well, her visits at her uncle's had grown shorter and at rarer intervals, as she grew older, and school,

drawing lessons, music, and afterward company, had taken up her time.

"I do n't know what I am thinking about her at all for!" the girl said suddenly, half aloud, "she is nothing to me; as far off as if the ocean divided us," she added bitterly, glancing down at her plain, dark dress, and brown hands, as she recalled the delicate beauty of the face she had seen. "I only hope I may not happen to meet her while she stays here. O, dear! I must take these beans to the house, and hurry on with the dinner-getting, dish-washing, and all the rest of the work, I suppose."

In the large, cheerful kitchen, with the sunlight streaming across the painted floor, Mrs. Cliff moved busily to and fro. Near the door sat a neighbor who had run in for a morning chat. She looked up with a smile and nod as the young girl paused in the doorway.

"Been down in the garden, have you, Cildy? My, what nice beans! Ours aint near as big as them yet; but then it seems to me things on your place always do manage to get on a little ahead. I was just telling your mother that Jim Morrison has got home."

"And, Cildy, his cousin Laura has come with him," said Mrs. Cliff, turning her kind, motherly face toward her daughter, with the bright look of one who is telling good news.

But the girl only answered very quietly, as she put down her basket,

"Yes, I knew it; I saw Mr. Morrison and his cousin drive by this morning."

"Mister Morrison!" laughed the visitor; "dear me, child, one would think he was a great stranger, instead of some one you have known all your life."

"I s'pose Cildy thinks we ought to call him that now," said Mrs. Cliff mildly, "and I do n't know as it is hardly right to call him Jim now, bein' as he is a minister."

Cildy's manner of speaking had certainly not sprung from reverence, and some way her mother's words annoyed her.

"I do n't know that he is any better than the rest of us if he is a minister," she said, "though it is very likely he thinks he is—better, smarter, and of different clay altogether."

"Then he would n't be fit to be a preacher of the Gospel, nor any thing else, in fact," responded Mrs. Cliff gravely. "But I do n't see what put such a thing into your head, Cildy."

But Cildy was vigorously shelling her beans, and made no answer.

"Old Mrs. Morrison is so proud of him that there is n't any need of his being proud of himself," said the visitor, laughing again. "She says he chose the very profession she was most

anxious to have him. Well, I must be going. Run over when you can, Mrs. Cliff. Good-by, Cildy."

"Chose the profession of all others she was most anxious to have him," murmured the girl to herself. "What if they had been so poor that he had not been able to choose any profession at all—he would n't have been any thing to be proud of then, I suppose? It is only money that has made him any thing uncommon."

"Cildy, daughter," exclaimed Mrs. Cliff, coming back into the kitchen with a quick step, "it's half-past 'leven! We must hurry, or we shall be late with the dinner. I can't tell where all the forenoon has gone to. I meant to have got the churnin' done this morning, but now it'll have to wait till afternoon; and there's the clothes to bring in and fold, too, and that currant jelly to make—we shall have a busy time of it."

"I think we always do," said Cildy.

"Well, yes; that's about so, too," with a cheery laugh. "Still, if a body must have either, I s'pose too much to do is better than not enough, 'cause the first only makes a body tired, while the last is apt to make mischief."

"There has n't been any chance for our getting into mischief in that way since I can remember."

"No, there's always work enough to be done. I s'pose most every body finds it so—that is, common folks like us, I mean."

Again the girl's smothered impatience forced its way to her lips.

"I do n't know that we are any more common than other people, mother—I do n't know why we should be. Not having as much money does n't make the material that we are made of any different, or any poorer, that I can see."

"What an idea! Why, Cildy, what has come over you?"

But Cildy could not have told if she would. The vague unrest that had sprung up in her heart had no name; she did not understand it herself. So she only forced a smile in answer, and went to spread the table for dinner. Every little thing annoyed her. The plain earthen-ware and coarse table linen, accustomed as she was to them, and little thought as she usually gave them, seemed doubly poor and common that day. Her hands, too, as they moved hither and thither arranging the dishes, how large and brown they looked! Not much like the little white hand that had shaded Laura Morrison's eyes as she looked from the carriage. Well, she did not care—why should she? Such hands were good enough for "common folks," and that was all they were! Scrub-

bing and ironing, churning and sweeping, were not very likely to make white hands—beauty and pleasure went together; it was a true saying, "Unto those that have shall be given."

All the girl's education rose up against this tide of thought. "Handsome is that handsome does," "A good name is better than riches," "Any work that is honest is honorable," were all familiar to her; but she had arrived at an age when most of us learn that however grandly, unalterably true these things may be in heaven, and in the depths of our own souls, they are but as pleasant fictions in the world—that any amount of honest labor, honestly performed, will not lift one to a level with the Fitzflummeries, who do nothing at all, nor bring a tithe of the consideration and privileges accorded them; neither will it in the least lift the ban against coarse or faded garments. She was only eighteen, and the life beyond seemed to her dim and far off, and the world about her wonderfully near and real. She was not content with her place as she found it; vague dreams and ambitions were awake in her brain, and they made her restless and unhappy.

The old clock in the corner rang out twelve in as cheerful a tone as if it were hungry and glad the dinner hour had come, and the family began to gather in. First, came Master Tim from school, rosy-cheeked, flaxen-haired, and barefooted, noisy, and talkative, with supreme contempt for such small items as inky fingers or torn apron. Then, from the field, came the farmer and his son, and the stout hired man.

"I tell you, wife, it's warm workin' down in the south medder to-day," said the farmer, seating himself in the vine-shaded portico.

Abram passed into the house, throwing off the straw hat that had shaded his face, and pausing a moment before the glass to toss up his wavy, soft, brown hair, and brush it into order. It was a handsome, manly face reflected there, bronzed somewhat by sun and wind—all but the broad, high forehead, that was white as a woman's—blue eyes, clear and bright, and golden-brown beard and mustache shadowing a mouth proudly firm, but which yet broke into the pleasantest of smiles as he turned to his sister.

"Ah, sis, guess who I saw to-day."

She looked up with a faint answering smile, despite her mood; this elder brother was so very dear that she could scarcely meet his smiling glance without returning it.

"I am not good at guessing," she said.

"Jim Morrison and his cousin—little Laura that used to be, though she is n't very little now. They drove past the field where we were working."

"You did n't speak to them?" questioned his sister quickly, with a half glance at his working clothes.

"Certainly I did—stood at the fence some time and talked with them—why should n't I? Why, Cildy, do n't you remember what friends Jim Morrison and I used to be? His cousin asked after you—'Lucille,' as she called you."

"I wish every one would call me so," said the girl quickly; "it is my real name, and I am so tired of 'Cildy.'"

Her father heard her, as he sat in the doorway, and laughed.

"You are getting high notions in your head, child! That name is too long for common use, and not near so pretty as 'Cildy,' when all's said an' done, to my thinkn'."

He spoke fondly, as though the familiar household name were sweet and dear to him, but the girl only thought, "Too long for common use; he is right. What have I to do with any thing that is n't common?"

"She said she hoped you would come and see her while she is at her uncle's, Cildy," pursued Abram, "it has been so long since she had seen you."

"She must be anxious about me," answered the girl dryly. "Dinner is ready."

Dinner over, and the men off to the field again, the crowd of afternoon work began. For a time Lucille seemed to take a kind of perverse delight in doing the hardest and roughest of it; it was what she must expect all her life, and she might as well begin first as last. But, despite that feeling, the memory of her brother's words lingered, and presently began to have their effect. Laura asked after her, and wanted to see her again. She should not go near her—of course not—but how many merry times they had had together! A smile would cross her lips now and then, as memory recalled one after another of the old-time frolics; her step grew lighter, and her brow clearer, and when, at last, the butter, in nice rolls, was put away, and the glasses of jelly stood in a long row in the windows, she began to think that, though she would not go to see Laura, it was just possible Laura might come to see her. "Miss Morrison might do just as she chose about renewing the acquaintance," she said to herself; she "did not care in the least." Nevertheless, she took more than usual pains in arranging her pretty, curling hair; and, when she had donned a clean dark calico, she paused for a moment dissatisfied, and finally added a neat white apron, and fastened a bow of bright ribbon at her throat.

Her mother looked up, smiling, as she went into the little sitting-room.

"Why, Cildy, how nice you look! pretty as a pink!" Then, with a sober second thought, she added, more slowly, "It's most a pity you got dressed before supper, though, aint it? 'cause there 's the dishes to wash and the milkin' to do."

"It won't make much difference, I guess," the girl answered; but the brightness faded out of her face, and the old gloomy thoughts came back. "It was of no use for her to try to be any thing, or look like any thing; the old, weary, drudging life must bind them always."

The sun went down, the long twilight deepened and darkened, and the evening wore away, but neither Laura nor her cousin came. Not even to herself would Lucille admit that she was disappointed; she only sat very quietly in the little portico, and watched the light fade away and the stars come out. After a time, Abram came and sat down beside her, leaning his head upon his hand, and seeming to fall into her mood of silence. The moon came up clear and bright; and, shining down through the vine-leaves, made a picture of beautiful lights and shadows upon the smooth white floor. The eyes of the two followed its shifting, varying outlines.

"Jim is going to preach in the old church, Sunday," Abram said, slowly, as if it were a part of the train of thought he had been pursuing.

"Do you want to hear him? Are you glad of it?" she asked, abruptly.

"Yes; he has been studying for it so long. I am glad he is ready to go to his work at last. I think he must be glad."

The sister fancied there was a faint touch of sadness in his voice.

"You think it is a happy life? that it is the way to do the greatest good?" she said, questioningly.

"For him, yes. I think the way that any of us can do the greatest good is to do our own work bravely, faithfully, and truly."

That answer checked the words that were springing to the girl's lips. "It is only money that has given him the chance; with that you might have done more than he can do," she had been about to say. Her brother's simple acceptance of his own place on life's battle-field, undisturbed by any post that another might hold; his quiet determination to do his duty there "bravely, faithfully, and truly," staid the words unspoken. They seemed the utterance of a petty, ignoble spirit compared with his, and her cheeks flushed at her own thought. She turned and looked at the earnest, manly face, as the moonlight revealed it. Yes, that was his creed, and he was living it nobly and truly. Because his position was more difficult and disagreeable than many another, he did not consider

it less honorable; and his own belief once settled, the opinion of others had very little power to move him. She envied his self-reliance and quiet self-respect.

"I wish I were as strong as you are," she said, with a little sigh at last.

He did not know what her thoughts had been; and, understanding her words only in their literal sense, answered, laughingly:

"A wise wish, indeed! Have you any ambition for turning plowboy? If you sit out here much longer to-night, I am afraid you will lose some of the strength you have, instead of gaining any more."

The two remaining days of the week passed without either Mr. Morrison or his cousin calling at the Cliff farm-house; and Lucille, who had been quite sure that she was entirely indifferent about seeing them, was nevertheless as anxious about going to church as any of the others when Sabbath morning came. She dressed with unusual pains, and, it must be confessed, with unusual dissatisfaction also. It was not that she was vain; she cared little for extravagant richness of dress, but she had a natural love for things tasteful and pretty—a quick eye for the harmonious blending of tints and colors. Robed in any thing tasteful and becoming, no matter how simple, she would have forgotten her dress entirely; but any thing the reverse was to her a far more real mortification—reminding her, as it did, of its unwelcome presence at every turn or movement—than any shirt of hair ever worn by Popish priest or monk. So, despite all her care, she could arrive at no satisfactory result.

"Cildy! come, Cildy; the rest are all ready, child, and we are waiting for you," called the farmer from the foot of the stairs at last; and with one more half-rueful glance at the glass, the girl obeyed the summons.

The little church was crowded to its utmost extent. To many there the young minister had been known from his boyhood, and something of curiosity lurked under the usual Sabbath composure and gravity of the faces turned toward the pulpit. When she was comfortably seated, and the opening prayer concluded, Lucille stole a glance toward the Morrison pew. Old Mr. and Mrs. Morrison were there, proudly happy that their "boy" was a minister of the Gospel, with a right to preach. Laura sat beside them, looking sweet and lovely as some delicate flower, her earnest face turned to her cousin. Presently he arose to speak, and all eyes, young and old, were fixed upon him. Lucille nestled back into the corner of the pew, where she could watch him unobserved. Very self-forgetting and earnest he seemed as he stood there; very sol-

emn, direct, and pleadingly earnest were the words he spoke, and for a time the girl forgot the messenger in the message; her heart grew tender and her eyes moist as she listened, and the annoyances and vexations of the week passed away under the influences of the place and hour.

But, alas! with the closing of the Bible her thoughts were recalled to those about her, and the every-day world. The people were passing out, many of them pausing to shake hands with the speaker. She became conscious, once more, that it was "Jim Morrison" who had been preaching, and wished that she could avoid meeting him. But no, her father and mother, delighted with the sermon, must needs stop to exchange a warm hand-clasp, and a few kindly words with him; and Abram, too, in his sincere, earnest way, must speak with his old friend. So there was nothing left for her but to meet him and his cousin, too, as best she could, even though Laura would be sure to see at a glance that her dress was green, and her bonnet-trimming blue, and think that was country taste, and laugh about it afterward, perhaps!

Weak and foolish? Certainly it was; but our little Lucille was proud and sensitive, and though she condemned her thought as wicked, and tried to banish it, it brought a flush to her cheek when she met her friends, and made her manner so cold and constrained that Laura could scarcely be wondered at if she thought her quondam companion had grown awkward and uninteresting since they last met.

Only a few sentences were interchanged—the kindly commonplaces—there was time for nothing more, and then Lucille hurried away, her cheek crimsoning with the painful consciousness that she had appeared stiff, ill at ease, and altogether unlike her natural self. Abram helped her into the old carriage, where her father, mother, and little Tim were already seated, and she was heartily glad to have the horses' heads turned homeward.

"That was a prime sermon!" exclaimed the farmer emphatically, wiping his face with his red silk handkerchief as they rolled along the dusty road—"a real out-an'-out good sermon, I call it."

"It did my heart good to listen to him," said kind, motherly Mrs. Cliff, her eyes filling. "I did n't hardly s'pose Jim could preach so—dear boy!"

"O, I did!" Abram answered quickly, his tone betraying his pleasure in his friend's success. "I knew there was a great deal of deep thought about Jim; I was sure he would do well."

Lucille was silent. She readily agreed with

the commendations bestowed, but she was beginning to wonder whether he could have spoken so eloquently concerning the "fashion of this world passing away," if his own toilet had been less faultless? whether he could have been so forgetful of self—so thoroughly absorbed in his subject, if he had been conscious that his clothing was shabby or ill-fitting? whether the graceful ease of manner that is so winning—the readiness to enter heartily into the pleasures and feelings of others, did not, after all, depend nearly as much upon one's circumstances and outward surroundings, as upon a kind heart or high breeding? She thought of Laura—how well that soft, delicate dress set off her fair beauty! and how sweetly gentle and self-possessed she was! She had been very kind, too. Lucille could complain of neither word nor look; she only felt that she had not been received upon the olden footing, and the hot flush mounted to her very temples as she murmured to herself, "I only wish I need never see her again."

Reaching home she sought her own room, and throwing off bonnet and shawl, as if she were anxious to be rid of them, she seated herself for a moment at the window.

"I suppose she thinks I don't look very much like a lady," she said. "She believes this nonsense that is written—that any one may dress tastefully, however plain and cheap the material must be—as if I could help it that my old light dress could n't be colored any thing but green, and that I have to wear my last Summer's blue bonnet-trimming, though the two look wretchedly together! But Laura does not know—how should she, when she has never wanted for any thing all her life? She leaned her head upon her hand, and a few bitter tears fell; then she dashed them quickly away. "This is real ungrateful and wrong! I wish—O, dear! I do n't know what I do wish!—that I did n't care so much about things, I guess," and finishing her doubtful sentence with a sigh, she went slowly down stairs again.

"Glad you've come, Cildy," said her mother, who had doffed her bonnet, and donned a check apron. "Just bring them pies from the pantry, and a pitcher of milk from the cellar, won't you? such a long ride makes a body hungry. What a blessing 't is to have a good home to come to!"

The words fell upon the girl's heart like a reproach. She did not mean to be discontented or ungrateful; her home was dear to her, and those within it very, very dear; it was as much for them as for herself that she cared to have things better and different. Dinner over she sought her favorite seat on the portico, whither

little Tim speedily followed her, having disposed of the shoes and stockings, the wearing of which he regarded as a species of martyrdom, and feeling quite comfortable and like himself again.

"Say, Cildy, you read my Sabbath school book 'loud to me, won't you?" he petitioned.

She took it, and began turning over the leaves, glancing here and there.

"O, it is an English book!" she said impatiently. "I do n't like those English stories."

"Why do n't you?" asked Tim solemnly.

"'Cause they fit the Revolution?"

"No; because they preach so much about the 'duties of the lower classes,' and the desperate depravity of any poor girl who wants a new bonnet—'smart bonnet' they call it—like the 'young lady up at the big house.'" Her answer was for herself; it was quite beyond Tim's comprehension.

Abram, from his seat in the hall, heard her, and laughed heartily.

"Well," she persisted, turning toward him, "I do n't like them. They may do for England, but where is the use of bringing them here? And I think there are worse things than wanting pretty bonnets, even for servant girls in England. Abram, do you think one ought to be so dreadfully humble?"

"O, no, not 'dreadfully' humble," he said smiling.

She laughed a little.

"You know what I mean."

"Doubtful. I wonder if you know what you mean yourself?" he answered playfully, then more earnestly—"Cildy, you know the same verse that tells us to walk humbly before God, commands us also to walk upright before men. I think it means in every sense of the word. We have no right to weigh ourselves, as we are forbidden to weigh our neighbor—in the scale of dollars and cents."

A bright look flitted over her face—his was such a true, noble manhood! she was proud of him.

RECREATIONS AT HOME.

RECREATION is a necessity of our hard-working, overstrained life. Men and women need it, and will have it. But should they go from home to find it? Is home nothing but a place to sleep, eat, and drudge in—a place to be escaped from, as from a prison, whenever enjoyment is to be sought? Plainly false and injurious as is such a view, it seems to be that which generally prevails among us. The members of our households seek their recreations

abroad. Yielding to different tastes, or controlled by different circumstances, they seek it in different places. Husbands and wives, parents and children, thus separate from one another in their associations, the family unity disappears, and the seeds of discord are planted in the home circle. Under this false and fatal idea, that it is necessary to go abroad to seek after enjoyment, society has become a traveling association of pleasure-hunters, as if pleasure could be found by thus hunting for it. The old, happy home-life is disappearing—we had almost sadly said has disappeared. And with it is vanishing not only the truest enjoyment, but also the greatest safeguard of our social state. Miserable or guilty is that man who quits his home to find enjoyment. Lost is that woman who does it. Unhappy is the son or daughter who does

not find home the happiest spot on earth. The family circle is a misnomer, as applied to the members of households thus separate in their associations and pleasures. With them there can be no golden chain of holy affection, strengthened and kept bright by loving association, and the communion of the innocent joys and sacred sorrows of the family. Home should be the dearest, happiest spot on earth to every individual. There the weary man of business should find the needed rest. There the wife and mother should find her purest, deepest pleasures. And there children should find attractions stronger than all the world can present.

We tinker away at the evils of society, and go on making new "societies" to amuse, instruct, or restrain our people, when the great want is home!



DREAM-LAND.

WHEN the twilight falls goldenly o'er me,
And touches each meadow and hill,
I turn from the vision before me,
To one that is lovelier still.

There's a world that we call the Ideal,
Where fancy roams, light-winged and free;
From the shadows that darken the Real,
I turn, realm of beauty, to thee!

There the blossoms fade not with the morning,
And stars grow not dim in the sky;
There aught that is Nature's adorning,
Ne'er springs but to wither and die.

There the seasons that glide on before us
Are marked, not by change or decay,
VOL. XXIX.—12

But blended in one are their glories,
And morn is not fairer than they.

I have peopled this fairy Elysian
With forms like the angels of light,
For life is not here as a vision
That gleams but to fade from our sight.

When my feet have grown weary, and faltered,
With treading the up-hill of life,
I have turned with a purpose unaltered
To stand 'mid the turmoil and strife,

If an hour I might spend 'mid the glory
That falls, with its beautiful beams,
On the land that lies ever before me—
The land that I see in my dreams!

THE LUCKNOW RESIDENCY—ITS
SIEGE AND RELIEF.

(CONTINUED.)

A FEELING of despair, for a few hours, seemed to take possession of every man and woman, but they had to rouse themselves to meet the stern realities of their position. Darker and more dreadful the days came on, and still they fought and suffered. Their hopes of relief were still deferred, and their hearts were sick, while their foes grew stronger in numbers and determination to destroy them, and would frequently yell out, with fearful imprecations—for they were near enough to be heard—what they would do with them when they did get in. But the garrison were determined there should not be another Cawnpore. Sir Henry's injunction, "never to surrender," was fully accepted. It is fearful to read their resolves should the worst come, and to find the ladies acquiescing, and even, in some cases, requiring an engagement from their husbands to fulfill those wishes, rather than that they should fall into the hands of the Sepoys.

This awful alternative was actually taken by some of those who fell at Tansee. One lady in particular is mentioned who pledged her husband, an English officer, that when death became inevitable, he was not to allow her to fall alive into the power of the Sepoys, but she was to die by a pistol-ball from his own hand. Sadly and reluctantly he gave the promise; and when the fearful hour came, and the enemy broke in upon them, she sprang to his side, and, with a last caress, exclaimed, "Now, Charley, now—your promise!" He kissed her, put the pistol to her head, and then turned and sold his own life dearly to the wretches around him.

Such cases can not be judged by ordinary rules. Those who entertained such thoughts were confronted by an Oriental foe, whose fiendish malice, and cruelty to women and children, are not known in civilized warfare. It is a matter of devout thankfulness that the Lucknow garrison were not reduced to this dreadful extremity. It would have clouded the bright record of their heroic endurance.

Space would fail to give even the briefest outline of their sorrows during the next three months—reduced to starvation allowances of the coarsest food, clad in rags, crowded into the narrowest quarters, so that Mrs. Harris's Diary speaks of the ladies lying on the floor, "fitting into each other like bits in a puzzle, till the whole floor was full;" and if this was the condition of those in health, what must have been the state of the weak, and sick, and wounded!

Small-pox, cholera, painful boils, sun-stroke, dysentery, and malarious fever, added their horrors to the situation; while the iron hail of death, mingling with the drenching rain of the monsoon, dropped upon them, so that by the first of August the deaths sometimes rose to twenty in a single day. During this period, and amid all this turmoil and sorrow, eight or ten little ones were born, and most of these "siege babies," as they were called, actually lived through it all, and still survive, while many of the poor mothers sunk under their privations. But the bereaved babies were cared for by the noble women around them. Daily the men fell in the presence of the enemy; and it is described as truly affecting to see how the list of newly-made widows increased in its number and sadness.

Food and clothing became painfully scarce, and now "money was despised for bread." The effects, or little stores, of the officers killed, were at once sold by auction to the survivors, and it is curious now to read the prices that were eagerly paid. A bottle of wine brought 70 rupees, (the rupee is 50 cents in gold;) a ham, 75 rupees; a bottle of honey, 45 rupees; a cake of chocolate, 30 rupees; a bottle of brandy, 140 rupees; a small fowl, bought by an officer for his sick wife, 20 rupees; two pounds of sugar brought 16 rupees, and other things in proportion. An old flannel shirt, that had seen hard service in the mines—which they had to dig to countermine the enemy—brought 45 rupees. The single suit with which many of them had to hurry into the Residency was being fast worn out, and the officers might have been seen wearing the most extraordinary costumes. Few had any semblance of a military uniform, and many were in shirts, trowsers, and slippers only. One gallant civilian, having found an old billiard-table cloth, had contrived to make himself a kind of loose coat out of it. All carried muskets, and were accoutered like the soldiers.

While the feeble garrison were thus decreasing in numbers, their foes were augmenting their strength. The Talookdars—Barons—of Oude were sending their armed retainers to aid the Sepoys, till it was thought that by the end of August there must have been as many as 100,000 men around the Residency. Their leaders were maddened by the continued and successful resistance of the English; and all that they could do to inspire their men, by fanaticism, bang, (an intoxicating liquor,) and brave leading, was done to capture the position. They attempted to storm it several times; three of those occasions are specially memorable, and it is perfectly amazing to read the stern, unconquerable resistance with which this handful of heroic men, behind

their intrenchments, met and dashed back again that raging tide of fierce and blaspheming assailants. They would begin by exploding the mines they had driven close up to or under their defenses, open with a fearful cannonade, and then swarm up to the breaches made. On July 20th the fight lasted from 9, A. M., till 4, P. M., with the broiling sun up to 140 degrees. At what cost these repulses must have been received, may be understood by the fact that the native report of the attempt to storm on the 10th of August admit a loss on their side of 470 men killed and wounded that day.

Lady Inglis, wife of the commander, in her journal on this terrible day, while the poor ladies down in the Tyekhaas trembled for the result, refers to the soothing influence of *prayer*, as she tried it there with that excited and terrified crowd of women. The effect, she says, was amazing; each of them seemed to rise above herself, and with a calmness and true courage they awaited the result, realizing that, though the enemy was near, God himself was nearer still, and could preserve them.

It is described as one of the most affecting sights that ever was witnessed in a scene of battle, to see how the wounded men acted on that day. Knowing the danger, and how their comrades were pressed, they insisted on leaving their beds in the hospital, and being helped to the front. The poor fellows came staggering along to the scene of action, trembling with weakness and pale as death, some of them bleeding from their wounds, which reopened by the exertions they made. Those whose limbs were injured, laid aside their crutches and *kneeled* down, and fired as fast as they could out of the loop-holes; while others, who could not do this much, lay on their backs on the ground and loaded for those who were firing. With such endurance as this, the fierce enemy was beaten back; and Asiatics were taught how Christian soldiers could fight and die when defending the lives and honor of Christian women. The storming over, the usual cannonade and musketry was resumed; but the garrison had become used to danger and death, so that by this time the balls would fall at their feet, whiz past, and graze their hair, and they ceased at last to remark about their escapes—they were so common, yet so narrow. The very children began to act like soldiers, playing the mimic "game of war." One urchin, of five years, was heard saying to another, "You fire round shot, and I'll return shell from my battery." Another, getting into a rage with his playmates, exclaimed, "I hope you may be shot by the enemy." Others, playing with grape instead of marbles, would

say, "That's clean through his lungs," or, "That wants *more elevation*." These young scamps picked up all the expressions of the artillery, and made use of them at their games.

The peacock abounds in India, wild and "in all his glory." On the 30th of June, during a lull in the firing, one of these magnificent birds flew near the Residency, and perched on the ramparts, and there quietly plumed his feathers. The hungry men looked at him for awhile, and all felt what a welcome addition he would be to their scanty fare, and they could easily have shot him. But they refrained; the beautiful creature seemed like an omen of coming liberty and peace, and he was allowed to remain unmolested as long as he liked.

To insult the garrison, the Sepoys would frequently send the regimental bands to the opposite banks of the river Goonatee, and have them play there the popular English airs that they used to play for those officers in other days. With any thing but pleasant feelings, the garrison would have to listen to, "The Standard-Bearer's March," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "See the Conquering Hero Comes," etc. The disloyal rascals had the impudence always to finish the concert with the loyal air, "God Save the Queen."

But the hour of this triumphant malice and cruelty was approaching its conclusion. The relieving General was on his way. Every man of the little band of heroes which he led, animated by his own spirit, had resolved—and all the more resolved because they were *too late* to save the ladies of Cawnpore—that they would save the ladies of Lucknow, or perish in the attempt. A trusted and faithful native messenger, named Ungud, had three times, at the risk of his life, left the garrison, under cover of night, and bore a letter, concealed in a quill, to *Sir Henry Havelock*—then fighting his way up between Allahabad and Cawnpore—and as often returned with the General's answer—the vital sentences being written in Greek characters, lest it should fall into the enemy's hands—telling the garrison to hold out; he was coming, and would be with them *soon*. But weeks passed over and he came not; and knowing how small his force was, for he had told them, and how great the difficulties he had to surmount, and the raging heat of that season of the year, they began to fear that their noble countryman and his brave band had been overwhelmed, and that, after all, they might fall by the hands of their enemies.

How little they then understood what Havelock and his brigade were suffering for their sakes! With only 2,779 men he had left Allaha-

bad in August, and before he reached Cawnpore had fought three battles—in the last the Nana Sahib, commanding in person, had confronted him with nearly 16,000 men, well-proportioned in cavalry, and artillery, and infantry. But these, too, he swept from his path, reached Cawnpore, fought another battle there, then crossed the Ganges, leaving his wounded and a few of his men behind, and began his march of forty-three miles to Lucknow. But the Nana Sahib had rallied his forces—which, for want of cavalry, Havelock had been unable effectually to disperse—and threatened his rear. An army from Lucknow was in front of him; these Havelock twice whipped before he had gone half the distance. Then seeing how small his force had become, while the enemy swarmed before and behind him, he concluded that annihilation of that remnant would be the result of an attempt to force his way through the streets of Lucknow, and with a sad heart he had to return to Cawnpore, and to await impatiently for eight weeks longer whatever reinforcements could be pushed up from Calcutta to his assistance.

These at length reached him, a few hundred strong, and on the 20th of September he again crossed the Ganges with 3,179 men, composed of the 78th and 91st Highlanders, the 64th and 84th, and the 1st and 5th Fusiliers, and a regiment of Sikhs and 168 volunteer cavalry. No greater work was ever accomplished by military skill and daring than the relief of the Lucknow garrison by this handful of men.

The faithful Ungud again reached his camp, and was at once dispatched by Sir Henry to give the final assurance to the garrison that he was, at last, really coming, and that, God helping him, they should be relieved within three or four days. This glad news reached them on the 22d of September, and raised the drooping spirits of all. How fervently they prayed, and how anxiously they watched, during the three following days, trembling to think how many precious lives of their approaching friends would have to be sacrificed in order to rescue them!

General Havelock had to fight two battles more between Cawnpore and Lucknow, and his beaten foes fell back on their strong city, about two miles of which Sir Henry's men must fight their way through ere they could reach the Residency. Every inch of ground was disputed, palisades and barricades had to be taken at the point of the bayonet. The flat-roofed houses had been furnished with mud-walls on the top on the street side, pierced for musketry, where the Sepoys could fire on the men in the narrow streets without their being able to see

them, thus doing dreadful execution. But the brave men move steadily on, capturing guns and positions till they reach the Kaiser Baugh—King's Palace Garden—which they also capture. And here they try to collect and secure their wounded and rest for the night, for they can go no further. Alas, many of their wounded, about whom they are so anxious, fell into the hands of the cruel enemy—the fate of some of them was dreadful. They were collected early in the night by these barbarians in the doolies, or hospital litters, in which they lay, into one of the squares, and were there actually burned to death together!

Early the next day they resumed their terrible task. A long reach of the city still separates them from the Residency. Strong positions and long streets must be won ere they are heard or seen by their anxious friends there. The distance has often been walked over in twenty minutes by the writer, but it took these brave men more than twelve hours of the fiercest fighting to accomplish it that day. This was the 25th of September. The story of that final effort is well told by "A Staff Officer:" About 11 o'clock, A. M., the people in the Residency could distinctly perceive an increased agitation in the center of the city, with the sound of musketry and the smoke of guns. All the garrison was upon the alert, and the excitement among many of the officers and soldiers was quite painful to witness. About 1.30, P. M., they could see many of the people of the city leaving it on the north side across the bridges, with bundles of clothes, etc., on their heads. About 2 o'clock armed men and Sepoys commenced to follow them, accompanied by bodies of cavalry. Every gun and mortar that could be brought to bear from the Residency on the evidently retreating foe, was fired as fast as possible. Still their friends were not yet visible. At 4, P. M., a report spread that some of them could be seen, but for a full hour later nothing definite could be made out. At 5 o'clock volleys of musketry, rapidly growing louder and nearer, were heard, and soon the peculiar ring of a minie ball over their heads told them their friends could be only a gun-shot from them now. They could see the Sepoys firing heavily on them from the tops of the houses, but the smoke concealed them. Five minutes later and the English troops emerged where they could actually be seen fighting their way up the street, and, though men fall at every step, yet nothing could withstand the headlong gallantry of the men. The 78th Highlanders were in front, led in person by Sir Henry Havelock. Once fairly seen all doubts and fears regarding them were

ended, and then the garrison's long pent-up feeling of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers; from every pit, trench, and battery, from behind the sand-bags

piled on shattered houses, from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer, even from the hospital! Many of the wounded crawled forth to join in the glad shout of wel-

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW BY GENERAL HAVELOCK, SEPTEMBER 25, 1857.



come to those who had so bravely come to their assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten.

The shouting made the ladies rush out from the Tyekhaus just in time to witness the High-

landers and Sir Henry, having borne down all before them, reaching the Residency. The enthusiasm with which they were greeted baffles all description—tears, hurrahs, every evidence of relief and joy, as they welcomed Havelock

and the gallant men who had come in time to save them. Our picture but feebly depicts this thrilling scene, yet the heart of every true woman will easily imagine all that pen or pencil fails to portray.

Soon the whole place was filled, the Highlanders shaking hands frantically with every body, and then these great big rough-bearded men, black with powder and mud, seized the little children out of the ladies' arms, and were kissing them, with tears rolling down their cheeks, thanking God that they had come in time to save them from the fate of those at Cawnpore.

The story of Jeanette Brown and her "Dinna ye hear the Slogan?" has some foundation in fact, though not exactly in the form in which the poet has presented it. The bagpipes were heard certainly, but not till the Highlander who played them had got into the Residency, and he was in among the first. The inspiration of the welcome set him going. As each party of the brave deliverers poured in they were greeted with loud hurrahs, while each garrison in the intrenchments would catch it up, and it ran the rounds, and rose one wondrous shout to heaven. He who bore the bagpipes worked his way into this exulting mass of men, women, and children, and as he strode up and down and round the Residency, he gave forth peans of triumph, in the shrill and joyous notes of his instrument, adding, of course, to the enthusiasm, and calling forth ardent repetitions of the wild delight of the occasion. Music never did more for the anxious human heart than was effected in that hour by those simple bagpipes. The sorrowful sighing of these prisoners of hope was suddenly turned into the joyous sense of deliverance, and it was fitting that Scotland's music should first thrill those hearts that Scotland's sons had been foremost to save.

For eighty-seven days the Lucknow garrison had lived in utter ignorance of all that had taken place outside. Wives, who had long mourned their husbands as dead, were now suddenly restored to them—some of them had come as volunteer cavalry with Havelock—and others, looking fondly forward to glad meetings with those near and dear to them, now for the first time learned that they were alone in the world. On all sides eager inquiries for relations and friends were made. Alas! in too many instances the answer was a painful one. Sleep was out of the question, and the morning dawned upon the inquirers still asking more questions.

It is excusable that you find them recording now, amid this joy of their rescue, as they realized the success of their protracted struggle, the

proud consciousness of the defense that they had made against such fearful odds, in preserving not only their own lives, but the honor and lives of the ladies and children intrusted to their keeping. Now they learned at last that they had not been forgotten; they were told what sympathy their fearful position had awakened in all noble hearts in England and America, and throughout the civilized world. The general order issued next day, in eloquent and beautiful terms, gave them official assurance of all this.

The few native troops that had nobly and faithfully stood by them were well honored and rewarded. Ungud, their valiant messenger, received five hundred rupees for each letter he had carried—quite a fortune for the worthy native. The spirit of these brave Sepoys, who had so long resisted unto blood, "faithful among the faithless," may be illustrated by a sad but touching incident that occurred on the entrance of the 78th Highlanders the day of the relief. Coming with a rush on the Bailey Guard outposts, defended by the faithful Sepoys, and not knowing it to be within the Residency inclosure, the Highlanders stormed it and bayoneted three of the men whom they mistook for rebels. The men never resisted; and when explanations ensued, and regret was expressed, one of them waved his hand, and crying, "Kootch purwanni—never mind—it is all for the good cause; welcome friends!" he fell and expired.

Sir Henry Havelock was too weak in men to attempt to bring out the garrison; he had to remain shut up with them till the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, came to their assistance on the 22d of November. The Sepoys still kept up their cannonade, but at a more respectful distance, and the ladies no longer feared either storm or capture. On the 16th of November Sir Colin Campbell, with 5,000 men, approached the city. Avoiding the crowded and barricaded streets, he took a course round by the Royal Park on the east, and being on rising ground his force, as they fought the enemy, could be seen from the Residency. They were sternly resisted the whole day. The garrison eagerly watched the conflict. One person was most conspicuous; he was mounted on "a white horse," and seemed to be every-where. They all felt very anxious for this person, for they guessed, and rightly too, that he was the Commander-in-Chief. On the 17th his army had come near enough to effect a junction, and General Havelock sallied out to meet him near the King's Palace Gate.

Arrangements were quickly made to remove all the ladies and children. At midnight, on

the 22d, they left the scene of their sufferings, and were safely escorted outside the city. The enemy was completely deceived; the lights in the Residency being left burning, the enemy kept up their bombardment on the south and west sides all night. By six o'clock, on the morning of the 23d, every one of the ladies and children were safe in the camp of the Lancers, five miles from the Residency, in the Dilkusha Park. The fresh air and green fields, the bread, butter, and milk, and clean table cloths, and other comforts, which for many months they had not seen or tasted, are described as almost bewildering them, while the grateful hearts and tearful eyes of the officers who waited upon them so tenderly, was a homage to their worth and sufferings which must have been very cheering to them. But in a tent near by the noble man, who had so uncomplainingly endured more than his enfeebled health could bear, was sinking, now that his great work for them was done. General Havelock was dying. His gallant son, with one wounded arm hung in a sling, was sitting by his cot and reading the Holy Scriptures and praying with his father. The mail had just been opened, and an official letter for General Havelock was taken to him. It was in time. Before he closed his eyes in death it told him of the gratitude of his country, the thanks of his Queen, for his noble services, and the fact that she had made him a Baronet with a pension of £1,000 per year. But he had higher honor and reward than this awaiting him, and a few hours after he passed away to its enjoyment. His grateful country made the dignity and pension sure to his widow and his son. He was buried, amid the tears of those he saved, at the Alma Baugh, five miles on the Cawnpore side of Lucknow.

We can not conclude without referring to the loss of the garrison and the cost of their rescue. Of the 1,692 fighting men in the Residency, on the 29th of June, the loss was 713—including 49 officers—when they were finally relieved. To these are to be added 19 ladies and 53 children killed, besides those wounded. Of General Havelock's force of 3,179 men, the total killed and wounded—besides 76 officers—was 966, nearly a third of his force. The Commander-in-Chief had 45 officers and 536 men killed and wounded; so that the total casualties to rescue the Lucknow garrison amount to 121 officers, and 1,490 men. Adding the loss of the garrison, the entire number of killed and wounded was 170 officers, 2,203 men.

The ladies and children were safely escorted to Cawnpore, and thence to Allahabad, where, in a body, they went to the church and returned

thanks publicly to Almighty God for their most merciful preservation and rescue. Word had been forwarded in advance to Allahabad of their coming, and the whole city seemed to turn out to meet and welcome them—government officials, troops, natives, every body wanted to see and greet the ladies of the Lucknow garrison, for whose safety they had so long trembled.

At length the train rolled into the station, and the thundering cheers that greeted them, and were over and over again repeated, was a welcome that few have ever received. They stepped out of the carriages, and their haggard, pale faces, with its evidence of suffering, and their scanty raiment, all told a tale that brought the tears to many an eye. And as the last of these brave women filed out of the station, and the sympathizing crowd dried their tears and looked after them, their pent-up feelings found expression in response to an English soldier, who was holding on to a lamp-post, as, flinging his cap into the air, he sung out, at the top of his voice, "One cheer more for our women, boys!"

THE HOMES OF JESUS—BETHANY.

PALM SUNDAY dawned upon the Holy City in all the beauty of a Syrian Spring. A sweet repose pervaded earth and sky; the very air was at rest, and a vernal sun shone softly from skies of a purple tint. It was the anniversary of our Lord's triumphal entry into the city of David, and I was in the spirit to join the imaginary throng on the same highway, and shout, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest!" From early dawn, through all the lanes and streets of the city, pilgrims were hastening to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, thronging the spacious aisles, rotundas, and lateral chapels of that venerable edifice. Differing from the Greeks a moon or a month as to the time of the festival, the Latins were assembled in their Franciscan chapel adjoining the rotunda. The altar was decorated with vases of flowers, and over it were suspended palm-branches, the symbol of the day. The bishop and officiating priests were attired in their elegant robes; a noble organ pealed forth the responses to the intoned service, and in the vast audience were monks and nuns, officers of the State and of the army, and pilgrims and strangers from all lands.

The scene of our Lord's triumphal march from Bethany to Jerusalem is no less distinctly marked by a universally received tradition than

by the everlasting hills and valleys whose awakening echoes responded to the anthems of the rejoicing multitude. The distance from the Holy City to Bethany is correctly stated by the evangelist as fifteen furlongs, or a little less than two miles, counting eight furlongs to the Roman mile. The ancient path leads from St. Stephen's Gate down the steep sides of Moriah, and, after crossing the stone bridge that spans the Kidron, ascends to the walls of Gethsemane. From the garden three roads lead to the village-home of Lazarus. One, winding up a slight depression in the western side of Olivet, sweeps round the hamlet of Jebel et-Tûr, which crowns the summit, and descends the green slopes on the eastern side. The second branches from the first just above the garden, and, winding upward, skirts the valley on the south, intersecting the former a short distance above Bethany. The third, which is the most ancient and frequented of the three, turns to the right below the garden wall, and, following the devious base of Olivet on the south, leads to Bethany, to Jericho, and to the heights of Moab beyond the Jordan. In the East, the land itself is not older than the great highways of the nation. Chosen alike for ease and directness, the valleys and mountain slopes are the principal thoroughfares, which, to succeeding generations, remain the landmarks of the past.

Crossing the Mount of Olives, in less than half an hour I reached the native town of Lazarus. From the numerous date-palms that once flourished in its environs the village was called Bethany, or the "House of Dates;" but, in honor of him who was raised from the dead, it bears the name of El-Laziréyeh. It is situated in a semicircular vale, with an opening toward the east to admit the morning's earliest light. Amid groves of olive, fig, and almond-trees are twenty Arab huts, containing one hundred inhabitants. The villagers are quiet and happy, and the half-nude children leap for joy on the reception of a few piasters for the milk and fruit they sell to strangers. All the Bible memories of the place are cherished by the people, and an old man is in waiting to point out the traditional sites.

In the absence of positive proof, either for or against these legendary places, the traveler is left to his own conclusions, drawn from history and from the probabilities of location. Of the house of Simon but little remains, and only a fragment of the residence of Lazarus has survived the waste of ages. The latter occupies a commanding position on a scarped rock, and in its day was a building of some elegance. Formed of large beveled stones, it was twenty-

one feet square. From the top of a remaining arch a prospect of singular beauty opens to view through the ravine on the east, and, no doubt, often was enjoyed by the master and his three friends.

Archæologists have called in question the identity of this ruin, and have claimed it as the remains of the Convent of the Black Nuns, founded in 1132 A. D. by Mesilinda, Queen of Fulco of Jerusalem, over which she placed her sister Ireta as abbess, a matron of approved piety. Yet it is highly probable that, as Bethany has always been inhabited, and as the recollection of the raising of a man from the dead would be among those longest and most tenaciously cherished by a people, either this arch is a part of the stone house which tradition asserts to have been occupied by Lazarus and his sister, or, if the remains of the convent of Mesilinda, it marks the spot where he resided.

Under the brow of a hill in the north-eastern part of the town is the supposed tomb of Lazarus. Twenty-six stone steps lead to a vaulted chamber twenty-two feet below the surface of the ground, which is excavated in the rock, and measures eleven feet long, nine wide, and seventeen high. On the left a small door opens to a narrow vault where the dead once rested. Bearing marks of great antiquity, there is no reason to doubt the identity of this tomb. The saying of those Jews who came to comfort Mary, that "she goeth unto the grave to weep," would indicate, at first, that her brother had been interred some distance from the town; this, however, does not necessarily follow, as the same remark would be appropriate if the sepulcher was in the village, whatever may have been the distance from her dwelling.

Like many other Syrian towns, Bethany has risen to importance, and inherits an imperishable name from the presence and miracles of Jesus. It was to Judea what Capernaum was to Galilee—the scene of his greatest works, and the place where he delivered his most sublime lessons of wisdom and love. When the ingratitude of Jerusalem forced him from her gates, he sought repose in Bethany, as, when driven by the Nazarenes from his native city, he selected Capernaum as the place of his adoption. Bethany was his temporary abode in his frequent journeys from Moab to Judea. Coming from the land of Moab, "a certain woman named Martha received him into her house;" and from the same region he came to raise Lazarus from the dead. At a later period, here he dined in the house of Simon the leper; here the grateful Mary washed his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and



MODERN BETHANY.

from an alabaster box, which "she had kept against the day of his burial," she poured the precious ointment on his head as he sat at meat. From this humble village he made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, and here, in the house of pious orphanage, he spent the last night but one prior to his crucifixion.

There is a touching legend in the East that the father of Lazarus was a pious Levite, and his mother a Jewish matron, after the model of Hannah and Elizabeth; that Lazarus himself was a scribe, who gained a living by copying the Law and the Prophets for the various synagogues in Palestine, and that Mary and Martha devoted their time to needle-work—embroidering veils for the Temple and garments for the priests; that previous to the visits of Jesus to Bethany the parents had ascended to their reward, leaving on earth their three orphan children; that the native sweetness of their spirit, the purity of their devotion, and their constant attention to his recurring wants, engaged his affection and secured his benediction; that here, in their midst, he laid aside the awful grandeur of teacher and Judge of mankind, and in all the refined amenities of social life he displayed the finer traits of his character, which were hidden from the common eye.

And how intimate must have been that friendship for the care-burdened Martha to come to him with her little domestic troubles; and how tender the attachment for those stricken sisters to think only of him when their brother died! A greater benefactor than beneficiary, he rewarded those pious sisters with a gift worthy of a God. The brief but sad message they sent him—"Lord, behold, he whom thou lovedst is sick"—awakened all the deeper emotions of his friendship. Though even a melancholy relief to be with those we love in the hour of death, yet, that the Son of man might be glorified, Jesus delayed his coming till after the demise and burial of his friend. Many a time had those sorrowing sisters passionately exclaimed, "O, that the Master were here!"

Coming from the fountains of Bethabara, he sought the sepulchre of Lazarus. Omnipotence stirred within him; a groan for life escaped his lips, a prayer entered heaven that knew no denial, a voice was heard in the spirit-world calling back a departed soul to earth and to a new probation. That voice was obeyed. Lazarus came forth, and joy filled the hearts of those orphan sisters. And now, after the lapse of so many centuries, the inspired story, read upon the spot, has all the freshness of reality; and though time has marred the beauty of that mountain home, and borne to the grave the

friends of Jesus, yet Mary's alabaster box of costly ointment and spikenard, very precious, is still fragrant with the odor of undying love, and "wheresoever this Gospel is preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

In the month of March of the succeeding Spring Jesus was again in Bethany. The moment of his triumph had come. The shouts of the people awaited the presence of their King. On the previous day he had descended from the Mountains of Moab, crossed the Jordan, traversed the Plain of Jericho, restored eyesight to the importunate Bartimeus, and dined with Zaccheus. Resuming his journey, he passed round the base of Quarantania, the scene of his temptation, crossed the Brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens, ascended the Vale of Achor, where Achan was stoned to death, entered the wilderness of Judea, the scene of the parable of the good Samaritan, and, continuing his upward march, reached Bethany as the sun descended behind the heights of Gibeon. That night he was entertained in the house of Simon the leper. Attracted to Bethany to attend the feast of Simon and behold Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead, a vast multitude were the next morning on their way to Jerusalem.

Solemnly intending to assert his regal rights and fulfill an ancient prophecy, Jesus dispatched two of his disciples to secure an ass for the triumphal occasion. A knowledge of his coming had reached the countless strangers who had assembled in the Holy City to celebrate the Passover, and who, seized by a sudden inspiration that bore every heart upon its resistless wave, hastened to greet their coming King. Passing through the palm-groves that formerly lined the path, they cut down the lengthened branches, and descended toward Bethany with shouts of triumph.

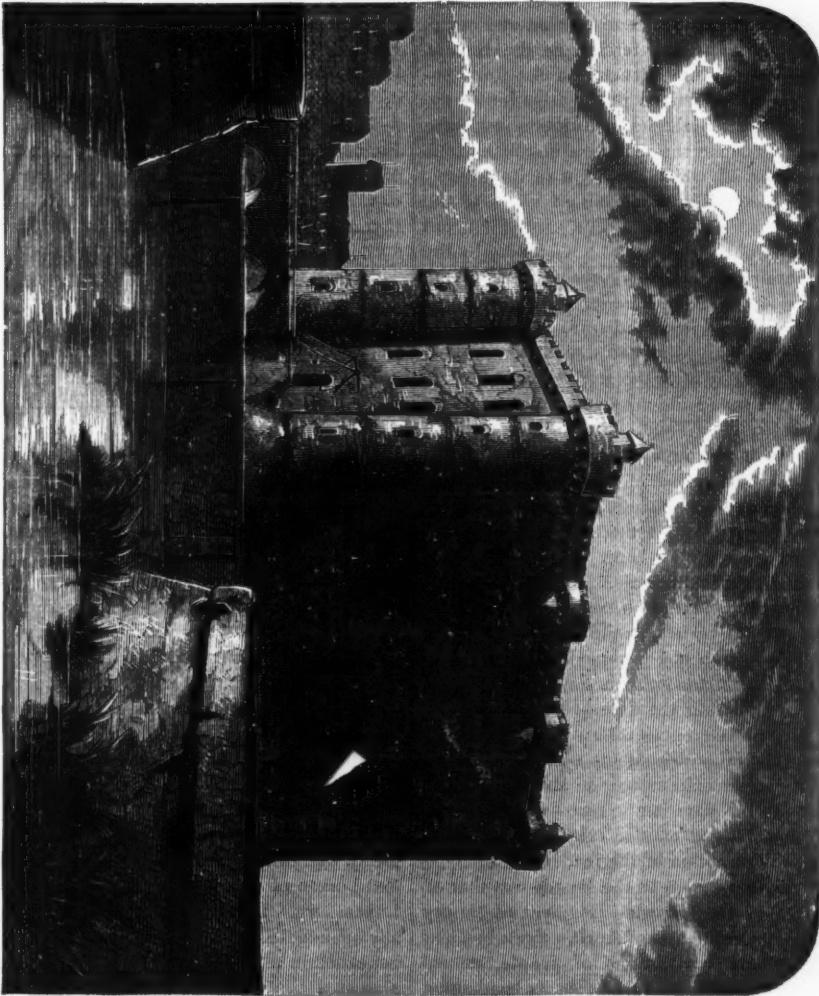
Spreading their loose garments upon the unsaddled ass, the disciples had set their Master thereon, who was slowly approaching the city of David. At length the descending and ascending processions met, and in the rapture of the moment vied with each other in expressions of gladness and in tokens of respect. Those who had escorted him from Bethany threw from their shoulders their loose robes, and, spreading them on the highway, formed a temporary carpet for his triumphal march; and those who had come from Jerusalem spread their palm-branches before him, while from that vast multitude arose that more than regal shout, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

It was the hour of the exaltation of the Son of God. The people had gathered unto Shiloh; the visions of the past were realized, and prophecy was fulfilled.

THE OLD BASTILE.

WHO has not read of the Bastile, and shuddered; that mysterious prison that overspread France with a secret awe for over four hundred years? Its history is but half written, and can not but remain so. A good share of it is irrecoverably lost. When, in 1789, the Bastile fell, and eager thousands rushed in upon its ruins, the records were burned, not by volumes merely, but by heaps. Facts having thus been annihilated, fiction rose into bold

prominence. Scarcely has there been a topic which novelists and sensational writers have seized upon with greater avidity than that which is suggested by the unseen and unheard torments of the victims of the Bastile. For no reporter's pencil ever ciphered within those fearful walls; no idle stranger's footstep ever echoed within that doleful court; no spy ever once peered into a dungeon that he was not himself to occupy; no curious visitor ever came to see, and saw the hidden mysteries within its guarded gates. Before its demolition the public never knew, but once, the inner construction of the Bastile. Regulations and treatment of prisoners were veiled in the closest secrecy. All was left to speculation and conjecture. Popular fancy went to the widest and wildest extremes.



THE OLD BASTILE.

Especially have the accounts of released prisoners, given at their imminent peril, served to excite universal indignation against the Bastille. But these should be taken with allowance. One who has been deprived of his liberty for years, for no greater offense, perhaps, than the most harmless witticism, can but feel a strong resentment for the personal injury. What sweeter revenge than, while yet exhaling the pestilent air of the hateful prison, to seize the pen and spread abroad a flood of imprecations upon the Bastille? It is quite safe to assume that not only were facts thus often exaggerated, but much that was wholly false promulgated; for it was not so much the Bastille a *prison*, as the Bastille a *system*, which awed the people, and enraged the prisoners. Prisons were all pretty much alike in the middle ages, and cruelty had the prestige of universality in those dark days. There were other prisons in plenty, inside and outside of France, just as loathsome and terrible as the Bastille. Perhaps its imposing structure and natural position may have chained public attention to the latter; but, after all, its notoriety must have been chiefly due to the secret method with which it was governed, which was kept in its entirety from the people for hundreds of years to the last day of its existence. The careful student of history will therefore not be led astray by the many purely imaginative representations of the inner workings of the Bastille, but will draw his inferences mainly from authentic documents.

It was one of Mirabeau's most serviceable acts, immediately after the storming of the Bastille, to have saved and arranged such papers as could be found. They contain the records of some four or five hundred acts, signed by the lieutenants of the Bastille in command respectively. Though incomplete, and comparatively few in number, they are the most reliable documents extant, and are now preserved in the *Hôtel d'Archives*, in Paris. The oldest document among them that is complete in itself is dated 1602. It relates to the imprisonment of the Duke of Biron, and is signed by Sully. The next authentic manuscript is dated 1617; there is also one bearing the date of 1643. Both of these contain references to Louis XIII. There are, then, no other documents earlier than 1660. All that may be said or written about prisoners previous to this date is not based upon authentic documents, and may be credited or not, according to the option of the reader.

The original design of the Bastille was that of a fortress, as the following fragment of history will show: On the 22d of April, 1369, a brilliant pageant, lined by throngs of people, moved through the streets of Paris. At its head, upon

a spirited charger, and in full armor, rode Charles V, King of France. The train, arriving at the gate of St. Antoine, was held in check by the mason work, which was to be now dedicated. Hugo D'Aubriot, *prévôt de Paris*, received the King, trowel in hand, with a chosen address. In his reply, Charles gave as the reason of his appearing in full armor, that "the work begun before them was warlike in its character, and designed as a bulwark of protection against political enemies. The new wall now surrounding Paris was to end in a massive fortification—a *Bastille*—which should guard the entrance to the city at the gate of St. Antoine." So the cornerstone was laid. Amid patriotic shouts of the people, and the sound of martial music, the King rode back to his beloved Paris. Meanwhile, up rose the thick, somber walls, in silence and grandeur. In 1383 the Bastille was finished. Great was the city's pride in the strong citadel. Hugo D'Aubriot continued to add to his fame by the construction of bridges and other works of architecture. It was he who planned and built the first sewers of Paris. Marvelous fate! Fickle Paris! D'Aubriot, the great architect of the Bastille, became its first prisoner. Accused of heresy, because the ignorant superstition of the age could not account for his bold success in masonry except by the power of witchcraft, he lay for many years languishing in the caverns which his own hands had made. He was finally released by a mob, under the leadership of Maillotins. This man's real name was Caboché. He received this surname from the 4,000 hammers—*maillets*—which the mob took as plunder from the city court-house. The Bastille was then for the first time stormed, and D'Aubriot was obliged to take the lead of the mob in order to effect his escape. He reached Belgium in safety, and spent the remainder of his life there in retirement.

But, although the Bastille was thus early found to be so well adapted for the safe-keeping of state prisoners, there is sufficient evidence that but few persons were confined within its walls during the early period of its history. It continued to be used chiefly as a fortress against foreign incursions; and not till the fifteenth century had dawned have we any proof that it reached the wretched fame of being a dungeon such as the world had never before seen. The records, to be sure, are but meager; but it is pretty well established that, after D'Aubriot, the first person of note within its walls was Louis of Luxemburg. He was accused of having personally offended King Louis XI, and, after his trial, beheaded in the first court. This was in 1475—almost a century after the completion of the

Bastile. It was really King Louis XI who first transformed the Bastile into a state prison. He was a master hand in the contrivance of means of coercion and instruments of torture. It is to his evil genius that the Bastile owes three of its most horrible rooms; namely, the *cages-de-fer*. They will be described below. The ensuing year, upon the decapitation of Louis of Luxembourg, Jacques D'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours, was confined in one of these cages, for an offense to His Majesty. There is a letter bearing his signature still preserved in the national archives of Paris, addressed to the King, and dated, "From my Iron Cage in the Bastile, January 30, 1477." He was also beheaded in the presence of his children. These two prisoners of rank have been mentioned, as they are the only ones of the fifteenth century concerning whose direful fates there are any documents extant. It is not till a later epoch that affairs in the Bastile were arranged in a systematic way. It seems to have been an object to destroy all the records at the end of every half-century. The war of the Fronde, during which the Parliament so often had the control of the Bastile, doubtless contributed largely to this destruction; and not till the authority over the famed prison, and the appointment of its officers, had been vested in the King, in 1658, do we find a business-like regulation of affairs to have commenced.

Though possessing no regular architectural design, from the fact that it was almost constantly receiving additions and alterations, yet the general plan and internal arrangements of the Bastile, in the main, may be easily illustrated and explained. The chief object of the present article is to speak definitely of its inner construction, its walls, towers, courts, and rooms. The attention of the reader is, therefore, especially directed to the accompanying diagram.

It may be imagined that the massive building, with its eight huge towers, presented at all times an imposing spectacle. It lay upon the right bank of the Seine, its only entrance being from the gate of St. Antoine. Later, when the limits of the city were extended, the Bastile was inclosed by the new wall. The modern canal of St. Martin is a remnant of the old ditch that surrounded the Bastile.

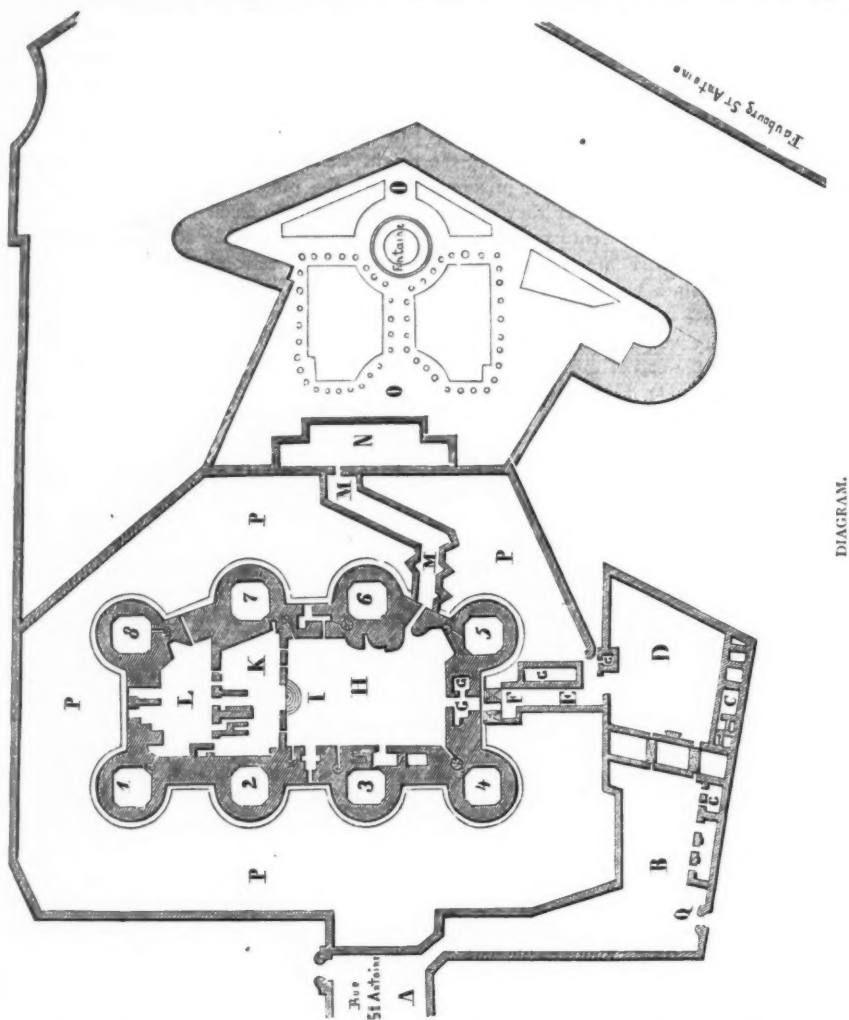
The only means of approach, as just mentioned, was through the gate of St. Antoine at *A*. Advancing now between two walls of medium height we arrive at the first gate (*B*) and its draw-bridge, covered by a guard (*G*). Crossing over we step into the first court (*D*). The palace (*C*) of the Governor lay to the right. Turning to the left, and leaving this court, a covered passage (*E*) leads us along side of two

guard-houses (*G*, *G*₂) to the second, main gate and draw-bridge (*F*). This is the most important post, as it affords direct entrance to the Bastile. It is, therefore, secured by two additional guard-houses within the *Corps des Gardes* (*G*₃, *G*₄). Passing through this, the last and most formidable gate, we step into the larger court (*H*) formed by six of the eight towers, and the curtains of masonry between them. Directly opposite the main gate, across the court, a tier of massive stone steps leads us to the entrance (*I*) of the building connecting the towers (2) and (7). A passage through the center leads us to the smaller court (*L*). To the right there is a room (*K*), *salle des conseils*, where the officers of the prison met for the transaction of official business. To the left, a wide, desolate-looking chamber served the purposes of a store-room, for the effects of prisoners. The smaller court (*L*) was, as will be easily seen, formed by the remaining towers and the intervening curtain structures. It was called the "*cour du puits*." It will thus be seen, by referring to the engraving, that the whole citadel consisted of eight round towers, at about equal distances from each other, and joined together by a compact fabric reaching as high as the battlements. Each tower had a distinct name and fame of its own. The first (1) was called *tour du Puits*; (2) *tour de la liberté*; (3) *tour de la Bertandière*; (4) *tour de la Bazinière*; (5) *tour du Comté*; (6) *tour du trésor*; (7) *tour de la Chapelle*; (8) *tour du Coin*.

The dimensions of the larger court were 120 feet by 80; of the smaller, 25 feet by 50. The former contained a fountain. The apartments of the officers and turnkeys were situated in the curtain structure between the towers *Comté* (5) and *trésor* (6). There were also a few rooms here for prisoners of minor consequence. The *tour du trésor* received its name from having been the depository of the private treasury of Henry IV. This treasure was used only for the most urgent cases. It was the custom of the King, whenever its funds were in demand, to send his cashiers through the city under escort and the flourish of trumpets, so that the people might see that the money was under their virtual supervision, and only used for the common welfare. It was from the top of this tower that Latude and Alégre made their famous escape. An arcade had once been built out into the center of the court from the *tour du trésor*. It served as an entrance to the two oldest towers, (6) and (7), immediately after their completion. For it will readily be seen that these two towers were in themselves a strong

cover of the gate of St. Antoine, and were doubtless used before the rest were finished. The curtain structures connecting the towers were built of immense broad stones, and contained a number of cells. The walls were ten feet in thickness. That part which joins the *tour de la liberté* (2), and the *tour de la chapelle* (7), was built during the reign of Francis I.

Near the entrance of the former, to the left, there was a vacant space which was subsequently transformed into a chapel. The *tour de la Bertandière* (3) was so called from an accident which befell a mason, Bertand by name, while engaged in its construction. He was precipitated from the top of the tower to the ditch below. This tower is celebrated as being the



one in which the "man in the iron mask" was confined. Between this and the *tour de la Bazinière* (4) were the dwellings of the aide camp, the head-jailer—*Capitaine des Portes-Clefs*—and their assistants. The ordinary turnkeys lived in the building between the two courts. Here also were lodged the lieutenant, major, and surgeon of the Bastille, in the first, second, and third stories respectively. The re-

maining apartments of this building served as a hospital for the prisoners. In front of the *tour de la Bazinière* there was a secret lodge whose entrance was doubly barred by chains. Its use was unknown. The two remaining towers; namely, *le tour des puits* (1), and *le tour du Coin* (8), were at the extreme end of the Bastille, and the most difficult of access. They could only be reached by means of a

passage, secured by two heavily barred iron doors, and leading past the council chamber (*K*), over the smaller court. The *tour du puits* received its name from the ditch and draw-well at its sides. The *tour du Coin* is noted for having had—according to Renneville, who had the extraordinary fortune to be thrown into all the cells of the Bastille—the most abominable room in the whole prison.

The smaller court resounded to but the footsteps of prisoners. It was the most atrocious type of a prison-court that a weird and gloomy fancy could have conceived. On account of its narrow width the sun never shone upon the lower half of its black walls. The blood-stained stones under foot; the massive towers that seemed almost to support the heavens above; the moaning sigh of winds suddenly caught up in this blank, bleak space; the deep melancholy silence following—all combined to impress upon the heart-sick prisoner, who had the liberty (?) of this spot, a sense of helpless, hopeless misery. In the larger court it was still possible for him to realize that he was alive and a creature of this earth. The dwellings of the officers and subordinates could not but lend some life to the place, while the fresh air that was wafted across its breadth could cool his fevered brow; but in the *tour du puits*—he was simply buried alive in the gloomy caverns of a forsaken pyramid.

Of the eight towers described, four looked out upon the city of Paris, and the remaining four upon its suburbs. The battlements were all connected by a sort of platform, which served as a promenade for prisoners to whom an especial favor was to be shown. The view, indeed, was a fine one while it lasted; but how much greater the contrast when, after a few moments of rapture, the eye was turned back into the dark, filthy dungeons below! The height of these towers was one hundred and twenty-nine feet. The entrance to each was barred by two heavy iron doors close upon each other, and opening in different directions. As almost half an hour was invariably consumed in unlocking them, the officers were not tempted to make very frequent inspections. The average thickness of the walls was twelve feet.

There were five different kinds of cells in the Bastille. Those in the vaults of the towers and of the intervening walls were the most fearful. They were called "*cachots*," and were the domain of huge rats, toads, and spiders. The bottom of these dungeons was covered with filth and slime. A narrow air-tube was the only provision made for the escape of the mephitical exhalations from so poisonous a bed. The only furniture in one of these wretched holes was a

bedstead permanently fixed in the wall. The double iron doors above mentioned had each a thickness of seven inches, and were secured by three bolts and an equal number of locks. Next to these come the *cages-de-fer*. They were funnel-shaped cages, made out of heavy timber covered with sheet-iron plates, and measured six feet in width by eight in length. The inner surface was polished smooth. It may be imagined that the forced and unnatural position which the prisoner was obliged to assume in these cages, made them abodes of fearful torment. The inventor of them was the Bishop of Verdun. Louis XI, as above mentioned, introduced them into the Bastille, but also ordered them to be made in Blois, Bourges, Angiers, Loches, and Plessis les tours. In the last-named town he imprisoned the Cardinal de Bal-lue for *eleven years* in one of them. A third kind of cells were the so-called *calottes*. Being in the fourth story of the towers they were considered the airiest rooms in the Bastille. There were eight in each tower, corresponding to an equal number of arched apertures through the whole thickness of the wall—twelve feet. These apertures were provided with inner and outer gratings. By a refinement of cruelty the bars of the outer grating were made to cross the apertures of the inner. While these cells were in Winter bitterly cold, in Summer they were "damp ovens," as the walls were so thick that the sun could rarely drive the frost all out of them. There was but the most limited space for locomotion in them. The other kinds of cells were octagonal in form, being from eighteen to twenty feet in diameter, and fourteen feet high. The apertures were all so high that they could only be reached by means of a step-ladder. The view from the first story was disheartening enough, the windows and apertures being set obliquely in the wall, so that, besides a narrow strip of sky, nothing was visible but the ugly ditch which surrounded the Bastille. The prisoners in the stories above, however, had the rare chance of looking out upon the city of Paris or the fields and open country. The method of warming the cells was very inadequate. In the latter part of the seventeenth century stoves were placed in many of them. But before that grated chimneys were used, which filled the rooms with smoke to the great annoyance of the prisoners.

Such being the prison, what might one not expect the administration to be? The garrison, it should be remarked, was composed of men, chosen and trained with special reference to the peculiar character of the prisoners. Very few of the latter were actual criminals. On the

contrary, they were for the most part persons guilty of no greater offense than having fallen into displeasure with parties of high political standing. The Bastille was always at the service of these potentials when they wished to rid themselves of embarrassing opponents. This being the case, it may be easily conceived that turnkeys and other subordinates might often come into possession of the flimsy causes of arrest and other important secrets. It was also evident to the higher officers of the Bastille that some measures must be adopted to restrain the communicativeness of those in immediate charge of the prisoners. The military force was, therefore, placed under the strictest discipline, and the men composing it, from the lowest to the highest, were models of taciturnity and natural reserve. Although it sometimes happened that two or three prisoners were confined in the same cell, it was the general rule to keep them all separate and entirely ignorant of each other's presence in the Bastille. Nobody, at any one time, could tell how many unhappy victims it contained, who they were, in what cells they were confined, whether they had died, or were still pining away in their gloomy rooms. It was as early as 1625 that so close a system of supervision was introduced. The subordinate officers were held to the severest account for the faithful performance of their duties. Their vigilance was as sharp as the most perfect training could have made it.

In the passage (*E*) there were constantly two guards on duty. Inside of the draw-bridge (*F*) at (*G*) there were four guards. Besides these, in the *Corps de Garde* at this spot there was, day and night, a detachment of fifteen men. The small passage that here led into the larger court was barred by four doors, behind each of which stood a guard. The larger court was perpetually patrolled by a detachment of two men, whose duty it was to march up and down on opposite sides and in different directions, keeping a strict watch upon the windows. At the stroke of twelve the whole garrison was drawn up in line, and the entrance to each tower put under special guard during the noonday meal. The same was done during the reading of mass in the chapel.

The Bastille was surrounded on all sides by a ditch one hundred and twenty feet wide (*P*), this again was inclosed by a wall sixty feet high. To this wall was attached a wooden gallery, rising in successive stages and surrounding the whole castle. It was called the "rounds"—*Galerie des Rondes*—and was only reached by means of two staircases near the guard at the main gate (*G*, *G*₁). Day and night this gallery

was patrolled by several detachments. So thoroughly was the castle guarded, both from within and without, that every square foot of surface was under observation. Every quarter of an hour the corporals and sergeants went the rounds in regular succession, and as a proof that all was right, each of them was obliged, after having completed the round, to drop a card numbered and perforated into a recording box. Every morning this box was brought to a major, opened in the presence of all the officers, and the number of cards ascertained. On this occasion also record was made of any thing unusual that had been seen or heard during the past twenty-four hours. It was the duty of the sentry at the end of the rounds to strike a bell every quarter of an hour, to show that he was awake and on the watch. Besides this, every hour of the day and night a second bell was struck within the Bastille for a similar purpose.

This incessant tolling of the bells, together with the frequent sentry calls, was a great torture to the prisoners, who thus could never enjoy an unbroken rest. At the stroke of 10, P. M., the bridges were drawn up and never let down in obedience to any other summons than that of the king. Such prisoners as were allowed the high privilege of walking about within the prison court, were of course sharply watched both as to their persons and their surroundings.

Whenever a new prisoner was to enter the court, whom it was not designed to have noticed, a bell was struck by the sentry at the entrance. Upon hearing this signal the soldiers on guard were obliged to draw their hats over their eyes, while prisoners who might happen to be promenading received the harsh command, "To the cabinets!" These "cabinets" were apertures in the wall twelve feet long and about three feet wide. Into these niches all the prisoners rushed pell-mell, and remained there till their mysterious companion in misery had passed. It often happened, however, that, owing to the many forms in the process, they were obliged to remain cooped up in these holes by the half hour.

Outside of the Bastille there were four sentinels to prevent passengers from tarrying in front of the prison, and possibly from conveying signs to the prisoners in the towers. The garrison consisted of 100 men—invalids—besides a number of hired troops. The force all told was 180 common soldiers, 4 drummers, 2 trumpeters, and 1 lieutenant. A private received 15 sous a day, in addition to uniform, shoes, fuel, lights, salt, washing, board, and lodging. None of the garrison were permitted to sleep outside of the Bastille without the permission of the Governor.

A furlough was even required in order to dine without the castle. To remain out over night was a boon only granted by the Minister. Whoever once gave himself up to service of the Bastile was cut off from all the comforts of life. This may account for the fact that the garrison was so largely made up of invalids, who were unfit for any other duties. All the guns were charged, and there was always a large amount of ammunition in the Bastile. Upon the battlements of the towers there were thirteen culverines. These were used, however, not so much for the purposes of defense as for firing salutes on festive occasions. But two heavy guns were placed not far from the entrance to the larger court, with which a fire could be opened on very short notice. The smaller court could be easily swept from the arcades, near the council chamber (*K*), where a number of guns, with grape-shot, were always placed ready for use. Aside from these provisions, the Bastile was directly connected with the arsenal by the passage *Q*. The part marked *O* was a bastion not properly belonging to the Bastile. The old Boulevard formerly passed through this plot of ground. The Bastile was connected with this bastion by means of a passage (*M*) commencing midway between the towers *comte* and *trésor*, and ending in a flight of steps (*N*). These led to a garden within the bastion, to which privileged characters had access. There was an exact counterpart of this bastion to the left of the Bastile, covering the gate of St. Antoine.

To speak more particularly of the government of the Bastile, it should be remarked that, while the main authority was vested in the Governor, yet the Lieutenant of the Bastile exercised an almost equal power. This is evident from the fact that he not only had the privilege of offering suggestions at his pleasure, but also of making special reports to the Minister. Generally, however, these two officers found it for their interest to act in concert with each other. The Major and assistant Major were subalterns. The warden and turnkeys—*porte-clefs*—were mere tools in the hands of their superiors. Notwithstanding this fact, they really filled the most important positions, as they came into constant and immediate contact with the prisoners. Consequently, care was taken to select the roughest and most blunted characters for these posts, it being supposed that secrets and significant communications would be the least endangered if intrusted to their brutal minds. Their duties were chiefly comprised in keeping the cells clean, bringing the prisoners their food, attending to them in case of sickness, acting as spies for the Governor, and executing all meas-

ures of violence. They received their name, *porte-clefs*, from the immense bunch of keys they were obliged to carry on their persons. It is somewhat surprising the whole number of these *porte-clefs* was but four. But it was evidently a measure of prudence to restrict the number as much as possible. When it is remembered that each cell had no less than five ponderous keys, we may conceive that their load was not a light one. The department of keys in the Bastile was quite an interesting one. They were kept in a huge closet in the Major's office.

The position of Governor was an exceedingly lucrative one. Aside from his large salary, he drew an average annual profit of 40,000 livres, from the way in which he boarded and clothed the prisoners; for he generally understood how to be steward and Governor at the same time, and for extracting private gain from the general fund he had every facility. The salary of the Lieutenant, under Louis XIV, reached as high a figure as 50,000 livres, while the Major drew but 4,000, and the assistant Major 1,500 livres. A surgeon was employed at a salary of 1,200 livres. The turnkeys received 600; but, when obliged to sleep with the prisoners, they were paid 20 sous per day extra. The physician of the Bastile lived either in the Louvre or the Tuilleries. The Major was treasurer and paymaster of the Bastile, receiving the necessary funds directly from the Comptroller of the State, upon showing his regular reports of expenses. The average cost of maintaining the Bastile, exclusive of salaries, was 160,000 livres per annum.

The prisoners received two meals a day; the first at 11, A. M.; the second at 6, P. M. It may interest some of our readers to know the bill of fare. It was subject to the following variation: On *Sunday*, soup, beef, four small biscuits, and a roast; *Monday*, the same, with the exception of the biscuit, for which beans or lentils were substituted; *Tuesday*, the same, with the exception of the roast; in its place one of the following meats: sausage, pigs' feet, or cutlets; *Wednesday*, instead of the biscuit some farinaceous food; *Thursday*, the same as Monday; *Friday*, half a carp, vegetables, and eggs; *Saturday*, fowl, and soup. This does not look so bad, but "the proof of the pudding is the eating thereof," and the preparation of the food was, to say the least, poor enough to be unhealthy. All the accessories, such as butter, oil, and groceries, were frequently spoiled and unfit for use, the meat creating nausea. The wine furnished was thin, weak, and sour. Vegetables were dry and tasteless. It is thus easy to understand how the stewardship proved to

be the Governor's chief source of income. It should be added, however, that privileged characters and persons of rank, who had come to the Bastille under certain restrictions, were served with decent food. There were six different classes of boarders in the Bastille, at the following prices: 50, 30, 20, 10, 5, 3 livres. This included lights and washing. Each prisoner was obliged to make his own fire, and was furnished with five sticks of wood daily. They were also required to make their own beds, unless they were of noble birth. It was not till after the elapse of a long period that prisoners were permitted to walk in the court or on the battlements. The same was true as to the privilege of attending mass in the chapel. In case the latter was granted they were obliged to sit in niches from which they could neither see nor be seen of each other. These apertures were grated, and provided with curtains which were drawn aside at the chanting of the "Holy," and closed after the last prayer. Only ten persons could attend mass at any one time. The pastoral office of the Bastille was supplied by two chaplains and a confessor.

One of the most cruel procedures was the treatment of the sick. Frequently so much time was lost in searching for the regular physician, that when he finally arrived the patient was generally in his last moments. A quick and powerful remedy usually finished him. The dead of the Bastille were buried in the cemetery of St. Paul. It was the duty of the major, surgeon, warden, and lieutenant, to draw up certificates of his death. But it was the rule, to which there were but few exceptions, to record fictitious names in the parish register. Whenever a prisoner made his exit the Governor produced a book, in which he was obliged to sign, first, an oath never to reveal any thing seen or heard in the Bastille, and, second, an acknowledgment of thanks for his release. The most remarkable books in the Bastille were the "*cahiers*." They were preserved in a huge chest, secured by three heavy padlocks, and contained the history of the life and imprisonment of all persons whatsoever who had been for any cause confined in the Bastille.

On the 14th of July, 1789, amid the triumphant shouts of the people, the Bastille was stormed and taken. The news of the victory was spread through Paris with great rejoicing. And yet what did the horrible prison reveal to the gaze of the world after its long reign of dark mystery? Seven prisoners only were found within its walls. Four of these were counterfeiters; two insane, having been sent there by their own families; and the last was a count who had

murdered a peasant. Yet not only France but all Europe looked upon the destruction of the Bastille as a final and just visitation of God.

PANORAMA OF THE JORDAN.

THE PLAINS OF THE JORDAN.

THE river has now reached its greatest magnitude and begins to wind in many a link, as if reluctant to be lost in such a receptacle as the Dead Sea. Much of the Plain is now sterile and desolate; but near the stream the vegetation, in many places, shows how fertile the region may have been, or may yet become, when the hand of industry shall irrigate and till it again. Mount Gilead and the plains of Moab on the east, and the hills of Jericho on the west, form the boundary of this view. "The Fords" lie in the background, and a hundred spots are visible which are intertwined with the history of the chosen people. Their early wars with Moab—their miraculous passage of the river—the countless associations which are linked with Jericho—in short, a thousand events, from Moses to the Savior, have happened on these Plains, every one of them affecting the destinies of men forever, through that people, at once the most influential and the most despised—the most sinning, and yet the most signally defended of all the nations—the Jews.

But while we contemplate these Plains, whether historically or in their natural beauty, perhaps every thing connected with them should give precedence to the fact that somewhere along them the Hebrews crossed the Jordan, and entered the Promised Land. After eight and thirty years of wandering in the wilderness, they reached at last the margin of the stream. It is known to have been in Spring, when the river begins to be in flood by the melting of the snows on Hermon and Lebanon. Yet, as soon as the ark of the covenant was borne by the priests to the stream, the waters divided, as the Red Sea had done, and gave a passage at once safe and free to the weary yet exulting myriads of Israel. It was a marvelous exodus that led them to the Red Sea, and now it is as marvelous an immigration that introduces them to Canaan. Enemies might be hovering around them, ready to sweep down and discomfit. A broad, deep, and rapid stream might appear to bar their entrance into Canaan—all might seem to disprove or thwart the promise. But the set time had arrived. Greater was He that was for them than all that could be against them—and the mighty host passed in safety into the Land of Promise, now become the land of possession.

We do not define this miracle as to its extent. Enough to know that the hand of God was there. The nations had forgotten him, and multiplied idols like the sand upon the sea-shore. But to prevent the great I AM from being forgotten or unknown in his own world, miracle after miracle was wrought—nay, for a time, one of the nations of the earth enjoyed a miraculous existence—and the marvel which took place at the crossing of the Jordan was one of the most wondrous of them all. It at once poured contempt upon the gods of the blinded nations, and assured the children of Israel that the Lord their God was among them of a truth. Wondrous was the sight when, about the same spot, the Spirit of the Lord descended on the Savior as a dove—but not less wonderful the inter-

position which carried thousands, nay millions, through "the flood" upon dry land.

One other Scriptural incident connected with the Plains has been mentioned. Eglon, King of Moab, in alliance with Ammon and Amalek, took Jericho, and, supported by 10,000 Moabites, kept Israel in subjection for eighteen years. But Ehud, a "left-handed Benjamite," at length smote the oppressor, and the deliverer's trumpet, heard on Mount Ephraim, roused the men of Israel boldly to emancipate their country, and sweep its tyrannical occupants away. Seizing upon the Fords, the children of Israel at once prevented the 10,000 usurpers from escaping, and Moab from sending them assistance. The result was decisive: "Israel slew of Moab at that time 10,000 men, all lusty, and all men of



PLAIN OF THE JORDAN ABOVE JERICHO.

valor, and there escaped not a man. . . . And the land had rest forty years."

Perhaps the best spot from which to survey the Plains of the Jordan is the center of the river, where the Ghor itself and the country on either side are seen in full expanse. And those who have sailed down the stream have told us, in very glowing terms, of the peculiarities of these Plains. The river curves and twists to the north, the south, the east, and west, as if to "prolong its luxuriant meanderings in the calm and silent valley." Here and there spots, of singular beauty are still seen on the banks. Numerous birds sing with a music strange and manifold—and both the Flora and the Fauna of the place at once deepen the impressions and sadden the soul. Nature, though it costs a

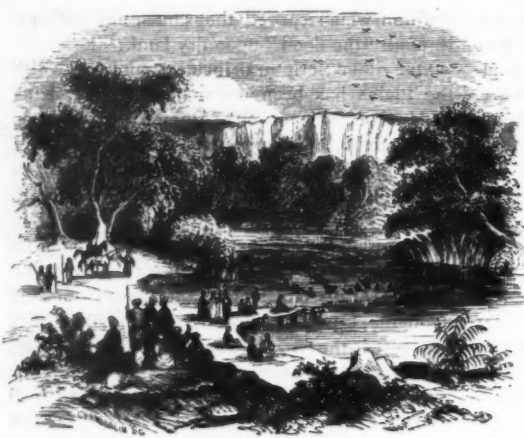
struggle, still appears sometimes in beauty; and of the stream some have sung—

"O sparkling clear thy waters glow,
And murmur as they glide,
To the fair trees which bend so low
To kiss thy loving tide."

But from the whole the glory has departed, and a transformation from fertility to barrenness is presented, which only the Bible can explain.

FORDS OF THE JORDAN.

The Fords of the Jordan represented in our engraving are peculiar in their kind. The spot where the Redeemer was baptized was an object of great attraction in early times. The Latin Church has selected one spot, and the Greek Church another, as their sacred scene, and



FORDS OF THE JORDAN.

contend, with an earnestness worthy of a better cause, for the preëminence of their favorite Ford. Each spot presents some of the most exquisite beauties of the river. The banks are fringed with tamarisks, willows, oleanders, and many luxuriant shrubs, and had not superstition blotted the beauty, it would have been one of the most lovely scenes in the East.

But besides the baptism of the Savior, these Fords are deemed further sacred, as the place at which, as we have just seen, the Hebrews miraculously crossed the Jordan to enter Canaan. Here again the Latin and the Greek Churches contend each for its own passage as the genuine one. Leaving them, however, to adjust the controversy, we may allude to the annual concourse of pilgrims to these sacred scenes. The Greek Ford is the favorite; and an English traveler, a few years ago, saw 3,000 pilgrims, and 2,000 other visitors, assembled there. They spent the previous night in the neighborhood of Jericho, and toward morning began to move in the direction of the Jordan, that they might reach it by sunrise. Oriental costumes of every hue—travelers on foot and travelers on horseback, on camels and on asses—soldiers and civilians—men, women, and children—all joined in the cavalcade. They were preceded by torch-bearers with flambeaux, and escorted by Arab cavalry. The Greek Archbishop, and the Turkish Governor of the district, were there; and thus did the motley hordes press forward to wash in a stream which they idly supposed had some virtue to cleanse them from something more than the filth of the flesh. Amid the excitement of such a scene, many accidents every year occur. Some of the pilgrims are generally left dead upon the spot; and visitors come back to tell us that nothing is more remarkable among

the devotees than their want of sympathy for the feeble and the suffering. A shout of laughter responds to the groans of the wounded; and it is made painfully plain that superstition has there accomplished its usual effects—it has hardened the heart, and made man more completely the enemy of man, "hateful and hating."

But passing from scenes so humbling, we should not fail to notice that it was in this neighborhood that Gideon wrought his wonder, and won his victory with his 300 chosen men. The iniquities of Israel had brought misery and bondage upon them as of old. Their enemies had invaded their borders; famine soon followed; and the miserable inhabitants were compelled to flee

to dens and caves of the earth. But a deliverer appeared in the person of Gideon, who proceeded to assail the Amalekites, the Midianites, and the other invaders of his country. His army of two and thirty thousand men were reduced by Divine appointment to three hundred, "lest Israel should vaunt themselves against Jehovah, and say, Mine own hand hath saved me." With his handful of men, then, Gideon acted against the Midianites, who "lay in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude," and by a simple stratagem, by the sound of trumpets, by breaking the pitchers, and displaying the lights, which each man bore, the swarming hosts were first startled, then routed, and 120,000 of the invaders fell. The Fords of the Jordan were seized by the men of Ephraim, who "took the waters unto Beth-barah and Jordan;" and aided by the men of Naphtali, Asher, and Manasseh, the victory of Gideon was complete.

As we wander among these tranquil scenes—tranquil, at least, when man is absent—we can scarcely help recollecting how often the serenity of nature has been disturbed by the lawless outbreaks of man. Here the river has often run red with blood, and been impeded by heaps of the slain. Here the Gileadite slew the Ephraimite, and the Ephraimite the Gileadite, till the dead were counted by tens of thousands. On these banks, and by these fords, the mode of uttering a single letter of the Hebrew alphabet—Sibboleth, instead of Shibboleth—has been the occasion of death to multitudes. In spite of miracles the most amazing, and mercies embodying the very affluence of heaven, man continued man, self-willed, untamed, ungodly. Were it true that any scenes in nature, or any mercies in Providence, could win men to the love of God, his mercies enjoyed along the stream of

the Jordan might have led to that result. But it is not mercies in Providence—it is not a beauteous landscape—it is omnipotent grace alone that can make man like his God again; and till that power be put forth, all is as deceptive as the mirage of the desert—as transient as a writing upon sand. It forms one sure proof that the Bible is from God, to discover that nothing but its truth received into the heart, enshrined there, and obeyed in the life, can either lift up the degraded or purify the polluted.

THE DEAD SEA.

The valley of the Jordan, or the Ghor, is about sixty miles in length, by an average of six or seven in breadth, though it differs, of course, at different points. When the river leaves the Lake of Genesareth, it is about forty feet in width; its current abounds in rapids, and near the entrance of the Yarmak into the Jordan, there is a cascade in the latter about eleven feet in height. Twenty-seven dangerous rapids have been counted in the course of the stream, besides others of smaller size. At some places the river is divided by little islands; and the navigation, as was proved by the boats of the American Exploring Expedition in 1848, is attended with no common danger.

Though the distance from the Lake of Genesareth to the Dead Sea be only about sixty miles in a straight line, yet, owing to the windings of the stream, the course by water is scarcely less than 200 miles. Its average depth is computed to be about nine feet; and its banks, now precipitous, now level, now covered with shrubs or trees and fragrant flowers, now dreary and treeless, offer great varieties of view. And before the stream reaches the Dead Sea, the valley, as we have seen, opens out into the plains of Jericho on the right bank, and those of Moab on the left. As it approaches the great reservoir, a luxuriant vegetation affords a shelter for many wild animals, and hence the Scriptural account of some of these, when dislodged from their fastnesses by inundations—"Behold he shall come up like a lion from the swellings of Jordan." But the visitor is prompted again and again to ask, Where now are the honey, the opobalsam, and the teeming abundance of the plain of Jericho? The region was once called "the divine;" it is now blighted and black. Here, at least, the "whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain."

For the last few miles of its course, the Jor-

dan runs between banks of sand; and where it enters the Dead Sea it is deep, turbid, and rapid, with a width of about one hundred yards. Though the fabulous accounts, which were formerly current regarding that sea, be now to a great extent set aside, there is still enough to awe a meditative mind, along its wild and sterile shores. The very fact that it has no outlet seems of itself a kind of mystery. Its ascertained depression of above 1,300 feet below the level of the ocean is another wonder. Then the farther fact that on its margin once stood the fated cities of the plain, now buried beneath its waters, invests the lake with additional interest. Here Abram and Lot once dwelt, and here manifestations of holy justice, second only to those of the Deluge, were made. The bottom of the Dead Sea is ascertained to consist of two separate plains, of different depths; and science, founding upon that fact, accounts for the desolation of Sodom and Gomorrah by a tremendous



THE DEAD SEA.

convulsion of nature taking place at the fiat of the Holy One. In short, of all the spots on earth, the margin of this sea awakens the deepest memories. Eden, did we know it, would be solemnly sacred—Ararat, like some lofty tribunal, speaks of retributive justice—Sinai has associations which can scarcely be rivaled—Calvary speaks to all mankind, and will speak to all eternity. But the Dead Sea—the grave of Sodom and Gomorrah—speaks in tones well-nigh as deep regarding him who exacts the wages of sin. It warns mankind to pause on the way to ruin.

THE DEAD SEA—THE PILLAR OF USUDUM.

In addition to the other objects of interest associated with the Dead Sea, we are to remember that it was here that Lot's wife suffered for

her longing, lingering look upon the ill-fated cities. It is now generally admitted that the bay which forms the southern extremity most probably covers their site. That bay is separated by a bank, which runs nearly across the lake, from the upper and the larger portion; and few who examine the place now question the supposition that where the waters of the bay now lie, Sodom and Gomorrah once stood. There lay the fertile plain of Sodom, preferred by Lot when Abraham gave him his choice of a region to dwell in, and there was the wrath of God poured forth on the guilty Sodomites—at once a type and a rehearsal of the great catastrophe which is to wind up the history of our world as to its probationary condition.

But discoveries have lately been made on the margin of these sullen waters which seem to some to connect the past with the present by a visible tie. When the American Exploring Expedition visited the Dead Sea, some of the party discovered, on the western side of the southern bay, an object which they have described with great exactness, and which is represented in our view. To the east of Jebel-Usdum—Sodom—they saw a lofty pillar, standing apparently detached from the general mass of the insulated mountain. When closely examined it was found to be formed of solid salt, capped with carbonate of lime. The upper and rounded part is about forty feet high, and rests on a kind of oval pedestal, from forty to sixty feet above the level of the sea. The pillar is described as "one mass of crystallization."

Now, we are far from saying that this is the pillar mentioned in Scripture in connection with the destruction of Sodom and the flight of Lot. But standing as it does amid a scene of unmitigated desolation, it is suggestive of many solemn

truths. On one side rises the salt mountain of Usdum, on the other are the barren and lofty cliffs of Moab, where Lot found a shelter. Then in the foreground lies the lake, mysterious in itself, and rendered still more solemnizing by the wonders which have been witnessed on its margin; and all these combined, place the pillar among the most instructive sights which that land of marvels supplies. The utter sterility which reigned around told the American strangers how terrible and how perfect was the overthrow of the cities of the Plain. The wonders of this sea have been often told, but it is interesting still. Dismissing the fables of antiquity, and adhering only to physical or ascertained fact, we observe that it is about fifty English miles in length, and twelve in breadth. Dark and precipitous mountains inclose it on the east; on the western shore the mountains of Judea reach a height of about 1,500 feet; on the opposite side those of Moab ascend to 2,000 or 2,500; on the north its limit is the plain of Jericho, while the desert of Edom lies at its southern termination. "The mountains are for the most part barren. The waters are bitter beyond expression, and so dense that one can sit, lie, read, or even sleep," says Stephens, "without danger, on the surface of that salt sea." The air above the sea is generally clear. The evaporation is copious; the heat is at seasons stifling; and were there room for much vegetation on the shore, it must be that of the densest jungle. A bright phosphorescent light illuminates the waters at night, and every thing betokens the presence, either formerly or now, of subterranean fires, and strong igneous action. Though it be fabulous that birds can not fly across the sea, no traces of life are found in its waters. The fishes of the Jordan perish when

they enter there, and, under the most powerful microscopes, no animalculæ have been detected. The depth varies from thirteen feet to thirteen hundred. The bottom, as we have mentioned, is ascertained to consist of two submerged plains; and the lake is pervaded, from north to south, by a deep ravine, corresponding to the bed of the Jordan, and supposed to have once been its channel.

Were the traveler anxious to gain a view of the Dead Sea, through all its length, at a single glance, he might be indulged by climbing the mountain of Quarantania, near Jericho, one of the most precipitous of all that bound the Ghor. It is a wild and stern scene, and has long been regarded, by tradition at least, as the "exceeding high mountain"



THE PILLAR OF USDUM.

to which Satan led the Savior during his mysterious temptation. The ascent is so difficult that it is rarely attempted. Hermits have dug their cells at some places on the slopes; and the view over Gilead, Ammon, Moab, the Dead Sea, and other Scriptural scenes, well repays the ascent. Milton has seized upon it to adorn his poetry, or employed his poetry to deepen the impressions of the spot, when he says of this view—

"Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil, and wine;
With herds the pastures thronged, with flocks the hills."

But assuming the truth of the tradition, the Christian wayfarer will find here something more impressive than even lofty mountains or luxuriant valleys. Here the Lion of the tribe of Judah foiled the Destroyer; here he proved the omnipotence of truth; and here he taught all the tempted where to find a defense.

THE ITINERANT'S BRIDE.

SHE was robed at the rosy morn
In the snow of bridal white,
And vows were spoken like pure winds borne
Far over the hills of light;
Far over the flower-trod road
Of Summer her heralds flew,
And her emerald outposts stood
By gates where the spring went through.

There were tears in her earnest eyes
As he led her from the door,
Out under the rose-red morning skies
To the future land in store—
To follow the wanderer's way
With faithfully patient feet,
O'er the erring to watch and pray
In strength of a love complete.

There were vines on the garden wall
That for years her hands had trained;
And robins flew to her winning call
From the orchard, russet-stained;
And up from her violets blue,
His golden sails in th' air,
The butterfly daintily flew
And tangled himself in her hair.

There were hid in the wildwood dells—
All blest by her heart alone—
And shrined in their scented meadow cells
Like nuns in their cloisters lone,
A host of the tiny things
With soft and wavering breath,
Whose life was a flutter of wings
Soon folded down in death.

And this was the hour of adieu
To the cherished haunts of yore,
And yearning thoughts for a moment drew
A sigh from her bosom's core;

Then she thought of the gathered sheaves
And the whitening fields of grain—
The reaper, when toiling, he leaves
With his precious meed for pain.
And she turned to a tender call,
And gave her heart with her hand
To a purpose great, that held in thrall
The intrusive, worldly band;
They have chosen the pilgrim's staff,
And his shoon for Christ's dear sake,
And service in royal behalf
Of the Most Supreme and Meek.

And they go to a stranger soil
With their tender, human hearts;
Ye who may lighten their tasks, and toil
With balm that welcome imparts,
O care for the lilies that rise
In the meadows of your Lord,
And the arches of Paradise
Shall shelter you with reward.

A DOMESTIC PICTURE.

SHE sat on a sofa, her feet on a stool,
In her hands were needle and yarn,
A bundle of stockings was piled at her side,
Which needed both stitching and darn.
She took up a stocking, 't was out at the toes,
In the leg was a gaping wound;
While gazing upon it her lips were compressed,
And it seemed to me that she frowned;
But it passed like a shadow from o'er her sweet face,
As if her good spirit said "no!"
And bending down cheerily over the work,
Her needle went fast to and fro!
Her dark eyes turned downward, her dark hair combed
back,
Her face very youthful and fair,
Thus busily plying her needle and yarn,
She stitched with most womanly care!

As thus she sat darning in silence, alone,
'T was tableau more striking to me
Than visions of splendor 'mong fashion's proud throng,
In the rich halls of revelry.
I've seen dazzling beauties like fairies glide on
When the dance and the music went round,
But never before, on the ocean or shore,
A prettier picture have found.
I've seen senoritas take harp and guitar,
And melody sweep from the chords,
Most enchanting—'t was less attractive to me
Than the scene I have painted in words.
Since then waves of Lethe have swept o'er my heart,
Defacing youth's strong hopes and fears—
Friends trusted and cherished have changed or have
perished,
And dead is the life of gone years!
But I will remember, till death's chilling breath
Has frozen all life from my heart,
The action, the grace, and the face of the maiden,
Who darned with such womanly art!

OUR METROPOLITAN MEMORIAL CHURCH.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE idea of building a monumental church at the seat of Government originated with the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1852.

That body, in response to a memorial sent up by the Baltimore Conference, passed the following resolution: "That we build a denominational church in the metropolis of our nation as a connectional monument to our beloved Methodism, and as an expression of our gratitude to Almighty God for the great work he has accomplished through our instrumentality." In conformity to this action, at the ensuing session of the Baltimore Conference, Rev. Henry Slicer, D. D., Rev. John A. Collins, D. D., and at a still later period, Rev. William M. D. Ryan were appointed agents to carry out the resolution of the General Conference.

An eligible site was secured, and the cornerstone of a large edifice laid with great ceremony, Bishop Simpson and other eminent ministers officiating on the occasion. Owing, however, to the fact that slavery still existed in the District, and to the unsettled condition of our country, the work was suspended, and during the Rebellion nothing was done to advance the enterprise.

Three years ago the Bishops, believing that the honor of the Church was pledged to the accomplishment of this work, and that such a place of worship was a desideratum at the Capital to meet the wants of the rapidly increasing population and the vast multitude of strangers annually visiting the metropolis, determined on the completion of the house on a scale of even greater magnitude than at first contemplated.

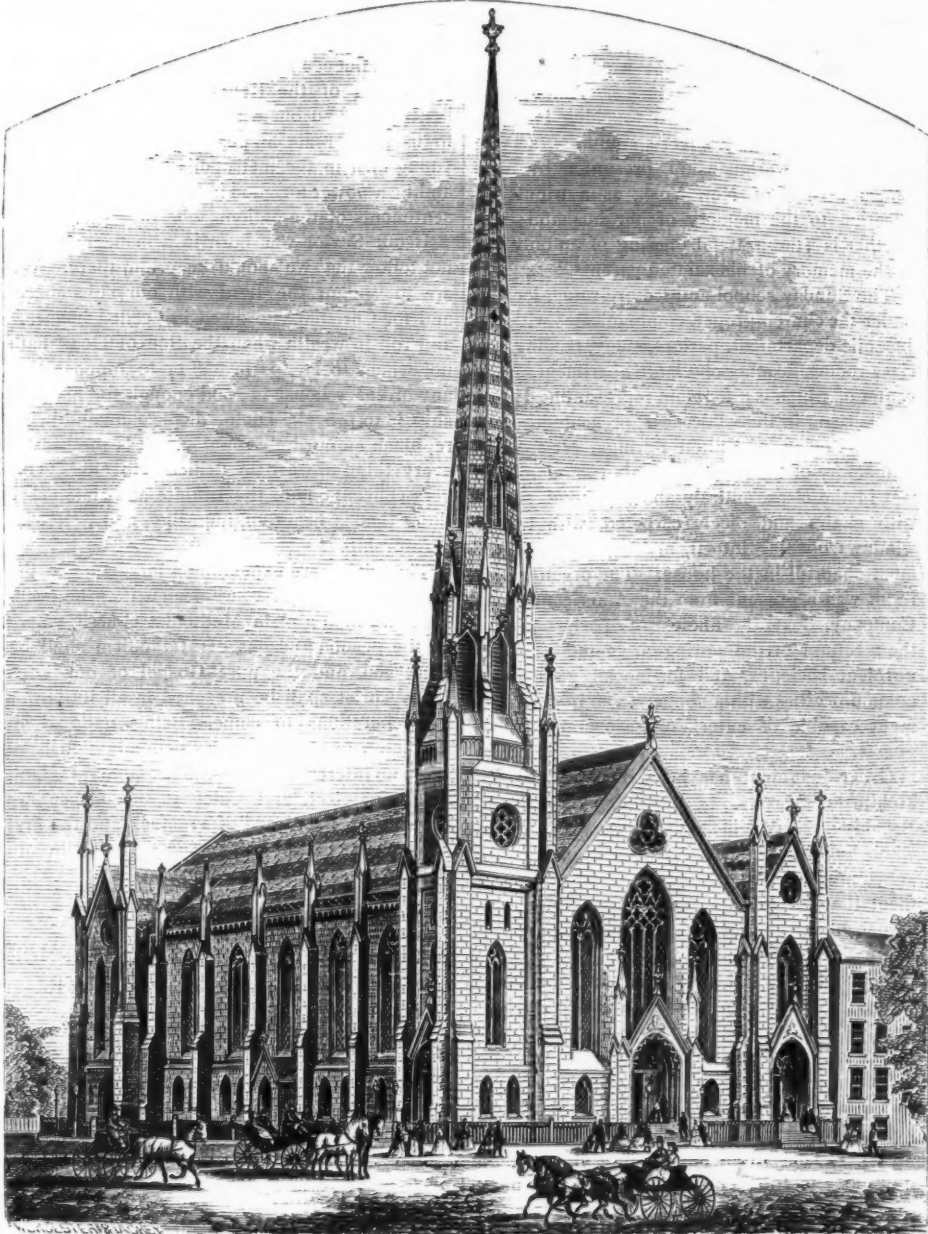
The building, which was dedicated in January, is of brown stone, in the Gothic order, surmounted with a spire, not yet completed, two hundred and twenty feet high, with a full chime of bells, given by a gentleman in memory of a beloved daughter. The auditorium, which will seat about 2,000 persons, is very beautiful in design, consisting of a nave and side aisles, forming a clear story sixty feet high, with groined ceiling, richly stuccoed in relief, and heavy moldings on all the angles. The arches spring from cluster columns, with highly ornamented capitals, out of which project two hundred and fifty gas jets, forming a circle of light round each column and illuminating the whole room with pleasing effect. The pews are arranged on a semicircle, with the pulpit in the center, so that every person in the congregation will face the minister. Seats are set apart for the President

and his Cabinet officers, the judges of the courts, and generals of the army; also for the different States and large cities, affording free and ample accommodations for all visitors. The galleries, which extend along three sides of the audience-chamber, are constructed on a new plan, curving outwardly between the columns, forming a succession of alcoves with cozy balconies. The organ-loft is above the main entrance, and will contain one of the finest instruments in the United States, manufactured by W. A. Johnson, of Westfield, Massachusetts, and donated by Carlos Pierce, Esq., a wealthy layman of New England. All the wood-work is black walnut, relieved with white ash, except the altar and pulpit furniture, which is made of cedar from Lebanon, and oak from our first preaching-place in America—the old "rigging loft," New York. The carpets are the best quality Bigelow Brussels, woven expressly for our use, and all the seats upholstered with rep, stuffed with elastic sponge.

There are thirty large windows in the main audience-room filled with stained glass, richly wrought, containing appropriate emblems and inscriptions, such as Ethiopia stretching out her Hands, the Translation of Elijah, the Good Samaritan, Abraham offering up his Son, with many others equally beautiful. These windows are memorial and historical, twenty of them being dedicated to the memory of prominent members of our Church, who have gone to their reward—such as our fallen Bishops and missionaries, and men like Raper, Strange, and Bigelow, Olin, Bangs, and Fisk, among our ministers, and Judge McLean, Governor Wright, Hon. Moses Odell, and many others among our laymen. And this we regard as the most beautiful feature of the church. For if the "memory of the just is blessed," and if "Methodism is the most momentous fact of the age," how proper we should have some befitting memorial to preserve the most important events in our history, and the memory of those devoted men and women who laid the foundations of our Church in this new world! Such memorials were common among God's ancient people. In the wilderness Moses took "Aaron's rod," and the "jewels and gold" the Hebrews brought up out of Egypt, and put them in the tabernacle as a "memorial before the Lord." The names of the patriarchs engraved on precious stones, were to be worn on the breast-plate of the high-priest, and kept in the holy place "for a memorial continually." When Israel crossed the Jordan, stones were set up in the ford "as a memorial forever," to commemorate the event. And the temple on Moriah was designed as a grand national

memorial of God's goodness, and in condemnation of those who took no part in its erection, it was said, "Ye have no portion nor memorial in

Jerusalem." So when the woman broke the box of precious ointment and poured it on our Savior's head, and when the disciples complained



METROPOLITAN MEMORIAL CHURCH.

at this great waste of money, Christ approvingly said, "Wherever the Gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial

of her." Can, then, any offering of ours be too costly for the Master, or any house we may build too grand for his worship? The church in Washington is designed as our Centenary

memorial, and to connect the past with the present, and increase by association the sacredness of the place, we have obtained through the United States Consul-General in Syria, marble from the ruins of Solomon's Temple, cedar from Mount Lebanon, and olive-wood from the scene of our Savior's agony, to be used in finishing different portions of the house. Among our memorials, one of the most touching is "The Widow's Offering," a silver communion service of exquisite workmanship, presented by Mrs. James Foster, of New York, as a tribute of affection to the memory of her husband; and another is "the grateful offering of an only son to the memory of his sainted parents."

The Sunday school and lecture-room, located under the church proper, communicates with the juvenile department, parlors, study, reading and class-rooms, forming one large apartment, in the center of which is a fountain representing Hagar and her son in the wilderness, presented by Dr. Henry Foster, of Clifton Springs, New York, in memory of his mother. This room is fifteen feet in the clear, entirely above ground, seated with chairs and nicely carpeted, with twenty windows opening into it, making it one of the most cheerful in the house. The organ in this room was a present from the American Organ Company, Boston. The church parlors are for the meetings of the sewing-circle and other benevolent societies, and for social gatherings, communicating with a supper-room in the basement capable of entertaining several hundred guests.

Great judgment has been displayed by the architects, Messrs. Mundell & Teckritz, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in the arrangement of the whole building, which is constructed in the most substantial manner, with every modern improvement that can add to the comfort of the worshiper, or the religious development and moral culture of the community.

The entire cost of the edifice will be about \$225,000. \$25,000 of this sum has yet to be provided for. Some may object to this great outlay of money on a single church, and the objection would hold good against such a house almost any where else; but here where millions are expended on the public buildings, where strangers come from all quarters of the globe and judge of things by what they see externally, and where error and infidelity are seeking to impress by outward display their social and intellectual position on the representative men of our nation, we think it highly proper that Methodism, the largest religious body in our land, should have a representative church; that the great Jehovah whom we worship should have as

gorgeous a temple as the Goddess of Liberty; that the Cross should be elevated even above our country's flag, and that those in Congress and the different departments of the Government who prefer attending our services should be accommodated.

The influence of such a church in the political center of the Republic must prove most beneficial upon our whole Zion. It will secure to us greater social position, provide for our young men in the metropolis a Sabbath home, and be a power for good in molding the religious sentiments of the nation.

If our Savior was born in a manger, it does not follow that we should keep him there. We are to "honor the Lord with our substance," and for Christians to dwell in "ceiled houses," and roll in wealth when the Son of God "hath not where to lay his head," or to suppose that any ordinary house is good enough for his worship, is to provoke Divine displeasure and bring reproach on our holy religion. It is the best of every thing we are to dedicate to God. Our very conceptions of the Infinite associate every thing that is beautiful, imposing, and holy with his worship.

Though we are expending a large sum in the erection of this house, we design it to be nothing more than a plain Methodist church, where all the peculiar usages of Methodism shall be preserved, and the pure Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ shall be preached in all its power for generations to come. Being national in character, persons of every denomination have taken an interest in its erection. General Grant, President elect, and Chief Justice Chase are members of the Board of Trustees, and the first men of the nation are among the contributors to this grand memorial edifice.

A SERIOUS JOKE—A REMINISCENCE FROM THE LIFE OF SCHILLER.

IN 1789 Schiller received and accepted a call as Professor of History from the University of Jena, whereby he secured his means of support permanently, and in order to break forever from his former unsteady and checkered life, he married at once his dearly beloved Lotte. He lived together in a house with two unmarried elderly ladies, that also boarded him and his wife. A number of friends, as the private lecturer Niethammer, Goritz, Professor Fischenich, and von Stein, boarded likewise there, without, however, occupying any rooms in the same house. The Professors Paulus, Griesbach, Rappane Goos were likewise frequent visitors at

the poet's, and constituted a band of friends, that laid aside, in their intercourse with each other, all restraint, and often practiced a joke on each other, which gave never offense, since every one knew that whatever was done was only a joke. Schiller had been intended by his father for the medical profession, and filial affection for his father caused him often to regret bitterly that he could not gratify his father's wish.

His friends knew Schiller's feelings on this subject and tried to have some fun at his expense.

The jubilee of the University of Erfurt was close at hand, an occasion on which honorary degrees are conferred. Schiller's friends wrote, therefore, a letter as coming from the Prorector of the University, wherein Schiller was notified that the medical faculty of the University contemplated conferring upon him the honorary degree of M. D., if he would show himself worthy of it by a written discussion of some medical thesis. The letter received the postmark of Erfurt and was sent to Schiller.

His friends had confidently expected that he would discover the joke at once and have a hearty laugh at it; with this expectation they went to dinner, where they found Schiller in a very gleeful mood, but nothing indicated that he understood the joke. On the contrary, he told them with a great deal of feeling that he had received such a letter, and that one of his most heart-felt desires would now be realized. He spoke with ecstasy of the joy which this unlooked-for honor would give to his father; yea, he even spoke of relinquishing his professorship and becoming the physician of the coadjutor Dalberg in Erfurt, to whom he was greatly attached. He expressed his utmost confidence that he could meet all just expectations of the Faculty, as he had attended medical lectures in his younger years, and had even of late resumed the study of medicine.

His friends were surprised at the unexpected turn of the affair—to undeceive him at once by telling him the real state of things, and thus to destroy ruthlessly his airy castles, they dared not, and so left it to the future, in the vain expectation that in some way or other he would soon find out the truth.

Schiller spoke from time to time to his friends of the subject with a constantly increasing enthusiasm, adding, after some days, that he had actually commenced writing his thesis, and was succeeding admirably well. Their perplexity correspondingly increased; their joke was no longer a joke, but was well calculated to hurt the poet's feelings deeply, trifling as it did with what was so dear to his heart. Not having the

courage to tell him the truth, and at the same time resolved not to let the matter go any further, they applied in their distress to Professor Paulus, who was in the habit of riding out with Schiller, urging him to undeceive the poet and to see to it that their amicable relations with him might not be disturbed by their unguarded conduct. Paulus had likewise been deceived by the letter, and knowing Schiller's enthusiastic hopes based upon it, he declined at first positively to have anything to do with the matter; yet as he loved Schiller dearly, he finally yielded to their entreaties and promised to do what he could.

The next day they rode out together, and before Paulus had a chance to introduce the subject, Schiller adverted to it and spoke with the highest enthusiasm of the great honor in store for him; yea, he attached even more importance to it than to the success of his poetical works. Paulus did not dare to do more than merely to caution Schiller not to entertain such extravagant hopes, since the Prorector himself might have intended the letter only for a compliment, well knowing that his present sphere of action was scarcely compatible with medical studies.

The poet, however, felt rather hurt by these remarks, and declared positively that he would carry out his purpose. "I shall write out," he said, "my thesis by all means, and it will afford me great pleasure, if for no other reason, at least for the sake of my father. Why should the invitation be an idle compliment? The coadjutor is my friend, and has given me many proofs of his friendship—the invitation is undoubtedly his work also, and I must confess that I esteem it as the highest of his favors conferred upon me. This invitation wonderfully agrees with one of my most ardently cherished wishes. Dalberg undoubtedly knew it, although I do not remember having ever spoken with him about it. At all events, it would be an insult if I should pay no attention to this highly honorary invitation. I have depicted in the liveliest colors the joy of my father at this honor, and it will be also of considerable material advantage to me."

Paulus was silent; to destroy all these beautiful hopes by one word he felt himself, for the time being, altogether unable.

The following day they took an airing again, and Paulus mustered this time sufficient moral courage to lay the whole state of things before his friend.

The poet received the disclosure much more calmly than Paulus had expected, and even laughed, after a few minutes, at the whole affair. He requested his friend, however, not to

let the jokers know that he was undeceived, that he might see to what means they would resort in their perplexity to undeceive him; a request with which Paulus readily complied.

Several days passed, and the allies had not the least idea that the difficulty was settled. Schiller did not even mention the letter in their presence, leaving them to their unpleasant predicament of having done a foolish act, without knowing how to prevent the consequences that might follow.

On the third day following, Schiller had retired, after dinner, with Gros and Goritz to an adjoining room, while Fischenich and Von Stein had remained in the dining-room, in order to converse with Mrs. Schiller and some other ladies. Schiller's servant had not waited at the table, and F. asked, incidentally, where he was. Mrs. Schiller replied that her husband had sent him with a letter for the coadjutor to Erfurt, in order to bid him farewell—the latter was about to go to Mainz—and to ask him, at the same time, some questions touching the medical doctorate. Fischenich was thunderstruck; it had never occurred to him that this rash act would lead to such consequences. Not only Schiller, but they all were in danger of incurring the coadjutor's displeasure by making such use of his name. At first he thought it would be best to make a full confession, but presently changed his mind, coming to the conclusion that Schiller's servant must be recalled by all means.

He communicated secretly to Goritz what he had learned, who was not less frightened than himself. As Schiller's servant was said to have set out only at eleven o'clock, they sent a courier after him, in order to bring him back with the fatal letter; but as there was a possibility that the courier might not overtake the servant, and in order to prevent the mischief of the letter falling into Dalberg's hands, it was resolved to send Goritz, at common expense, by extra post, to Erfurt. Under the pretext of having to attend to some pressing duties, he left Schiller, and in less than an hour he was on his way to Erfurt, in a carriage, whose driver was prevailed upon, by an extra fee, to drive at full speed; and in this way the distance of more than twenty miles between the two cities was cleared in less than four hours. When G. arrived, at about eight o'clock, before Erfurt, the gates of the fortress were closed, and he could, consequently, not enter the city, but, nevertheless, informed the coadjutor of his arrival.

The courier had arrived at Erfurt about two hours before G.; and, as he had not met Schiller's servant, he had gone, in obedience to his instructions, to the post-office, in order to have

search made after the servant. He was, of course, not found. In order to leave nothing undone, the coadjutor himself was informed that Schiller had sent his servant on horseback with a letter to him, but had dispatched a courier after him in order to recall him; that the servant could not be found, and they requested the coadjutor accordingly, if said letter should come into his hands, to send it back unopened. The coadjutor was rather surprised at this news; yet, in order to oblige Schiller, whom he respected very highly, he sent his chamberlain to Goritz, before the city gates, to inform him that the letter in question had not been received, but should be returned unopened, as requested. With this information G. returned home; but, being fatigued by the journey, he staid the first night in Weimar, informing Fischenich by an express of the result of his journey.

On the morning of the day following, the Duchess of Weimar arrived at Jena, and invited Schiller and Fischenich to dinner. While they were at dinner, a messenger with a letter from G. was announced. F. sent word that he might wait an hour, but the Duchess insisted that the letter must be received at once; it was accordingly brought in. F. put it into his pocket, but the Duchess insisted that it should be read at once; and when this had been done, she entreated F. to read it aloud, as the whole company felt a deep interest in so important a document. Reluctantly the wish was complied with, when a loud laughter from Schiller and the whole party interrupted the reading. Now, at last, F. discovered that he had been duped, and that Schiller had sent neither a messenger nor a letter to Dalberg.

On the following morning G. arrived also at Jena. Toward noon he went to Schiller's, where he was sure to meet the friends. Not knowing what had meanwhile happened, he joined the company with a rapidly beating heart; but Schiller received him with a loud laughter. "Here comes Goritz!" he exclaimed; "are you back from your journey? have you my letter?"

G. knew not what to say. "Well," continued Schiller, "have you not met my servant? Has the coadjutor failed to send his compliments to me?"

Now, at last, G. found out how matters stood, and that a trick had been played on him.

Schiller was in a perfect ecstasy that he had succeeded so admirably in his revenge; but the friends were also heartily rejoiced when they learned that the affair had taken so favorable a turn, and this their glee was not even disturbed by the heavy expense of forty guilders, which were made up by a collection.

DANTE.

DANTE ALIGHIERI, author of the "*Divina Commedia*," was born at Florence, in May, 1265. He is undeniably one of the loftiest souls the world has ever known. An exposition of his immortal master-work, which, during more than five hundred years, has not yet been clearly interpreted, can not, indeed, be given here; we intend only to call to remembrance the poet-hero by reference to a single and, especially for our time, a significant point.

Dante's outward form may be called the almost complete expression of noble, beautiful, and strong manhood. His genius and heart were comprehensive. In the domain of language, of music, of song, of the art of design, of history, and of worldly wisdom, everywhere was his home. His character was firm as brass and steel—pure as gold. He loved his fatherland as only a child can love the mother, but justice and truth were dearer to him than earthly father-land. The sorrow of exile he bore not merely with manly, but even with Christ-like patience. In bitter affliction he turned his eye from the outer to the inner world, from the earthly and temporal to the true and eternal father-land, from the innumerable fruitless wranglings of his time and country to the great spiritual conflicts of all nations and times; and he brought together all the multiplied thousands of small and great speculations, struggles, questions, and riddles of the human breast, and of human life, into a great, sublime whole. And what he had seen as unity he revealed, in the hitherto unattained euphony of the language of contemporary and future ages, in his "*Divina Commedia*," and, indeed, in forms so completely transparent and tangible that their artist himself says elsewhere, most justly, "My dear, new song, say to all who ever pass lightly over thee, and do not understand thy meaning: see, at least, how beautiful I am."

What is, we ask, the intuition of Dante concerning God, man, and the world, and concerning the history of humanity? With what key does he solve the thousand perplexing problems of being? with what light does he bring order into the apparently dark chaos of the human world? While Milton, in his "*Paradise Lost*," explains the enigma of the world's history by its beginning; Klopstock, in his "*Messiah*," from its middle point, the person and work of the Redeemer, Dante unveils its mystery by reference to the end, while he lets fall into the darkness and labyrinth of the present the light of the beyond, of the final limit of the latest development of all living.

Dante may be called the poetic prophet of the essential life-growth originating in Christianity. The idea of the world's history in his "*Divina Commedia*" springs from the principles which Revelation gives us.

Human sin and divine mercy, exile and home, slavery and freedom, lowliness and grandeur, earth and heaven, life without God and life to God and in God—these are the two poles around which, like Christianity, the "*Divina Commedia*" moves in all its stages. It shows as the wonderful final aim of all development the glorifying of God in the creature, especially in the redemption and exaltation of humanity, and the glorifying and perfection of the creature in the aspiration after God, in rest in God. Nothing is so noble that it should dare, in opposition to him, to assert itself as a separate, selfish purpose; on the contrary, nothing is so insignificant that subordinating itself to him it may not be serviceable to one's advancement. As the life of the plant through each fiber, nerve, and cell, presses on to the blossom and fruit, so the universe, consciously or unconsciously, strives after communion with God; and heaven, earth, and hell, angel, devil, and man, soul and nature, time and eternity, death and life, light and darkness, sin and holiness, heathenism, Judaism, and Christianity, mythology and history, State and Church, art and science, theology and philosophy, poetry, music, and painting, and whatever else may be named, every thing by His will who fills all in all becomes, voluntarily or involuntarily, a co-worker for the accomplishment of the great end of creation and life. Each creature, each force, each dominion, has life and significance only in that it, in harmony with the great organism, grows toward its end; while it becomes worthless, and yields itself to destruction so soon as it revolts against its divinely appointed destiny. The universality and energy with which this idea is represented in all the separate visions of the visible and invisible world, make the "*Divina Commedia*" what it is—the finest-toned echo, until now, of its divine teacher, the Bible.

It is a significant human testimony to the glory of the Divine revelation that such a poetical representation as Dante has given, he has been able, from his intuitive vision, to fashion into a work of art which belongs to all ages.

The "*Divina Commedia*," this unsurpassed and, perhaps, greatest and most complete poem which man possesses, contradicts most decisively the current opinion, that it is the only mission of the poetic art to entertain men, to transport them for a little while into a pleasant unreality, to conjure before them ideal forms of

beauty, or, as Schiller once said, "to paint Elysium on their dungeon wall." The true poetic art leads the human soul, by all means, into the realm of beauty, but at the same time into the earnestness of the deepest truth—into the most valiant struggle for the attainment of the truth. Dante himself says briefly and bluntly that it is the purpose of his poems: "*removere*

viventes in hac vita de statu miseriæ et perducere ad statum felicitatis"—to lead the living in this life out of the condition of misery and to bring them to a condition of blessedness.

According to Dante the spiritual state of man is threefold: he is bound as a willing slave by the tyranny of sin and passion—this Dante mirrors in the first part of his song, "Hell;" or



DANTE, (from the best Original Portrait in Florence.)

he feels the chains of slavery and strives after deliverance, after moral and spiritual freedom—this we see in "Purgatory;" or he rejoices as restored to blessed communion with God—this sings the third part, "Paradise."

Dante leads us also in his song away from the earth, through hell and heaven, but he does it only to teach us to know truly man and the world. Dante wishes that the individual shall

thereby learn so to live here that he may attain to the true end of his being, and that the great human associations, the Church and State, shall so shape themselves anew that they may be in a condition to accomplish their work for the welfare of humanity.

Hell, where is comprehended the final consequence of sin and passion in all their forms, should terrify; Heaven, where one feels the

consummation of the Divine life in his own heart, should allure; and holy fear and child-like love should be the inviolable, sacred bonds which hold man firmly in the narrow path leading straight on to the goal, as Dante says often in his song.

Dante personifies in himself entire humanity in so far as it is rescued from the state of estrangement from God and admitted to Divine communion. He, and with him all mankind, have wandered into the pathless, labyrinthine, dark forest of sin, which offers no way of escape, and the terrors of which are, therefore, scarcely less bitter than death itself.

In the midst of this deadly waste, through the mercy of God, which from the sun of Life shines around the Mount of Salvation, rises the Church of Jesus Christ as the beginning and source of all true joy, to which, through the wilderness-darkness, leads a beaten path upon which, by the baptism of the hand of God, Christ is placed. Infatuated and lulled to sleep by ungodly pleasure, Dante has lost the path of life. Roused at length by the terrors of the desert, he again sees himself as lost, and is painfully disturbed by the perception of his condition.

As soon as man makes earnestly this confession, he finds himself—he does not know at all how it happens—suddenly at the foot of this Mount of Redemption, which towers aloft out of the lost world into the sunlight. He begins vigorously to climb the beloved mountain. But sin in its three principal forms, the party-colored panther of thousandfold—changing sensual and earthly pleasure, the haughty, strong lion of pride, and the horrible wolf of avarice—hurls the soul, striving in its own strength, back into hopeless darkness. To the repentant God proffers the hand of deliverance. In order that he may learn to climb to the summit of the Mount of Salvation, he allows him to be led in spirit through hell, purgatory, and heaven.

We can not here accompany Dante upon his wonderful journey to cast with him inquiring and wondering looks into the mysterious depths of humanity. But one thing follows already from this very general analysis of the "*Divina Commedia*," namely, that its final aim is not beauty or æsthetics, but the spiritual renewal and perfection of man, and this, indeed, through Christianity. This is saying much, but not too much, for a poem which stands as a universally acknowledged code of laws of the æsthetic and poetic art.

For Dante also the religious condition of man is the highest standard, according to which his worth and significance are to be measured.

One must bow in profound astonishment before the incorruptible religious earnestness of Dante. All worship of genius must vanish before him. Dante, one of the very greatest geniuses of all peoples and times, is, at the same time, the most powerful and inflexible preacher against all worship of genius and of the beautiful. It may be well to show this more particularly.

The logic of sin rules with inexorable consequence in Dante's poem. No sin is palliated, and to no one is it palliated, however high or brilliant he may stand there. For instance, notice carefully the following features. Always has humanity, too easily fascinated by the sweet charm of beauty and sensual love, apotheosized the victims of spiritual affinity. In fullest measure was this poisonous enchantment poured out over the Middle Ages. Dante, become temperate through his thirst after redemption, brings, in defiance of his whole time, even the spiritually allied sinners, like Paris and Helen, Tristan and Isolde, to the place where, according to their character, they belong, of which the much-admired and impressive episode of Francesca and Paolo furnishes striking evidence. The mind estranged from God is especially inclined to look upon the characteristic blemishes of great men as something so subordinate that, in the judgment of historical character, they can not be laid at all upon the scale without committing high treason against the majesty of human genius. Dante, bowing before the majesty of God, and for that very reason despising the idolatrous notion of the inviolableness of genius, has for human littleness as for human greatness, only one—the religious-moral standard—with which, without slavish fear before the despotic goddess of public opinion, he measures even the characteristic sins of high heads or shining talents. Brunetto Latini, his honored preceptor, "the dear, benign, paternal image," admired by him as the originator of the Italian language and poetry, who taught him how man immortalizes himself in works of knowledge and art, who upon earth as in hell, with rhetorical strain and in blameless rhymes, holds thundering moral discourses against the corruption of the time and for the purity of manners—this Brunetto Latini is forced, for all that, to see that the secret sin of Sodom, even though disguised by an artificial glamour, banishes the Spirit of God from man for time and eternity. Into the same condemnation must fall all his companions in guilt, though formerly wise persons even, able clerks and ecclesiastical princes, "men of great learning and no less renown," and not less the political and social ornaments of the people, who, themselves distinguished by bravery, fine,

statesman-like bearing and noble manners, hold high these virtues as the standard of public life. Still more severe is the sentence upon the great men of the world's history who, like Jason, by the superiority of their position and personal advantages beguile young hearts and afterward forsake them, to fly through the world in their career of victory and renown. Dante demands, as in these instances, so always the unrestricted supremacy of the religious-moral consciousness over all phases and departments of life without any exception. In order to attain to God, he cuts in two the table-cloth between himself and his God-opposing friends, kindred, and party companions. His nature feels the painful rent, but his longing for salvation demands it.

The most energetic and brilliant personalities of ancient and modern times must be judged by the same moral rule as each beggar, though they were Alexander the Great or the genial Ghibelline Emperor Frederick II. Even essential and distinguished services for country and humanity, faithfulness to duty and zeal in civil office, as well as insatiable thirst for knowledge and bold love of conquest in the intellectual kingdom, moral æsthetic or æsthetic moral, and the daring of genius offer before God no claim to exemption in the administration of justice. The proud Ghibelline Farinato, the deliverer of his native city Florence, lies, like all heretics, in his character and tendency, buried alive as in a glowing coffin; Ulysses, the embodiment of the unlimited progression of knowledge, sinks here beneath the ocean, to be swallowed up in hell by the devouring fire of his genius, which is nothing else than the rejected Spirit of God. Dante's honored teacher bears plainly to view on his body the shameful stain of his conscience which here he concealed by the glorious covering of brilliant rhetoric, æsthetics, and morals; and Bertrand de Born, the strongest and most original of the Troubadour-Triumvirate, elsewhere highly lauded by Dante, who perverted his poetic genius to the satisfaction of his desire in the rupture of a divine and human bond, is compelled to carry in his hand by the hair his own head separated from the body, as a lantern made use of, alas, only too late.

Not the imbibited mind of one who has a mania for condemnation, of a short-sighted, melancholic man, of a misanthrope or a partisan has allowed all these heroes of art and science, of Church and state, whose inner life was estranged from God, to end in eternal separation from God, but the desire for truth of one of the greatest men, and the prostration of one of the strongest characters before her scepter. One scarcely knows which is more to be admired, the

sacred earnestness with which the habit of religious contemplation is vindicated as supreme and decisive, or the delicacy and art with which Dante every-where, before all human sweetness and greatness allows his natural feeling to break out, partly in sympathy, partly in recognition. Wondering, he bows himself before classic greatness. By the sweet passion of a Francesca he is struck through till he faints and falls to the ground. With eloquent tongue he extols the civil virtue and patriotism of a Farinata. By the mental power, and political wisdom of other countrymen, of a Guidoguerra and Aldobrandi, he feels himself so attracted that he would hasten down to them and embrace them, the eternally glorious ones. Touching is the filial love with which he, the eminent scholar, regards his teacher, Brunetto Latini; or the trembling reverence which overtakes him in the presence even of the ignominious Pope.

He robs the condemned of no iota of their natural worth. Their whole character, with all their merits and virtues, he lets them retain in hell—the old monarchs their earthly loftiness; the nominal Christians their holy mien; Capaneus his stormy scorn; Farinata his proud republicanism—Farinata, who valued his country as the highest good, and the care of his own soul as foolishness—the learned Brunetto his æsthetic morals, which could not save him from the ineffaceable brand of his conscience; the world-renowned Jason his noble, kingly bearing which finds in none its equal. The humanity which sympathizes with all human friendship, the justice and impartiality which recognizes all human greatness, and, finally, the spiritual energy and the Christ-like simplicity with which the holy God is exalted as high above. This alone, as heaven is above hell, intermingle and pervade each other in mutual illustration and invigoration so wonderfully in Dante's hell, that each new descent among these figures discloses new phases to new spiritual quickening.

As in hell moral justice, the consequence of sin falls even upon the heads of the great and talented, so we hear upon the mountain of purification spirits of all kinds sighing for deliverance from the oppressive chains of their natural temper. They feel and confess that the earthly pride in which they once stood with erect, stiff neck and bold, audacious brow, or filled with inordinate desire to scale all earthly heights, crushes their real, spiritual life as under a century weight, defaces pitifully the noble and lofty image of man, and makes his development toward the divine greatness impossible. The proud staring toward worldly heights hinders the upward looking to the highest of all, and is

in truth nothing else than the stooping of the vision to the dust. This pride may be sometimes an ancestral pride as with the Count Omberte, or the superciliousness of the artist and arrogance of genius, as with the celebrated miniature-painter Oderigi, or the presumption and scorn of the statesman and ruler. With special earnestness Dante, the first among all artists, pauses before artistic renown and the glory of genius, declaring both a millstone upon the head.

It is, nevertheless, somewhat significant that he has chosen as the representative of the proud disciples of art a miniature painter; for, compared with the great and living original—the Almighty God—all works of art, and even heaven, earth, and hell, the whole universe, comprising “*Divina Commedia*” of Dante, are insignificant and lifeless miniature types, through admiration of which to allow one’s self to cease from the contemplation of the living image of God, our poet declares worse than folly. And yet many a miniature painter, in colors, tones, or words, seems to exalt himself above the living God and his will.

“*O vana gloria dell’ umane posse !*” cries one of them, whose whole heart once swelled, with “*eagerness of zeal*” after *Eccellenza*, and adds,

“The noise
Of worldly fame is but a blast of wind,
That blows from diverse points and shifts its name,
Shifting the point it blows from.

Your renown
Is as the herb whose hue doth come and go;
And his might withers it by whom it sprang
Crude from the lap of earth.”

Those who formerly, in their darkness, knew only how to praise themselves, on account of their own importance, Dante hears on the mount of purification, forgetting themselves and giving God the glory, singing the Lord’s prayer with such depth of comprehension that one is never tired of listening to it; and the insignificant, proud geniuses, healed of their insanity to become universal and gods of the earth, begin, at last, to estimate properly their own and others’ place in the great world, to bow themselves before God and man, and humbly to ally themselves with their brothers in unity of love. Now they sing a unanimous song, while pride, estranging heart from heart, makes, by its discrepancies, every mutual song impossible.

Dante is not of the opinion that this, his equally beautiful and sublime representation of human littleness, shall serve only as a delight to the æsthetic; he wishes that it shall transform the life. When he has shown how intellectual conceit crushes into deformity the divinely created soul, there sound from his mouth those

oft-admired words which are worthy to echo in the heart our life-long:

“Christians and proud ! O, poor and wretched ones !
That, feeble in the mind’s eye, lean your trust
Upon unstaïd perverseness ; know you not
That we are worms, yet made at last to form
The winged insect imp’d with angel plumes,
That to heaven’s justice unobstructed soars ?
Why busy ye up aloft your unfledged souls ?
Abortive then and shapeless ye remain,
Like the untimely embryo of a worm.”

The real and beautiful unfolding of the true human being is the perfect life in God ; the pervading of the life of the creature with the holy life of God, as Dante shows in ever-brightening clearness in the circles of Paradise.

All concealments and artifices of proud, egotistical human nature must disappear here where all is full of

“Unbodied light ;
Light intellectual, replete with love ;
Love of true happiness, replete with joy ;
Joy that transcends all sweetness of delight.
There is in heaven a light whose goodly shine
Makes the Creator visible to all
Created, that in seeing him alone
Have peace.”

In this heavenly light Dante penetrates the gloomy emptiness of all human individual intelligences, speculative as well as practical, who have emancipated themselves from the divine fountain of life and light. He cries,

“O fond anxiety of mortal men !
How vain and inconclusive arguments
Are those which make thee beat thy wings below !
For statutes one and one for aphorisms
Was hunting ; this the priesthood followed ; that,
By force or sophistry, aspired to rule ;
To rob, another ; and another sought,
By civil business, wealth ; one moiling, lay
Tangled in net of sensual delight ;
And one to listless indolence resigned ;
What time from all these empty things escaped,
With Beatrice, I thus gloriously
Was raised aloft, and made the guest of heaven.”

Where the light of God pervades all, there is peace and complete satisfaction ; where the light of human genius rules, there rages the storm of discontent. Therefore, Dante prays,

“O trinal beam
Of individual star, that charm’st them thus !
Vouchsafe one glance to gild our storm below.”

It is a hopeless conflict which poetry like Dante’s wages against the errors and darkening illusions of self-sufficing humanity, tearing itself loose from God. God’s pardoning love is the saving instrument which has begun, in spite of all earthly disturbances and hinderances, to bring it to the blessed and glorious perfection in which God is all in all, and his sacred love the moving force of the universe. This is the grand conclusion of the “*Divina Commedia*,” as it is the grander one of the world’s history.

GEORGE L. BROWN.

WE publish in the present number of our magazine a steel engraving, executed by Schoff, under the eye of the artist, of "The Crown of New England," by Mr. George L. Brown, the oldest living landscape painter in America—counting his age not from his birth, but from his entrance into professional life. And, as he is one of the oldest of our artists of whatever branch, so, also, he stands still in the foremost rank, shoulder to shoulder, with Bierstadt, Church, James Hart, Gifford, and Shattuck, as a landscape painter. He is less known in our own country than some of these distinguished names, because for the greater part of his life he has lived abroad, absorbed in his work, neither caring for the reputation that is created by many painters by tricks of advertising, nor willing to be drawn away from the passionate pursuit of his art to gain favor among its self-styled patrons. For more than a quarter of a century he has lived like a hermit in his studios in Italy, selling his pictures to any chance comer as fast as they were finished, and commonly at whatever price was offered for them; his only anxiety being to create new forms of beauty, and to increase his skill in his profession. He has thus kept his boyish love, boyish enthusiasm for his art, warm and undiminished until to-day; and it is a common expression with him that he only regrets that he is growing old, because he must some time be forced to lay down his pallet and brush. He even ventures to hope that in the life of the better land there may be found a place for the painter to exercise his beautiful vocation. Who can tell? Mr. Brown has not lost any of a child's reverence for sacred things by his long residence abroad. He is a devoted member of the Methodist Church, and all his passion for his art is unable to keep him away from a prayer meeting or the Bible class.

George L. Brown was born in Boston, in 1814. He gave early evidence of his artistic genius, and all the efforts of his father to teach him a trade were unavailing. He could not learn mathematics, and he refused to master Latin, "for fear," to give his own extraordinary reason, "it would spoil his eye for color!" Whipping, and other old-style educational agencies, faithfully administered by his father, having been tried and found inadequate to cure his love for drawing, young Brown, at the age of fifteen years, was apprenticed to Mr. Hartwell—still living in Boston, and now an able portrait painter—to learn the trade of an engraver on wood, which was sufficiently artistic in its na-

ture to suit the "impracticable" boy. He left his master in a rage, at some act of authority, at the end of a year. It is fair to say that in this quarrel Brown was wholly in the wrong. He engaged himself to "Peter Parley," who sent him to the Museum at Philadelphia to make designs for his books on natural history, which were then in the zenith of their popularity. On his return to Boston he made his first oil-painting in the studio of Mr. Healy—now the well-known Chicago artist—and sold it to a wealthy merchant, who happened to visit him, for fifty dollars. He had before this time made sketches in water colors, and had painted the scenery for a Forrestian Dramatic Club, in which Charlotte Cushman first appeared before the public.

The gentleman who bought his first oil-painting became greatly interested in him; and, finding that the boy was eager to go to Europe to study the old masters, he introduced him to Mr. Cushing, a millionaire, then just come home from China, with a strong recommendation in his behalf. Mr. Cushing at once asked him how much money he wanted; and, when told that a hundred dollars would do, handed over the amount, with an order to send him all the paintings he should draw in Europe.

Young Brown was supremely happy at this good luck, and in a day or two was on the Atlantic, on his way to Holland. He landed at Antwerp, and from thence took passage to London, where, under the kind and always generous patronage of Mr. Cheney, the eminent engraver, he lived for a year and a half, with an occasional trip to Paris, where, as in the English metropolis, he studied all day long in the galleries and from nature. "It was here," says the Boston Daily Advertiser, "that his innate love of brilliant and warm coloring, which Allston's paintings had just aroused, was developed and chastened by his incessant and careful study of Claude and Decamps—the celebrated *genre* painter—and under the tuition of Eugene Isabery, in whose studio he worked many months. Isabery's instructions are seen to-day in Brown's paintings—notably in "The Crown of New England," and "The City of Florence," which owe their strong and vigorous drawing and marked composition, as well as much of their brilliancy, to his admiration of the great French master.

After painting a large number of pictures, which were forwarded to Boston, Mr. Brown returned home and sold his entire collection at good prices for that day. He brought with him a copy of a "Claude," on which he had toiled day and night for full six months. In utter despair of reproducing the requisite beauty of the original, he one day took up his razor, cut his

copy in three pieces, and flung it into his trunk! On his arrival in Boston a critic saw the mutilated work, induced him to mount it, and showed it to Allston, who pronounced it the best copy of a "Claude" he had ever seen. This eulogium became known, and was published by Allston's consent. At the end of five years, Mr. Brown desired to return to Europe. Allston's letter brought him numerous commissions. He sailed for Rome in 1840, staid there a year, and went to Florence, where he lived for five years, working enthusiastically, and selling all his paintings to travelers as fast as they were finished. He confined himself now to Italian scenery. He was recognized as an unrivaled master in this branch; and no one in Italy ever ventured to offer the objections which have been urged against his landscapes in America. Some critics say that they are too highly colored. Seen under the glowing sky, seen among the rich and brilliant vegetation of Italy, they were found to be true to Nature, "as she is seen there, in her marriage robes; so unlike the widow's weeds that she dons for half the year in our cold and east-windly climate, and under our leaden and lusterless skies."

Mr. Brown has genius; but, unlike many young artists, did not wait and loiter for the inspirations, which form so fine an excuse for idlers. "Genius is the power of toiling terribly," and Brown's genius led him to work at least sixteen hours a day. He made hundreds of careful sketches from nature, and painted a large number of views of Italian cities and landscapes, which were sent to the United States, France, and England. Those that came to the United States made him a favorite with our Eastern art-patrons.

In 1846 he landed in New York, with his "Venice by Moonlight," "Rome," "Naples," and "Florence."

For the rest of this sketch we must be indebted to an Eastern journalist, to whose elaborate criticisms of Mr. Brown, under the signatures of "Tweed" and "Berwick," we have culled most of the facts already given.

Brown sold these pictures at once; got large numbers of orders, and returned to Florence to execute them. After staying in that city seven months, and paying a flying visit to Paris during the revolution of 1848, he proceeded to Rome, where he remained for nearly twelve years, working, as before, without rest or abatement of enthusiasm, on Italian landscapes, which now were ordered in advance. His chief companions were Crawford and Rogers, the American sculptors. During this period he made excursions to Naples, Sicily, Switzerland,

England, and France, making sketches which have since reappeared as large paintings, now scattered throughout the United States. Nearly every great city in the country has paintings by Mr. Brown which were executed at this time.

In 1860 Mr. Brown came home for the last time, bringing with him a vast collection of large pencil drawings, which were warmly praised by Church, Bierstadt, Bryant, and the New York press, and twenty or thirty paintings, which were bought by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Chapin, Marshall O. Roberts, A. T. Stewart, Percy Pine, Robert Lenox, and other well-known patrons of art.

At this time Mr. Brown had not painted an American scene for twenty years, and determined to attempt one. The result was "The Crown of New England," followed by "The Bay of New York," both of which have been engraved expressly for this magazine. "The Crown of New England" has also been chromo-lithographed by Prang, of Boston.

The originals of "The Crown of New England" and the "Bay of New York" were purchased by a committee of gentlemen, and presented by proxy to the Prince of Wales, as he left the United States, on his return to his own country. The Prince presented Mr. Nichols, the agent, with a gold pen for the artist, when the pictures were delivered to him in England; but the agent, with admirable self-esteem, regarded the gift as a royal recognition of *his* own transcendent ability in conveying the paintings to "His Highness," so he kept it! This brought about the famous suit, in which Mr. Brown prosecuted the author of "The Story of the Grand March" for the possession of the pen.

After painting several other large American landscapes, Mr. Brown returned to New England, and took up his residence in Boston, where he has lived ever since. His best paintings during the few years he has been here are "Monto Pelligrino," "Capri," "Rome," "Lake Lucerne," "The Birthplace of William Tell," "The Crown of New England," and "The Bay of New York"—duplicates of the Prince of Wales's pictures—"A View of Tivoli," "The Campagna of Rome," "View of Naples," and "Florence by Sunset."

Mr. Brown intends to devote himself in future to Italian landscapes exclusively.

PIETY, which is a true devotion to God, consists in doing all his will, precisely at the time, in the situation, and under the circumstances in which he has placed us.

RURAL HOMES.

I AM about to write of homes, especially of homes in the country. My subject is trite, but it can not be uninteresting to readers of the Repository, inasmuch as the hearts of the virtuous always regard their homes as the chief sources and centers of their earthly enjoyments. They will, therefore, not deem my theme unimportant, for, to quote Wordsworth,

"'T is the heart that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of its own."

I shall not pause to show that it is among the first duties of parents to make their homes happy. Parents know that they owe it both to themselves and to their children to make their homes such as Mrs. Hemans described in her "Homes of England," when she sung,

"The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths at night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunelessly along
Some glorious page of old."

But it must be carefully noted that such homes do not spring up, like Aladdin's palace, at the command of friendly genii, nor are they the product of lucky chances, like fat legacies left by the whims of capricious uncles to unexpected relatives. No, they are rather the creations of love, purposed, planted, and patiently wrought out with much cost of labor, and if elegant as well as happy, with free expenditure of money. I do not insist that homes must be costly in order to be happy; for it is but too true, that misery is often the presiding genius in palatial homes, while happiness reigns over the modest cottage on the prairie. But I do contend that homes can not be happy without much persistent painstaking to make them so, and that they must be filled with and surrounded by as much of the comfortable and ornamental as the means of the owner will permit and a due regard to Christian principle justify. A rich man who tries to make a comfortless and slovenly home a happy one, will find that he has undertaken a task as hopeless as would be that of extracting gold from the oats on which he feeds his horses. The principle which governs the question is this—let the *poor* man make his home as comfortable and beautiful as he can; let the rich man provide his with every thing that ministers to personal comfort without tempting to luxurious habits; let him adorn it with true taste, but avoid extravagance.

These remarks apply to homes every-where. What I have yet to write will bear particularly

on homes in the country; for which there is a growing taste in all parts of the land, especially around our large commercial cities. Since railways have made it practicable for men of business and of letters to spend the working hours of the day in the city, and to travel ten, twenty, and even thirty miles to their residences without loss of business time, suburban homes have multiplied rapidly. That taste for rural beauty which, as a people, we have inherited from our English ancestors, but which was long kept in abeyance by the necessities of that contest with nature which was the condition of making this once "western wilderness" to "blossom as the rose," by the lack of surplus capital, and by the want of suitable railroad communication, has, at length, asserted itself most vigorously. The evidences of this taste abound in the vicinity of Boston, along the shores of the noble Hudson, the banks of East River, and of Long Island Sound, in the neighborhood of Cincinnati, and of many other cities and towns which are dotted with numerous beautiful mansions, that will bear unblushing comparison with the "twenty thousand country houses in England, each larger than the President's house in Washington, of which the late A. J. Downing, Esq.,* spoke so admiringly and almost despairingly some years ago.

That this taste will grow as the wealth and culture of the country increases, till it transforms the suburbs of all our great cities for thirty miles around into a fairy land of villas, parks, and gardens, I have no doubt. This love of rural beauty is ours by fair inheritance, and will not die like a fashion just imported from London or Paris. It will both live and grow till our vast domain shall become as famed for the cultivated beauty of its landscapes as is our father-land.

That this result is desirable no man who has studied the effects of rural quiet and objects on human character will deny. Without questioning the beneficent influence of cities on the growth of civilization, without pretending to decide whether piety thrives better or fares worse in the city than in the country, without denying the possibility of building up a happy urban home, I do claim for country life more abundant and natural sources of innocent, refining, and elevating pleasures than can be found in the city. I know the latter can boast of its lectures, concerts, art collections, museums, and associations for improvement. But are not these advantages greatly neutralized by its artificial life,

* Author of the best treatise on the Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening hitherto published in this country.

which robs multitudes of the time or taste to enjoy them? Moreover, the suburban resident can share many of these privileges by means of the almost omnipresent railway train; while on the other hand, he has pleasures derived from his daily converse with nature, of which the dweller in the city can not fully partake. Let us glance, then, at some of the benefits of country life.

One of the first effects of suburban life is the formation of a habit of closely observing natural objects. In most dwellers in cities this habit is unformed. They take note of their accounts, their goods, their business details, but they do not know how to read the beautiful writing contained in the book of nature. Outside of their business or amusements almost every visible thing is blank and unmeaning. To most of them a tree is simply a tree, a bird is a bird, a flower is a flower and nothing more. To the intelligent dweller in the country, however, Nature soon makes herself a charming companion. For him every tree, flower, bird, and insect has a name, a family, habits, characteristics, and a history. At first, owing to his city training, he observes these objects indifferently, then curiously, next inquiringly, and, finally, studiously. When he reaches this last point he begins to enjoy the rich pleasure flowing from fellowship with nature. Aided by book, microscope, herbarium, aquarium, and green-house, he enters into Nature's secret places and is filled with wonder and delight. Without ceasing to be a Christian, he becomes, more or less, a naturalist, a lover of the beautiful, a worshiper of God as he is revealed in the myriad forms of animated nature. Then every insect, bird, and flower becomes a means of grace by unfolding to his astonished vision the infinite wisdom and mysterious skill of the Creator, and he drinks daily draughts from springs that give a freshness to his spirit unknown to residents in the brown-stone mansion and marble halls of the city.

I do not affirm that every dweller in country villas attains to this intimacy with nature, though many do. I only claim that every one may. Nature invites all to share it. The tendency of the life is in this charming direction, and this is no mean inducement to a suburban life. Then the suburban resident who enters into fellowship with the beautiful becomes, in a degree, a practical philanthropist—a donor of æsthetic alms. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" therefore, in the act of creating a beautiful home for himself, he provides the means of joy for others. His lawns, trees, flowers, being more or less visible to passers-by, are seen, enjoyed, imitated. Thus beautiful things,

with their attendant joy, are multiplied there by his example, and he is an unconscious contributor to the pleasure of homes he never visits.

For these, with other reasons, moral and æsthetic, I rejoice in the growth of moral tastes, and recommend their cultivation. Perhaps I can not close this paper better than by a sketch of a rural home which I visited last Summer, and which is a model of its class—I mean "Woodlawn," the estate of Judge Field, at Trenton, New Jersey.

The Judge's home is within a mile of the village, and contains about forty acres laid out in ornamental style. At the entrance is a grove of deciduous trees, part of an ancient wood. A curved road running, first through these trees, and then through plantations of rhododendrons, holly-leaved berberies, and exotic evergreens, brings you to the mansion, which, though only a few rods from the gateway, is scarcely seen till reached. Passing the mansion, the full beauty of the grounds bursts upon you. Looking south, west, and north, you see a magnificent lawn bounded by arbor vitæ hedges, and a belt of white pine, and dotted with evergreens and deciduous trees. There is beauty every-where. No weeds, no unshaven spots of lank grass, no deformed trees, offend the eye. Every thing seems perfect. Nothing suggests the hand of art; for, although laid out in harmony with the principles of landscape gardening, as taught by the tasteful Downing, yet the highest effect of art, to wit, its concealment, has been achieved by the Judge. Every thing seems natural, and contributes to your delight.

One peculiarity of these picturesque grounds is the preponderance of evergreens. While a few noble deciduous trees meet your eye, the conifer smiles upon you every-where. It is generally thought that conifers planted in large numbers give an air of gloominess to grounds. This estate proves that, by a judicious selection and distribution of this splendid family of trees, they may be made to contribute cheerfulness as well as beauty to the landscape.

Another feature of this estate is the perfect formation of its trees and hedges. Pine and spruce, larch and cedar, juniper and arbor vitæ, flourish in all the glory of deep colors and complete branches. No lost limbs, no gaps from lost leaves offend the eye. Each stands before you perfect, or nearly so, in its kind. How this was achieved I may show in a future article.

Judge Field's grounds are also remarkable for the number of their rare trees. To our fine native conifers and shrubs he has added every exotic evergreen that is hardy in our climate. Among these exotics are many from Japan, but

conspicuous above all others is a noble cedar of Lebanon. It is nearly forty feet in height, and is the finest specimen, with one exception, of its species in this country. There is a capital engraving of it on page 263 of Downing's *Treatise on Landscape Gardening*, to which the curious reader is referred. The collection of rhododendrons, especially the standards, is also especially fine.

What surprised me most of all was the fact that this charming place was the production of only twenty years of time and labor. When the Judge took it in hand it was part of his farm. Animated by an enthusiastic love of nature, and guided by the treatise of his greatly admired friend, the late Mr. Downing, he went to work, and "Woodlawn," with its rarely matched beauty, is the result. It has cost him money, no doubt, but in what other way could his money have secured him so much pleasure? His elastic step, his freshness of spirits, his healthy countenance, his genial treatment of a perfect stranger, as I was to him, convinced me that the Judge had spent his money not unwisely, but with the true wisdom of a Christian gentleman. The hours I spent on his estate shine in my memory like stars whenever I look back upon the departed year.

In another paper I will answer the question, "Who should move into the country?"

THORWALDSEN'S FIRST LOVE.

SOME fifty-five years ago a young woman, of prepossessing appearance, was seated in a small back room of a house in Copenhagen, weeping bitterly. In her lap lay a few small trinkets and other small articles, evidently keepsakes which she had received from time to time. She took up one after another and turned them over, but she could scarcely distinguish them through her blinding tears. Then she buried her face in her hands, and rocked to and fro in agony.

"O!" moaned she, "and it comes to this? All my dreams of happiness are vanished—all my hopes are dead! He will even go without bidding me farewell. Ah, Himlen, that I have lived to see this bitter day! Love vare Gud!"

At this moment a hasty tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the object of her grief. He was a young man about twenty-five years of age, his person middle-sized and strongly built, his features massive, regular, and attractive—his long hair flaxen, his eyes blue. This was Bertel Thorwaldsen—a name which has since then sounded throughout the world as

that of the most illustrious sculptor of modern times. His step was firm and quick, his eye bright and his features glowing, as he entered the room; but when he beheld the attitude of the weeping female, a shade passed over his countenance as he gently walked up to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, murmured, "Amalie!"

"Bertel!" answered a smothered voice.

The young Dane drew a chair to her side, and silently took her tear-bedewed hands. "Amalie," said he, after a pause, broken only by her quivering sobs, "I am come to bid thee farewell. I go in the morning."

She ceased weeping, raised her face, and releasing her hands, pushed back her disheveled hair. Then she wiped her eyes, and gazed on him in a way that made his own droop. "Bertel," said she in a solemn tone, but void of all reproach, "Bertel, why did you deceive my young heart? why did you lead me to hope that I should become the wife of your bosom?"

"I—I always meant it; I mean it now."

She shook her head mournfully, and, taking up the trinkets, continued, "Do you remember what you said when you gave me this—and this—and this?"

"What would you have, Amalie? I said I loved you; I love you still; but"—

"But you love ambition, fame, the praise of men far better," added she bitterly.

Thorwaldsen started, and his features flushed, for he felt actually the truth of her words.

"Yes, you will leave gamie Denmark; you will leave your poor, fond old father and mother, whose only earthly joy is in you; you will leave me, and all who love the sound of your footsteps, and go to a distant land and forget us all."

"Min Pige! you are cruel and unjust. I shall come back to my old father and mother—come back to thee, and we shall all be happy again."

"Never, Bertel, never! When once you go there will be no more joy for us. In heaven we may all meet again; on earth never! O, no, never more will you see in this life either your parents or poor, broken-hearted Amalie!" and again her sobs broke forth.

Thorwaldsen abruptly rose from his chair and paced the room in agitation. He was much distressed, and once or twice he glanced at Amalie with evident hesitation. His past life, the pleasures of his youth, the endeared friends and scenes of childhood, the affection of Amalie, the anguish of his parents at the approaching separation, all vividly passed in review, and whispered him to stay and be happy in the city of his birth. But a vision of Rome arose

also and beckoned him thither to earn renown, wealth, and immortality. The pride of conscious genius swelled his soul, and he felt that the die was cast forever.

He reseated himself by the side of Amalie, and once more took her hand. She looked up, and in one glance read his inmost thought.

"Go," said she, "and fulfill your destiny. God's will be done! You will become a great man—you will be the companion of princes and kings, and your name will extend the fame of your country to the utmost parts of the earth. I see it all; and let my selfish love perish! Only promise this; when you are hereafter in the full blaze of your triumph, sometime turn aside from the high-born, lovely dames who are thronging around, and drop one tear to the memory of the lowly Danish girl who loved you better than herself. Bertel, farewell!"

The next day Thorwaldsen quitted Copenhagen for Rome, where he resided nearly the whole remainder of his long life, and more than realized his own wild aspirations for fame. But the prophecy of poor Amalie was literally fulfilled—he never more beheld his parents, or his first true love.

Nearly half a century had elapsed, and the scene was Copenhagen. The streets were densely crowded with eager, sorrowing spectators, and every window of every house was filled with sadly expectant faces. At length a cry, "They come!" was echoed from group to group, and the crowds swayed to and fro under the sympathetic swell of common emotion.

A withered old woman was seated at the upper window of a house, and when the cry was taken she raised her wrinkled countenance and passed her hands over her eyes, as if to clear away the mists of more than seventy Winters. An immense procession drew nigh. Appropriate military music preceded, the corpse being conveyed to its last earthly abiding place. The king of the land, the royal family, the nobility, the clergy, the learned, the brave, the gifted, walked after it. The banners of mourning were waved, the trumpets wailed, and thousands of sobs broke alike from stern and gentle breasts, and tears from the eyes of warriors, as well as lovely women, showered like rain. It was the funeral of Bertel Thorwaldsen, with the Danish nation for mourners. And she, the old woman who gazed at it as it slowly wound by—she was Amalie, his first love! Thorwaldsen had never married, neither had she.

"Ah, Himlen!" murmured the old woman, wiping away tears from a source which for many long years had been dry, "how marvelous is the will of God! To think that I should live to

behold this sight! Poor, poor Bertel! All that I predicted came to pass; but, ah me! who knows whether you might not have enjoyed a happier life after all had you staid with your old father and mother, and married me? Ah, Himlen, there's only One can tell! Poor, poor Bertel!"

Four years more sped, and one fine Sabbath morning an aged, decrepit female painfully dragged her weary limbs through the crowded rooms of that wondrous building known as Thorwaldsen's Museum. She paused not to glance at the matchless works of sculpture, but crept to an open doorway leading into the inner quadrangle, in the center of which a low tomb of gray marble incloses the mortal remains of him whose hand created the works which fill the edifice. Step by step she drew close to the tomb, and sank on the pavement by its side. Then she laid down her crutch, and pressed her bony hands tight over her skinny brow. "Ja, Ja," murmured she, "they told me to lie here, and I prayed to God to grant me strength to crawl to the spot—and he has heard me. Ah, Himlen, I can die happy now!"

She then withdrew her hands and peered at the simple but all-comprehensive inscription of "Bertel Thorwaldsen," deeply cut on one side of the tomb. Then she raised her forefinger, and earnestly traced with it every letter to the end. Smiling feebly, she let fall her hand, and complacently smiled, while an evanescent gleam of subtle emotion lighted up her lineaments. "'Tis true; he molds here. Poor Bertel, we shall meet again—in heaven!"

Her eyes closed, and her head slowly sank upon her breast, in which attitude she remained till one of the officers of the museum, who had noticed her singular behavior, came up.

"Gammel knone"—old wife—said he, "what are you doing?"

She answered not, and he slightly touched her shoulder, thinking she was asleep. Her body gently slid to the ground at the touch, and he then saw that she slept the sleep of death.

THE heart of a believer, affected with the glory of Christ, is like the needle touched with lodestone. It can no longer be quiet, no longer be satisfied at a distance from him. It is put into a continual motion toward him. The motion, indeed, is weak and tremulous—pantings, breathings, sighings, groanings, in prayers, in meditations, in secret recesses of our minds, are the life of it. However, it is continually pressing toward him. But it obtains not its point, it comes not to its center and rest here.

THE TWO MESSENGERS.

'T WAS night : a messenger set out ;
The stars above were dim ;
Yet of his way he did not doubt ;
He had his trusty staff, and stout ;
Night had no fears for him.

Quickly he neared the wood's dark bound,
And trode the solemn shade,
Where no sweet minstrel's songs resound—
His lonely footsteps lonely sound,
And the tree-tops whisperings made.

Then thinks he, tow'rd the moor, 'mid reeds,
A wanderer to descry ;
He, hearkening, stops ; each sound he heeds ;
When from behind a trunk it speeds,
And beckons friendlily.

"All hail !" thus cheerily it cries ;
"Hold thou me not in dread.
I'm one like thee, on pests that hies
Late, late to rest : early I rise ;
My way thus ceaseless sped."

"A messenger as I, art thou ?
Fear should I cast aside ?
Then tell me whence thou comest now,
Who sent thee, and thy name avow,
Ere I in thee confide."

"I follow," said he, "the behest
Of Him whom all men know ;
My home is called 'The Land of Rest,'
My name 'God's Will,' by all confest :
Thou, too, shalt call me so !"

"This," thought the messenger, "good sooth,
Wonder may well engage ;
Yet what proceeded from his mouth
Was godly—as his name, in truth ;
'T is a pious soul, I'll wage."

They went their way in silence still,
To where the paths were twain ;
The messenger sad bodings fill ;
When speaks the stranger : "I that rill
Beside, must haste amain.

Although my work is quickly wrought,
No stay doth me beseem ;
And thou, my friend, delay in naught ;
And when thy work to end is brought,
Then may'st thou rest and dream."

Then lightly wandering—gliding on
Like wind o'er flowery bed—
He sees, from huts all mean and lone,
And palace-portal many a one,
The stranger restless tread.

And now the night hath come again,
And long, deep shadows fall ;
The messenger, his task done, fain
His homeward way hath duly ta'en,
When he hears the stranger call :

"Thou honest soul ! and art thou there ?
Myself will I reveal.
Thou dost thy work with pious care,
Therefore appear I mild and fair ;
Thou need'st no terror feel.

Look in mine eyes ; know'st thou not me ?
Of the weary I the friend :
Day's heat being o'er, refresh I thee ;
Wafting, with light wing, peacefully,
Where rest and peace ne'er end."

Then on the messenger there shone
A light, like morning's glow.
Longing, he cries, "Earth's joy and moan
Farewell !" He sinks down, and is gone ;
Yet smile both lips and brow.

SLEEPING FLOWERS.

JOYOUS Spring, with soft caresses,
Lightly tripping to and fro,
Heedeth ne'er the chill wind's threat'nings,
Talking tenderly and low
To the flowers slumb'ring dreary,
Which the sad, old Winter hears,
And his icy heart dissolveth
In a gushing fount of tears.

Bending low she calls and listens,
And their faintest pulses beat,
As the voice, so sweet and wooing,
Lovingly their names repeat ;
Then with busy, patient fingers,
Through the mosses and the mold,
Up she guides each tiniest tendril
From its grave-bed, dark and cold.

Very fair she robes her darlings,
As the rainbow tints above,
And the zephyrs all are laden
With the sonnets of her love ;
Soon the valleys bright are gleaming
Golden stars and tender green,
And the earth is full with praises
Of the sunny-hearted queen.

So a balmy, blessed spring-time
Are our fervent charities,
Which can melt the frosty net-work
Barring human sympathies ;
Sending forth the springs of feeling,
Till their rippling rills overflow,
And along the lone heart's pathway
Fragrant spirit-blossoms grow.

All along in nooks and byways,
Darkly hidden through neglect,
It may be that flowers are sleeping
Beauteous as the violet ;
And if half our misspent labors
Unto prayers and praise were given,
Who can tell if these now barren
Might not bud and bloom for heaven ?

PROTESTANTISM AND SISTERS OF CHARITY.

THERE is a phase of practical benevolence in the activities of the Roman Catholic Church that is influential in disarming Protestants, especially such as are only so by birth-right, and not by any religious profession, of old prejudices against the Catholic system, and in quietly diffusing through Protestant society a kindly and commendatory feeling toward Catholicism: it is the appearance of great interest in the poor and suffering—the ministry of several orders of men and women in active charities. During our recent war the Catholic Church won golden opinions, not through the sympathy or coöperation of the Church with the government—for in this respect the course of the Catholic Church was more than dubious, and indicative of at least a willingness to see the rebellion prevail—but through the ministrations of her Sisters of Charity and of Mercy. Thousands of our soldiers returned home from camp and hospital with the kindest feelings toward these ministers of mercy, and disarmed of nearly all their former antipathies toward Catholicism. The memory of her thousand years of terrible history, of her persecutions, of her antagonism to the very principles of freedom for which they were battling, of the undecided and suspicious attitude of the whole Catholic Church toward the cause for which they were fighting, seemed to pass away before the voice of kindness, and the gentle touch of some Sister of Mercy, in their hour of need.

We are not complaining of this, but stating a fact, and now add to that fact another: that these same ministers of mercy have had the same influence on thousands of Protestants in our cities and large towns, where these same sisters are seen quietly moving about in our hospitals, prisons, and charitable institutions, the representatives of what seems to be an unostentatious but wide-spread system of charity. In some of our cities that we could name, the ministrations of religion and charity in these institutions of correction and mercy are almost entirely in the hands of the Catholics, and performed by monks and sisters. To be sure, as the Lady Superior in one of these institutions said to us, there is propriety in it, "for three-fourths of the inmates are generally Catholics." Still their almost exclusive presence in these institutions creates the impression that they only are giving attention to these places and opportunities of mercy and good works, and that the system of Catholicism is peculiarly adapted to these remoter necessities of Christian charity.

It is not with these services rendered by these Catholic organizations that we are disposed to find fault; and certainly we can not blame the soldier whose wounds have been dressed, and whose fevered brow has been cooled by these sisters, for his gratitude to them, or his kindly feelings toward the system that produces them. Nor can we blame our men of business, our bankers and merchants, who, seeing the labors of these robed and hooded ministers of charity, and observing nothing to correspond with it in Protestantism, look upon this phase of Catholicism, at least, as worthy of their commendation and liberality.

There are two points, however, in the case, as it presents itself to multitudes, that claim our attention. The first is the erroneous impression that is created by these Catholic charities. Not a few have the idea that Catholicism far surpassed Protestantism in these charitable ministrations during the war, and is still far surpassing Protestantism in its ministrations to the poor and suffering. The fact is, the whole service of Sisters of Charity and Mercy during the war, many of whom were simply hired and paid for their labors, was scarcely a drop in the bucket compared with the millions of money poured out by Protestant men and women, through the Sanitary and Christian Commissions; and their labors were no more than the dust in the balance compared with the voluntary labors and services of our own American Protestant women, in camp and hospital, in sewing, making, and giving, and in direct and gratuitous services rendered to soldiers in the field, and in quarters at home. The same is true with regard to the charities of home. The ministrations of Catholicism, visible and attractive as they are, from our seeing here and there the uniformed, cloaked, and hooded representatives of it, are insignificant compared with the fact that it is the contributions and services of Protestant men and women that create and sustain these home institutions. What is the fact that a few nurses, some of them also paid for the service, are found in our hospitals, almshouses, and prisons, as compared with the fact that it is the spirit and activity of Protestantism that creates and sustains these, and multitudes more of charitable institutions? We accept, and most heartily commend, all that the Catholics are doing in these personal ministrations, and are willing to concede to them, as their motive, a sincere Christian charity; but we repudiate the thought that they are at all comparable with the charities of Protestantism, and would do away with the mistake of multitudes, that the services of a few Sisters of Charity and Mercy surpass the great organizations and multiplied institutions

of mercy that are sustained by Protestant beneficence.

The remaining point in the case before us is the contrast produced between Catholicism and Protestantism, by the presence of these organized bodies of charity-workers in the one, and the absence of them in the other. It is said Protestantism produces no such organizations; it furnishes no monks devoted wholly to services of religion; it inspires no women to take the vow of celibacy, and consecrate their lives to works of charity. There does seem something grand in the fact of men and women sacrificing the common desires and aims of human life, and devoting themselves exclusively to services of religion and charity; and the fact seems to be indicative of a certain power of inspiration and enthusiasm in the system that produces such men and women. And yet history demonstrates that the production of devotees is not indicative of a truthful system of religion, or of a high order of religious worship. The Bible inculcates no such abnormal devotion, and encourages no such organizations, nor in the highest types of its representative characters does it furnish or commend any such examples. The pure and holy founder of Christianity was in no sense a monk or devotee, but was the embodiment of a most healthful, loving, social, genial human life; and the true spirit of Christian enthusiasm is not that of the ascetic or devotee, but that of active, loving sympathy with humanity and human things. Asceticism and monasticism are the offsprings of heathenism—not of either Judaism or Christianity. The Buddhism of China and India, even the Fetichism of Africa, produce the extremest examples of it; and the devoteism of the Hindoo Fakir is still far in advance of that of the Catholic monk. The truth is, asceticism is always the characteristic of a superstitious system, and not of a healthful religious life. Nor has the history of these celibate organizations in the Catholic Church been such as to inspire the confidence and approbation of intelligent people. The terrible evils of these organizations, in former times, constituted a large element in the *protest* of Protestantism against Catholicism in the Reformation.

The spirit of Protestantism is still strongly and rightly against them. And yet it is true that these organizations give to the Catholic Church an element of strength, and influence, and usefulness; and, if kept pure, would in some respects meet a want and perform a service that, perhaps, can not be done as well in any other way. There are men and women who find rest, safety, and usefulness in these quiet, secluded organizations. They furnish to some bereaved

hearts a place of rest, to some ruined lives a place of seclusion and restoration, to some outcasts a home. We do not mean that the ranks of Catholic ascetics, or of Sisters of Charity or of Mercy, are made up of these characters. Catholicism teaches and encourages celibacy, and this species of devotion; and doubtless many excellent women, impelled by no necessity, voluntarily, and with sincerity and purity of purpose, enter these societies, and take these vows. Yet it is equally true that many of them are from the ranks of the disappointed, the bereaved, and even from among the fallen. Catholicism offers to the unhappy, to the bereaved, even to the outcast, these asylums, where the past is buried, where a blind credence brings peace, and where works of charity give employment.

Is there no place for such asylums in Protestantism? For monasticism as a system we would answer no. The exaltation of a celibate or ascetic life, as a higher order of religious life than that of the normal and natural life of men and women in society, is an evil, and only evil, and that continually. It is unnatural, against the designs of the Creator, and therefore works evil, and not good. Living in the world, yet above the world, meeting its trials bravely, conquering its temptations, ministering to its wants, discharging its duties, is a far nobler and higher life than the silent contemplation of the hermit in his cell, or the ministrations of a Sister of Charity secluded from the world. "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world," said the Divine Savior, "but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil."

The great mistake of Catholicism is recognizing this life of celibacy as a higher order of piety, and encouraging and even seducing men and women to enter into it. As a system laboring to induce men and women—strong, hopeful, healthful, often in the early enthusiasm, and often in the prime and vigor of life, with all life's opportunities before them—to withdraw from the world, and in the cells of a monastery or nunnery to waste their lives as dreamy solitaires, or even to spend them as secluded Sisters of Charity or Mercy, it is only deserving of utter condemnation. But as a place and system proffered by the Church to the wretched and hopeless, to the fallen and outcast, where these may find peace, and rest, and hope, where they may seek and find forgiveness and restoration, and where they may again have a place at least in the mercies and charities of society, it presents a very different phase. Whether room for such asylums could not be found in Protestantism, and greatly to the advantage of Christianity, is a question we will discuss in another article.

METHODISM IN SCOTLAND.

THE history of Methodism in Scotland is an anomaly. While making such rapid strides in both England and America, the doctrines held by Wesley seem to have been thus far almost powerless here. We can not say that efforts have not been made, and that the battle has not been courageously waged. In spite of human determination, efforts must more or less be regulated by the success attending them. Men are not disposed, for any great length of time, to labor without fruits. Yet in this particular, faithful men have toiled, year after year, in the face of many discouragements, and have not been disheartened by very scanty returns. Sufficient time has likewise been given for a competent test. The rise of Methodism in Scotland was almost synchronous with its rise in England. Scarcely ten years had elapsed after Wesley began to itinerate in England, before we find him also preaching north of the Tweed; and he continued regularly to visit the stations in Scotland in his itinerating tours for a period of forty years. Several years before Wesley's first visit the seeds had already been sowed by soldiers returned from the army, and from the time of his death to the present day efforts have been put forth proportionate to those made elsewhere. Yet in spite of all Methodism has failed to become, to any marked extent, a power in Scotland. There has always been felt to be something in the way. Our earlier preachers, who had such power to move the masses in England, Ireland, and America, were almost powerless in Scotland. The very same arguments which were convincing elsewhere were not convincing here. Those same appeals to the consciences and hearts of men which produced such profound excitement in the English mind, produced little more than a passing sensation on the inhabitants of North Britain. Neither argument, nor terror, nor persuasion seemed to move them from their solemn and respectful indifference. Such continued to be the history of Methodist preaching in Scotland after the time of Wesley and his associates. It may be that recently some change has taken place. Various reasons have been assigned for the indifference of Scotland to Methodism. Some have attributed it to national idiosyncrasy, believing that the phlegmatic temperament of the people is the great obstacle. Others allege that the doctrine of Calvinism, which has taken so complete possession of Scotland, is alone the secret of this opposition.

Wesley became fully satisfied that something stood in the way, and was not a little annoyed,

as we shall see by some references to his journal. There is much to convince us that he held the former of these views, and considered that the hinderance was one of national temperament.

Methodism was first introduced into Scotland by soldiers of John Haine's regiment, converted during the revival in the English army at Flanders. Stevens says, "Whitefield met some of them at Edinburgh more than three years after the battle of Fontenoy, and formed them into a society. . . . Thomas Rankin, one of Wesley's earliest missionaries to America, formed in his youth a society of them at Dunbar, his native town in Scotland. . . . At Musselborough also they had formed a society, and were instrumental in the spread of vital religion among their townsmen. . . . The first Methodist societies of Scotland were those of Dunbar and Musselborough."

In 1751 Wesley made his first visit to Scotland, merely preaching twice to the society at Musselborough. He was obliged to return hastily, and makes little mention of his reception, except that the people were respectful, and "remained as statues from the beginning of the sermon to the end." Two years later he spent a few days in Glasgow, and seems to have been well-pleased with the exact behavior of the people during religious service, remarking, "Surely much of the power of godliness was here, when there is so much of the form still." This same *form* afterward became a serious annoyance. Visiting Glasgow again in 1759, he had occasion to remark, "I found the little society which I had joined here two years since had soon split to pieces. . . . About forty of them met me on Sunday in Mr. Gillies's kirk, immediately after evening service. I left them determined to meet Mr. Gillies weekly at the same time and place. If this be done, I shall try to see Glasgow again; if not, I can employ my time better." These last words strike one as hinting at a principle which might well regulate such matters. This is especially true when we consider the labor required, during the years which followed, to gather a society together, and the surprising readiness with which it fell to pieces again. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the same labor expended elsewhere might have secured tenfold greater results. Again in 1764, after watching closely to discover the significance of the decorum with which the people listened to the Word, and wondering at the readiness with which they flocked to Church, he remarked, "Indeed there is seldom fear of wanting a congregation in Scotland. But the misfortune is, they know every thing, and so they learn nothing."

In 1765 Thomas Taylor, a well-trying and successful itinerant, was sent fully to introduce Methodism into Glasgow. Stevens gives the following account of his experiences: "He took a private lodging, and gave out that he would preach on the green, a public resort hard by the city. A table was carried to the place, and at the appointed time he found two baker's boys and two old women waiting. His soul sunk within him. He had traveled, by land and by water, near six hundred miles, to this city, and such was his congregation! At length, however, he mounted his table and began the singing, which he had entirely to himself. A few more hearers crept together, all seemingly very poor people, till at length he had about two hundred round him. The next night he had a more promising congregation, and the next it rained, which badly disheartened him." Day after day he labored among them, while they stood like stocks about him, without exhibiting any signs of sympathy or emotion. He had been a most successful itinerant in England, Ireland, and Wales, but here he was brought to a stand-still. The people respectfully listened, but went away unmoved. In the language of Stevens, he solved this puzzling problem by discovering "that the most important part of a Scotchman's religion is his creed, and the popular creed was thoroughly Calvinistic." Taylor continued to labor, and after a while with something like success, establishing a society of seventy members. From Glasgow he went to other places, and succeeded in accomplishing something. Other itinerants came to his assistance, and small societies were formed in various places.

Wesley again made a tour of Scotland in 1766, and gives the following as his experience at Preston-pans: "In the afternoon, notice having been given a week before, I went to the room at Preston-pans. And I had it all to myself, neither man, woman, nor child offered to look me in the face; so I ordered a chair to be placed in the street. Then forty or fifty crept together; but they were mere stocks and stones; no more concerned than if I had talked Greek." Visiting Edinburgh in 1770, he makes the following entry in his journal: "I received but a melancholy account of the state of things here. The congregations were nearly as usual; but the society which, when I was here before, consisted of about one hundred and sixty members, was now shrunk to about fifty." It will give some idea of the rate of increase to state that the present number of members, in Edinburgh, after the lapse of nearly a century, is only four hundred and seventy-three. This can not, how-

ever, be taken as a guide to the progress of the work, for in some places it has been more, and in others less. In Edinburgh he had often to complain of the hostility of the Scottish ministers. In a subsequent visit he says: "I spoke severally to the members of the society as clearly as I could. Out of ninety—now united—I scarce found ten of the original society, so indefatigable have the good ministers been to root out the seed God had sown in their hearts." By this it would seem that the practice of proselyting, so much complained of, had even then commenced; and one great mission of the Methodist Church, from that day to this, has been to sow seed whose fruit is gathered by other Churches. So long as God's name is glorified and souls saved there is no room for complaining.

Again in 1774, he records having preached in Glasgow "to a people, the greatest part of whom hear much, know every thing, and feel nothing," and he is constrained to ask, "How is it that there is no increase in this society?" Likewise in Edinburgh he complains of finding the people "few, dead, and cold." This he attempts to account for from the fact that the ministers remained too long in a place, and neglected to keep up the daily morning service. It seems highly probable, however, that a lack of interest on the part of the people led to the abandonment of the morning service. It has never been easy to bring Scotchmen to an early meeting. In one of his subsequent visits to Dundee, he notes in still stronger language what he was continually called on to observe: "The congregation was as usual very large, and deeply attentive. But that was all. I did not perceive that any one was affected at all. I admire this people; so decent, so serious, and so perfectly unconcerned." It seems quite clear that Wesley regarded this national phlegm as the great hinderance to his work. He seems to have considered that the people assented to the truths presented to them; and if this were the case, we might justly believe that nothing but apathy prevented them from accepting. It may be fairly doubted, however, whether they really did yield a credence to the doctrines taught.

Thus Wesley continued regularly to visit the societies in Scotland, almost every two years, for a period of forty years, and to the very last the most he could say of them was, "Surely the Scots are the best hearers in Europe." In his very last visit to Glasgow, I think, he records, "The congregation was miserably small; verifying what I have often heard before, that the Scots dearly love the Word of the Lord—on the Lord's day. If I live to come again, I will take

care to spend only the Lord's day in Glasgow." During the time of Wesley's visits societies had been formed at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Greenock, Dundee, Dunbar, Arbroath, Inverness, and many more of the smaller towns.

In 1793, near the time of Wesley's death, the number of members in all the societies of Scotland amounted to 1,313. From this time forward Methodism in Scotland passed through its most prosperous period, the number of members in 1819 being 3,786. Immediately following this there was a marked decrease in the membership, which is generally attributed to the fact that the societies very generally became badly involved on account of extensive operations in chapel and manse building. Rev. V. Ward was the prime mover in the affair, and has had to bear much blame in connection with it. He felt satisfied that Methodism could not flourish without suitable chapels in which to hold service, believing that the practice of worshiping in private houses was a great hindrance. The work, it seems, was not very prudently carried forward, and the result was that heavy debts were entailed on many of the societies, while from difference of opinion many were alienated. Thus we find that, in 1832, there were only 2,674 members in all the societies.

Immediately after this began those religious agitations which resulted in the establishment of the Free Church of Scotland, and some other more insignificant bodies. These agitations are believed to have militated against Methodism. At least we find that, in 1858, the membership was still further reduced to 2,267, scarcely more than twice as many as were left by Wesley. It would seem that Methodism sat so lightly on even its own adherents, that any disturbance served to drive them back to the old Calvinistic faith. During the past few years there has been considerable increase, and Methodism in Scotland is believed at present to be growing into power and favor. The number of members in all the societies, according to the Minutes of 1868, was 3,742, an increase of about 1,500 during the past ten years. Of this number, however, about one-third, in the sea-board towns, are English or Irish, according to estimates made by Rev. John Drake, chairman of the Scottish District. This appears like small returns for more than a century of vigorous effort, and many are considering whether it would not be better to quit a field which has been so unproductive, and bestow the labor elsewhere. It is a hopeful indication, however, that the ministers who have longest labored in connection with Methodism in Scotland are most

earnest in the work, and least inclined to be disheartened. They are putting forth vigorous and continued efforts in the face of all discouragements, and such efforts must, in the end, one would think, be crowned with at least something like satisfactory success. These men are very outspoken in the expression of their opinion, and there seems to be an almost entire unanimity of sentiment among them. The Rev. Thomas L. Parker thus strongly states reasons why Methodism should not be withdrawn from Scotland, many of which are very forcible: "Methodism is needed for the friends who have stood by it in so many trials, and who, after the training they have received, are not to be left to join other Churches. Many, we are persuaded, would suffer spiritual loss. It is needed by the families of our people, and by many others who can not reconcile Calvinian decrees with the gracious character of God. It is needed as a witness for great and important truths, for the piety it is adapted to spread, and for the beneficial influence it is fitted to exert on other Churches and on society. It is needed, likewise, in meeting the wants of an increasing population in our large towns. The effects of the withdrawal of Methodism would be felt in England, and wherever else it exists. It would be viewed as the life of the system dying out at its extremities." So long as the advocates of Methodism in Scotland are animated by such a spirit there is something yet to be hoped for.

The reasons for the want of greater success have been thoroughly canvassed, and perhaps no entirely satisfactory result has been reached. There is much, however, to indicate that the firm grasp which Calvinism has on the popular mind is the great hinderance. Scottish Methodists entirely repudiate the theory that there is any thing in the national temperament opposed to Methodism. At a meeting held in connection with raising an Extension Fund, many laymen spoke, and there was remarked a gratifying unanimity in opposition to this opinion which has obtained great prevalence. The Scotch are foremost and most earnest in rejecting this view, and are found to be most desirous that Methodism should be fostered in their native land. Calvinism has become so thoroughly the creed of Scotland that it has effectually put a check upon every other form of doctrine. It is somewhat puzzling to understand how an entire nation can adopt such a faith, unless, like the Jews, they consider themselves the "peculiar people," and the whole race as "elected." It is, nevertheless, true that Calvinism is the only creed that has, in these latter times, successfully appealed to Scotchmen. When Wesley first

spoke of going to Scotland, Whitefield, himself a Calvinist, answered him, "You have no business there; for your principles are so well known that, if you spoke like an angel, none would hear you; and if they did, you would have nothing to do but to dispute with one another from morning to night." Although Wesley, after having been warned, was able to avoid controversies with the people, still the result proved that Whitefield was well acquainted with either the peculiarities of Calvinism, or the peculiarities of Scotchmen—perhaps both—when he said, "If you spoke like an angel none would hear you." Whitefield, with his Calvinism, was able to rouse the Scotch to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. His preaching among them was attended with the same extraordinary phenomena as in England. The people swooned, fainted, and fell down like dead. Wesley, on the other hand, although his preaching in England produced much more wonderful effects than that of Whitefield, could only record of the Scots that they stood around him as unmoved as statues. We can only account for this on the supposition that they did not believe what he was telling them. This became apparent as the work began to make a little progress. A movement was set on foot by Dr. Erskine in opposition to Wesley, which, about 1770, served to break up many of the societies, and carry many back to the Calvinistic Churches. The means employed was simply to brand Methodist preachers as "heretics," whatever that may have meant. Whenever old-time prejudices have been fully awakened against Methodism, even those who had already espoused its doctrines have fallen before it. One can hardly avoid the conviction that Calvinism, with its almost giant gripe on Scotland, is the great obstacle. But Scottish Methodists tell us that this obstacle is being removed, and there is some room for the assertion. It is, perhaps, certain that to an extent Calvinism is losing its hold on the masses of the people, and there is reason to believe that, as Calvinism decreases, Methodism will increase.

At least quite extensive results are hoped for in the future. The ministers are wide awake, and determined that no want of effort shall stand in the way of success. The latest project is the establishment of a Relief and Extension Fund for the erection of more suitable chapels, where such may be needed, and manses or parsonages in connection with them. It is considered desirable to raise the sum of £30,000. The movement was set on foot something more than a year ago, and many of the preliminaries are now arranged. Conference has given its sanction, and committees have been appointed.

The following from the Conference report will set forth the object more definitely:

"At the request of the Edinburgh and Aberdeen District Committee, the Conference agrees to sanction the establishment of a 'Relief and Extension Fund for Scotland,' on the following basis: [Paragraphs 1 and 2 relate to committees.]

"3. The money distributed from this fund shall be granted only to schemes which shall receive the sanction of the General Chapel Committee.

"4. A portion of the proposed fund shall be applied to the erection or purchase of houses for ministers.

"5. Should the proposed fund reach a sufficient amount, a part of it may be applied in aid of day schools."

The great question in connection with this plan is properly felt to be the practical one of raising the money, and unless it is pushed with vigor it may be fairly doubted whether this sum will be readily raised. The Methodist Church in America may be called upon to aid in the undertaking. With such a fund it is believed that Methodism may do more in Scotland than it has been hitherto doing.

FATHER HECKER, THE PAULIST.

FEW articles in our current magazine literature have attracted as much attention as those in the Atlantic Magazine under the title of "Our Catholic Brethren," written by Mr. Parton. But the greater interest is attached to the last article, in which he describes the work and aims of Father Hecker, the founder and head of the order of the Paulists or Revivalists. The Roman Catholic Church has been more famed in this country for astute, diligent priests than preachers, and I determined to see and hear him at the first opportunity. For when a man gives up the pursuit of wealth and social advantages, and honestly seeks a higher style of life in which he may find peace for his soul, and consecrates his life and talents to doing good, there is something about him worthy of observation. He may be a bigot or an enthusiast, but such characters have often played an important part in the world's history. The Roman Church has greatly profited by such men, and has shown wonderful wisdom in the manner by which she has turned to advantage their zeal and hallucinations. In any large system there is place for narrow-minded men, no less than for those of the broadest views. Such men work to the same end, but by different

methods. Both classes come to the surface in all great social and religious movements.

So I said to myself, If we have in this Father Hecker the man who is to modernize, that is to say, revolutionize the Catholic Church in these United States, one will lose nothing in hearing him, at least in self-defense. For the man who succeeds in putting new and young blood into the veins of this old and decrepit Church, or even makes a valid attempt to do so with some show of success, is in the line of canonization. Looking upon him, we see an unfledged Catholic saint.

The opportunity to hear him came sooner than I expected. It was at the Opera-House, in the city of Chicago. The papers announced that the theme of his lecture or discourse would be, "How I became a Catholic." This is his favorite theme, and has been carefully prepared. There is interest in this question for the American Protestant mind. We understand easily enough how persons born of Catholic parents, and trained in the parental faith, find satisfaction in it. But how an American, Protestant born and educated, moving in the ordinary currents of society, could be induced to become a Roman Catholic, is something that we need to be taught.

Having secured an eligible seat, both for seeing and hearing, I began looking about to see who composed the audience. It was half an hour before the time announced for the speaking to commence, but the crowd was already seeking the gallery. I noticed a number of Protestant ministers sitting together, as if for mutual protection, drawn by the same curiosity that had led me to come. Here and there were persons who had no religious interests, but were mere lookers on. The majority were Irish Catholics, and chiefly young persons. Many of them were well-dressed servant girls, who had come at the bidding of the priests. Behind me were two young Irishmen, both so much under the influence of liquor that I was tempted to secure another seat. But they made no disturbance after the speaking began beyond the heavy, monotonous breathing of stupefied drunkards. The crowd was as decorous and patient as one usually sees under like circumstances, and they were interested in the speaker and his theme. There was hearty applause at times, but generally it was not at the points where the speaker sought it. He was certainly conscious of stupidity on the part of his hearers. Two priests sat near him on the stage, and seemed very little at home before such an assembly. The whole affair was a new experience with them, and they were not quite satisfied that any good

would come of it. You could not have collected so large a company from any Protestant denomination without having persons of greater average moral and intellectual capacity and development.

Father Hecker's personal appearance, and address at the first words, reminded me of Wendell Phillips; but the resemblance, if there was any, soon vanished. He lacks those graces of the cultivated gentleman and speaker that charm us when we listen to the distinguished abolitionist. Neither in his style of oratory, nor in his methods of operation as a reformer, can he be called an original man. It was plain to be seen that his mistress, the Church, had made great progress in molding him to her purposes. You never would have taken him for a reformer. There was an entire absence of the boldness and raciness which characterize independent thinkers. To my surprise he also lacked all real enthusiasm, and had none of that overpowering sense of personal conviction which rarely fails to secure a respectful hearing from the most determined opponent, and to some minds is more convincing than argument.

The subject of this discourse, which he repeats every-where, is his dissatisfaction with his early religious education and associations, because his soul found no rest; and the efforts he made, and the experiences he had passed through in seeking here and there for soul-satisfying doctrine and employment. This narration of a somewhat protracted and random search after the true work and worship, which he finally found in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, is studied and unnatural. It had the force of a story founded on facts, not of a candid statement of any particular facts in his own or any other person's life and experience. He had domiciled with Thoreau, and his wanderings at one time had led him to Brook Farm. These men had been the companions of his unrest, but there was nothing in common between them. They were pining for freedom and the full exercise of their faculties; he was waiting for a master with authority to satisfy his conscience. And I could not but think it strange that, among that company of energetic souls, many of whom have already acquired national fame, he was the only one of them that had found rest in Mediævalism. It was plain to me that this man had not found the land of Beulah at all. Growing weary in his wanderings, he had accepted Catholicism unconsciously in simple self-defense against a growing spiritual Bohemianism, which was demoralizing a not over well-regulated mind.

This judgment is not intended to be ungenerous.

We can not have too great respect for men's religious convictions, even when we are convinced that they are in error. It certainly is worthy of notice and commendation, that a man leaves advantageous business connections because he thinks the interests of his soul of greater value. But Father Hecker's story shows an entire misapprehension of Christianity, both as to its aims and its successes. He attains peace by accepting the authority of a Church. Men whose souls have been quickened, and who have found a higher life, find peace by believing in Christ. Here is the error of his life. Had he sought Christ instead of a Church, purity of heart instead of a place to work, he would have found a more exalted discipleship and larger scope for his faculties.

Father Hecker would have no interest for us did he not represent a society of workers and a movement in the Catholic Church. We do not need to construct an argument against him, neither against his association, nor his method of working. Yet one can not refrain from asking, What will he and his order probably effect?

The activity that he represents is a movement in two directions, and has two sets of agencies. On the one hand, they intend to arrest, if possible, that singular defection from the faith and worship of the Church, which is destroying their hopes of supremacy in the United States; on the other hand, they hope to win a confession that Catholicism is not in its nature antagonistic to civil freedom and free thought. The latter task is rather difficult while the Pope issues his bulls against civilization and religious toleration, but men can always be found ready for unpromising enterprises. It is proposed to accomplish this work by public addresses to audiences composed, in part at least, of Protestants, and extra preaching services held in their own churches, which is a method they are copying from our Protestant denominations. They have also subsidized the press. The "Catholic Publication Society," as it is called, is rapidly enlarging its lists of tracts and well-bound volumes, some of which are well written, and in every way attractive. They issue also a monthly magazine, "The Catholic World," which is very much superior to any periodical they have hitherto issued in the United States. These are well-accredited agencies, and can be worked to great advantage.

We do not doubt that there will be conversions to Catholicism, and it is possible that we shall hear of much successful proselyting. There are classes of minds in all communities to which that system of faith and worship addresses itself with adroit sympathy. But it would

be a too sanguine view of the matter to imagine that we are on the eve of a great revival, in which any considerable number of Protestants will turn to the Catholic Church for spiritual help. The Romish Church does not belong to this period, and is not in harmony with the stage of intellectual and moral development which the American people have attained.

DIVINE DYNAMICS.

THE world was perishing in its own dark corruption. The faith of Jerusalem could not save it; interpreted by its Rabbis, it was a dead letter, local, narrow, a body without a soul. The might of Rome could not save it; iron law crushed, but could not cure it. The wisdom of Athens could not save it, though unlocking the treasures of time, and presenting idealized beauty as an object of life and worship. For awhile, Saul of Tarsus dreamed that the faith of his fathers could save it, but he dreamt in vain. At length a flash, a voice on the way to Damascus. Blind, conscience-smitten, he fell to the earth; and as he rose he saw, with the eye of his spirit in the light of the doctrine of God incarnate, living, suffering, dying for men, the power, the force (*δύναμις*) which alone could bring back a dying world to life. Then, in the joy and exultation of his soul, he cried out, "I have found it: 'The Gospel of the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth'—the vital force of salvation universally, not only from 'sin and death,' but from moral, social, and even physical misery."

With this motto on his banner he went forth to gather under it, from the bones of the valley of vision, an "exceeding great army" for the living God. And if the earth be not the Lord's, if God's kingdom of righteousness and peace be not established in all hearts and in all lands, if the sufferings of the world be not reduced to their lowest, it is because we have not held that banner up with the faith of Paul. Looking upon it as an old torn rag—a venerable memorial, indeed, of well-fought, but long-past fields—we have unfurled new ensigns with new devices, scribbled over with a very Babel of legends; and now we stand, in this nineteenth century, face to face with failure, forced back upon the old paths, the old standard, the old cry, "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation."

"The power of God." Such is Paul's idea of the Gospel. It is God's power by excellence, supreme, absolute, perfect. The expression may be rendered "Force of God;" and hence we gather that the apostle viewed the Gospel of

Christ as a system of divine dynamics—if you will allow the phrase—for the deliverance of the world. Force, of one kind or another, science tells us, is the law of the universe. Association by gravitation is the law of force in the material, association by love is the law of force in the moral world. The most conspicuous feature in God's works is oneness of cause with variety of effect, simplicity of means with diversity of result. One force reigns everywhere; but under how many different forms does that force appear! The same force that drives the sap through the veins of a leaf, sends the blood through the network of the human hand; the same force that rounds a drop of water, rolls into circles the fires of heaven; the same force that paints the wing of a butterfly, heaves up the Andes; the same force that throbs out in life-blood from the heart to the extremities of the frame, breaks forth in light and heat from the fountains of the sun; the very same force that now enables me to trace the words you read, sits at the heart of creation, giving birth to all its wonders. How admirable in its minuteness, how stupendous in its magnitude, how sublime in its omnipotence, how beautiful in its simplicity, is this law! It is the power, the force of God unto the making—the power, the force of God unto the upholding and governing—of the universe. This force is not God, but God is in it, through it, and takes visible shape as it works and strives through the spaces of immensity.

Now, what this law of force is in the world of matter, the doctrine of Christ is in the world of mind. Jesus Christ, the incarnation of Divine wisdom and love, is the one center of moral and spiritual force, whence flow life and law to every part of the moral world. Outside the sphere of this force—if, indeed, any intelligence can be said to be outside of it since its introduction—reign chaos and death. Within its own world—for we do not speak of its subtle influence upon the race, whether savage or civilized—mark how particular, yet how universal, is the operation of this force of life, and order, and love. The same power that leads me to teach a child the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God, his rule, his law, his mercy, to speak one kind word to the half-starved, ragged foundling of the streets, to lift my hand in tearful blessing over his poor unsheltered head, shook down despotism, built up constitutional thrones, severed the slave from his fetters, and raised man's ruined soul into a temple and a shrine for the one Father-God. And by the same force was the world gladdened and lighted up with hospitals for the sick, the maimed, and the dying; refugees for the helpless and the lost; asylums for the imbecile and

the insane, even for the hopeless idiot; and with such wonderful means and appliances that the very blind saw, the deaf heard, the dumb spoke. Thus, at the incarnation of Divine love—the Divine force of charity—the long, bleak, dark Winter of the world began to close, and the Spring-time of humanity to come on. And why? Because the law of self-sacrifice was declared to be the law of heaven and of God; and this law, illustrated and fulfilled in the life of God's Son, and sealed by his blood, began to reign! The same Christian instinct which leads a man to give up one comfort or convenience for another's sake, is the power, the identical power, that drew God down out of heaven, and nailed the God-Man to the tree.

The Gospel of love, the "glad tidings" of Jesus Christ, is the one law of the Church by which man is saved from himself, from sin, its power and its punishment; and we believe in human progress only in so far as this law works through every scheme of philanthropy, and becomes gradually universal in the world. Progress through the progress of Christianity is our creed. We can not, we think, be too earnest in repeating, with ever-increasing emphasis, that it is idle to attempt any real permanent amelioration of the world apart from or in opposition to this force. Evil laughs at any other adversary. Is the history of "social science," in many of its departments, not a record of well-meant blunders? Christianity, with its ennobling idealism, is infinitely better for mankind than certain schemes of social reform, with their materialistic and earth-born degradations. Pitying poor humanity, philanthropists, of "the earth earthy," have drawn a veil between the eye of day and the world beneath, and gone about with dull red torches in the cold darkness of the night they themselves have made. With fervid earnestness we proclaim to every lover of his kind that unless the "power of God unto salvation"—the supreme, the universal law of Divine love—the supernatural "glad tidings" of the Fatherhood of God—be the primary and pervading principle of his efforts to raise the fallen, to reclaim the erring, to make the "wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts," his work, of what kind soever, will be ever commencing, never ending; motion without progress; "sound and fury, signifying nothing;" the old, old story of Sisyphus and his stone.

How can we be saved from ourselves, from time, from earthliness, but by the believing contemplation of God—light and love—of eternity, of the world to come? Man, as a mere animal—eating, drinking, sleeping, dying—contains within himself no elevating, no ennobling force; it is

only as a consciously immortal being, in communion and harmony with God in Christ, that the divine seed of life within him grows and expands into the flowers and fruits of self-denying duty. Truly the Gospel of Christ, rightly understood and acted on, by which man is raised into sonship in the family of God, is the "force of God" unto his salvation from all that degrades and destroys him. It is God's own, God's best, God's supernatural way of enlightening, refining, elevating man, and strengthening him against all that curses and kills him. And yet some in our day, in the perverse pride of philanthropic reason, reject it as the dogma of an unphilosophic pulpit and a dead past. They think they have found out other and higher ways of bettering society.

Good, indeed, are some of these schemes, and with the motives of their originators and adherents we find no fault. Generous, if sometimes mistaken dreamers, they long to better the world, to cast some sweetening branch into the waters of Marah, to bring forth light and life from darkness and death; but do they not forget that God's own plan for the salvation of the race, not only in the life to come, but even in this life, must be the central force, the inner spirit, around which all moral and spiritual facts harmoniously and healthily revolve, and by whose working they must all be molded and moved? Pronounced by himself to be "very good," "good news," has it not, when adopted and carried into effect, been demonstrated to be so by the bright roll of Christian achievements, the fair essential unity of holy Christian lives? Nay, are these achievements and these lives not the best "evidence" that Christianity is divine?

Come, then, kind-hearted men, sit down meekly—perhaps amid the ruins of your fairest dreams, the ashes of your warmest hopes—and learn, ere it be too late, that unless you employ God's force, his revealed force, in his own way, you but strike at the Upas root, hardened, inter-twisted, rock-fixed, like a Gordian knot of snakes with the toy-ax of a child; you but dam back a victorious sea with dikes of sand; you but try to heal the disease by an empiricism, which renders it more obstinate and virulent; you but light up the sunless cavern with a sickly taper; you but thrust a dwarf's arm among the spokes of that tremendous wheel of evil which still goes thundering and crashing over the hearts, the hopes, and the homes of men.

Tell us, gentle-hearted workers—ye who have been earnestly trying to relieve the world of some of its miseries, but apart from the sweet power of the Gospel of Christ—what have you now to look back upon? Have you much else

than the approbation of your own conscience, that you, at least, meant well? Does your hand not hang down, does your heart not fail, because you have undone so little of evil, done so little of good? May the secret of your want of success not lie here? God's ax lay in its benevolent, but terrible beauty, glittering at your feet; but you preferred an ax of your own 'make' and tempering wherewith to hew down the Upas. God's Church stood before you, with her strong walls and deep foundations; but you refused her shelter, alike for yourselves and for others. God's own balm of Gilead, God's own physician there, were at hand; but you denied the efficacy of the one, and the skill of the other. God's own sun lighted up the heavens; but instead of bringing forth the dungeon-darkened captives to the day, you flared dull and dying lamps through the blackness of their living tombs. Divine omnipotence was offered you to stop the car of evil; but you relied rather on your own weakness; and now you look hopelessly upon your shattered arm and a crushed world. Listen, earnest workers, ye must become "fellow-workers" with God; for the Gospel of Christ, wielded by a believing soul animating a strong hand, is the "power of God."

So thought, so wrote, so felt one of the foremost workers of his time; and no discovery in positive science, philosophy, or philanthropy, can change the unchangeable truth of his words, applicable now and ever to men of every class and clime. The face of the world has changed much since his day; circumstances have altered their character and direction; but this power is the same, applicable to all circumstances and to all times, immortal, ever old, ever young, like that divine nature whence it came to regenerate and redeem mankind. Can there be health save in obeying the laws of health? Can we obtain happiness save by obeying the laws of happiness? A fixed law reigns every-where, in every thing; and if we seek to attain any specific end, we must get first into the road that leads toward it, and steadily travel along it till we reach the goal. We fail—fail so often—because, while what we wish for shines before us, we mistake the way, and wander about in a maze—now near, now remote—till, folding our helpless hands, and closing our aching eyes, we lie down in the waste, where our bones whiten into ghastly monuments of misdirected but well-meant zeal. If we seek to bless mankind with true moral and spiritual health—the only pure fountains of social and physical well-being—we must have recourse to that divinely ordained, divinely wrought instrument which God himself put into the hand of his victorious servants long ages ago.

Bonds of our own weaving are weak as withes to bind the Samson of evil. The "power of God" is the stone out of the brook which crashes into the forehead of Goliath, and stretches him on the plain; it is the lever which upheaves from its foundation the stronghold of sin in men's souls; it is the wedge which rives asunder the heart of rock; it is the rope by which the soul is drawn up out of the "horrible pit and miry clay;" it is the beneficent force which falls down from God upon the great wheel of self-sacrificing love and duty, urging and perpetuating its beneficent revolutions; it is the gravitation of love and mercy, through righteousness and truth, by which the world is rounded into order and beauty; in a word, it is the system of divine dynamics by which evil is dethroned, and good crowned upon the earth. Go forth, O sweet and holy power, armed with love, "conquering and to conquer," till the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for thee, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose!

BUSINESS MORALITY.

HAS not our standard of business morality perceptibly fallen within a few years? Have not the pernicious influences of the war period visibly affected our regard for strict business integrity? Is there not danger of our hitherto nice national sense of discrimination between right and wrong, between honesty and dishonesty, becoming still further blunted? These are questions which are deserving of reflection and consideration, in view of the revelations which are from time to time being made in commercial circles. Prior to the rebellion we were comparatively an economical people, living within our means, and husbanding our individual resources. The war suddenly broke in upon these habits of frugality. The flood-gates of corruption, chicanery, and fraud, were opened wide upon us. We became familiarized to enormous expenditures by the government, and began to increase our cost of maintenance, to indulge in luxuries unthought of before, and, in fact, to live as if we had discovered the philosopher's stone, capable of turning every thing into greenbacks. A wild spirit of speculation followed. Men grew weary of following the long and tedious road to wealth, and resorted to the wheel of fortune. All of these influences were revolutionized; our business habits at the same time affected our business morals. Neither were they dispelled by the return of peace. We had overcome the insurgents, but we had not overcome ourselves.

The body-politic still remained diseased; the virus still remained in our moral system, and, as a result, we find that transactions which, prior to the war, would have been regarded as heinous and culpable in the highest degree, are now classed under the head of sharp practice, or business tact.

Are not proofs of this to be witnessed on every side? Recently a Chicago journal described at length what are looked upon as legitimate "tricks of the trade," by the great wheat and hog dealers of the West; tricks, however, which a few years ago would have consigned all resorting to them to the pillory of public condemnation. Men of acknowledged standing now think it not unbecoming in them to resort to any ruse for "cornering" stocks, or producing a panic in Wall-street. "Locking-up" greenbacks, circulating unfounded rumors, or hammering the market, are regarded as legitimate means for achieving their ends, while many do not hesitate to overdraw their bank accounts to any extent; to operate with other people's money deposited in their exchequers; to make purchases, trusting to chance for the wherewith to meet their obligations, or to fabricate and circulate such canards as the one which recently appeared in a Philadelphia journal.

They are willing to take the risks, confident that success will insure them from public odium and censure. Once in a brown stone-front, with dashing equipage and costly retinue, they are confident that their neighbors will remove the hat and bow the knee, without stopping to inquire when or how they filled their coffers. It matters not that a speculator has swallowed up the hard earnings of the poor; a plethoric pocket enables him to maintain his position on the street and in society. Men meet every day as friends upon 'Change, and separate to work each other's financial ruin. The guilt of swindling is lost sight of, if the transactions are on a large scale, and prove successful. Faro-bankers are recognized in common with others, and elected to Congress. Young men sent to prison for financial frauds are looked upon as simply unfortunate or indiscreet, and long petitions are forwarded praying their release.

Merchants in former years exercised a parental watchfulness over the habits of their clerks, inviting them into their church pews, and encouraging them to cultivate moral and religious associations. Now, however, they are too often indifferent as to their mode of life, and not only encourage, but in many cases instruct them to "cultivate" out-of-town customers, by piloting them through our haunts of sin, and reveling in midnight orgies.

The demoralizing tendencies of the day are further illustrated in the lottery mania, which has just now taken possession of the people. Though expressly forbidden and punished by legal statutes, this species of swindling is rendered respectable by an approving public sentiment, and pious gambling rules the hour. Institutions purporting to be for charitable purposes avail themselves of gift enterprises to increase their funds; and persons who would frown upon a game of whist or checkers, have no compunctions of conscience about investing in these schemes. Several new enterprises of this character have been spread before the public recently, and we are now threatened with a perfect deluge of lotteries and gift projects, unless the laws are appealed to, to head them off.

A still further illustration of the decline in the standard of business morality is afforded in the methods resorted to for the recovering of stolen property. A portion of the large amount of bonds which were abstracted from a Wall-street safe, some time ago, have been secured by opening negotiations with robbers. An insurance company has recovered the government securities stolen from the concern, by dispatching an agent to the thieves of Montreal, with a heavy bonus for them. Such transactions as these constantly occurring, fairly represent the manner in which the public hush up crime, and place a premium upon theft. One has only to betake himself to the highway and the "Personal" column, and he is sure of financial success until brought up with a round turn. Having robbed an individual of papers and other effects, which may be of no value to any one but the owner, he has simply to advertise in the papers, and negotiations will be opened with him forthwith. If the terms for the return of the property are not satisfactory to him, the cut-purse calmly waits until they become so, confident, as Theodore Hook has expressed it, "that if to-day he fetch a shy price, to-morrow will turn the lot about and show him worth a round price."

And so we might continue to cite proofs of a disappearance of the elevated sentiment and strict integrity which formerly prevailed among us. We have already said enough, however, to show the importance of our arousing and vigorously combating the growing tendencies of the day, if we would not in time approximate to the African tribe, whose members not only recognize the right to rob and defraud one another, but hold him in highest estimation who exhibits the most shrewdness and adroitness in making off with his neighbor's effects. If the evil were confined to a few, we might speedily cure it; but how when so many are at fault?

A MEMORY.

OVER the hill-sides far away
Glimmer the silent snows to-day;
Deep in the untrod valleys piled,
Smooth o'er the rocky pathway wild;
Over the brook, with its sheath of ice,
Its crystal arches of rare device,
Its murmuring tinkle, faint and low,
Hushed 'neath the silence of the snow.

Distant the white-robed landscape lies,
Under the sunshine of other skies;
Footstep of mine, as in days of yore,
Never shall tread those pathways more.
Yet, 'mid the city's ceaseless hum,
Still doth its blessed memory come,
Bringing a joy that shall ne'er depart—
Childhood's gladness to woman's heart.

There the seasons, with flying feet,
Worked their miracles, strange and sweet;
Wove for the barren earth below
The wonderful mantle of the snow;
Covered the leafless boughs with gems,
Crested the rocks with diadems;
Made for each morn a new surprise
For the eager wonder of childhood's eyes.

And O! the glory that filled the earth
When the unlocked waters sang songs of mirth!
When sweet May sunshine, and vernal showers,
Wooed from the dark moist mold the flowers.
'T was bliss enough in those moments rare
To see the sunlight and breathe the air;
The air that told with odorous breath
Of the resurrection of life from death.

O, deep delight, in the days of June,
In the glow of the golden afternoon,
To lie 'neath the broad-armed trees, that spread
In dark cool shadow above my head!
To see from the cottage porch their leaves,
Silvered by moonlight on Summer eves;
And wood-crowned hills, and the vales between,
Lying in peace, in its smile serene.

Far doth my wandering fancy stray,
Over mountain and streams away;
Far from the din of the smoky town,
Where I watch the beautiful snow come down.
Childhood's story hath long been told,
Yet dear to my heart the days of old;
And now, with the tinkle against the pane,
The old enchantment returns again.

Thoughts of a dear and vanished day,
When chill December was fair as May;
When every season that came and went
Brought purest pleasure and sweet content.
The beautiful past, in a brief exchange,
For the wearisome present, sad and strange,
Visions and fancies of long ago,
Memory brings with the falling snow.

THE CHILDREN'S REPOSITORY.

THE LITTLE ASTRONOMER.

ON one of those beautiful Summer nights, which are so brilliant in Provence, when the blue of the sky triumphs over the night, and burns with the light of great stars and a transparent full moon, a child eight years old stole out of a humble dwelling in the village of Chantersier. He crossed an olive orchard which lay on the side of the hill, and on reaching the top of this hill he sat down upon a rock which overlooked the valley. What is this little boy, in the dress of an artisan, doing there at that time of night? Is he urged on by some bad motive? Does he wish to steal fruit, or set traps for forbidden game? No; the child's face is too smiling, his forehead too thoughtful and radiant, for him to meditate any evil. See him seated motionless, his arms folded over a point of rock. He is not looking at the silent earth, from which the only sound is the distant song of the shepherds. His eyes are fixed upon the sky; they gaze upon it, plunge themselves into it, as if petrified, in an attitude of delight. Is he praying? No, he is thinking. He vaguely feels what is still unknown to him, and to so many others—the course of the stars, their place, and their motions in the heavens—and he wonders whether it is impossible to classify and describe them. After his eyes have been fixed for a long time upon the sky, he suddenly lowers them to a little copy-book which is placed upon his knees, when he slowly traces signs and figures of constellations; but he is disturbed in his work by the sound of voices, among which he thinks he recognizes that of his father.

Let us see what happened at home after he made his escape. His father and mother thought him asleep, and were going to sleep themselves, when they heard a furious knocking at their door, and the sound of harsh, unkind voices calling them.

"Eh! eh! you old people," cried these voices, "how can you sleep while your little vagabond of a Pierre jumps out of the window, and is running about the fields stealing olives and figs?"

They who spoke thus were a band of five or six rascals, the black sheep of the village, who were the dread of farmers and husbandmen. They spent their time in stealing fruit, cutting off branches of trees, and carrying away all that

fell into their hands. They knew that they were suspected and threatened with imprisonment; and having discovered that the little Pierre, a quiet, studious child, so honest that he would not have taken a flower from the field, often went out in the middle of the night, though they had followed him, and knew perfectly well that the child was sitting quietly on the hill, they wickedly determined to accuse him of their own misdeeds.

"What is the matter?" cried the voice of Pierre's father through the door. He had started up in amazement, while the mother rushed into her son's room, which was beside their own, and uttered loud cries on finding the bed empty.

"Open the door and we will show you the way," replied the voices. "You shall see that it is he who robs the country, and not us."

Full of terror at what they heard, and above all at the disappearance of their dear child, the father and mother opened it at once.

"Well, where did you see him? where is he? I am sure that you have lied," said the father, with a threatening gesture to the noisy troop.

"Come! come!" repeated the leader of the band. "Follow us and you will find him asleep, after having stuffed himself with Marseilles figs. As to the olives, he has filled his hat with them twenty times, and he has hidden them away safely in some dry ditch, and no doubt he will bring them to you when the night is more advanced."

At these words, which accused the honest villager of a sort of complicity with the thefts with which his son was charged, Pierre's father raised his strong arm against the little rascal who spoke thus. Lithe as a snake, however, the latter glided between his knees and escaped.

When he was at a safe distance he cried,

"Come on, old man; don't vex yourself, and follow us."

Anxious to find his son, the father started. His wife followed, although he ordered her not to leave the house. When a mother believes her children in danger, or in fault, she always flees to them like a guardian angel.

The night was cold, but clear. As we have already said, the sky was lighted up by the moon and stars. The father and mother, supporting each other, could then follow the steps of the little malefactors who ran before them. They having reached the top of the hill, where Pierre

was seated, began to shout, waving their arms in the air,

"Here he is! here he is! He is resting after having ravaged the country."

"Pierre! Pierre!" called his mother, "come down; come to us, my child."

"Come, you scamp!" cried the father, in his turn.

The child, recognizing the voice of his parents, hastened toward them.

"What are you doing out of the house at this hour?" said the father, shaking his son roughly.

"What, you little wretch! you get out of the window and go out thieving and stealing fruit?"

"What do you say, father?" replied the child, bursting into tears. "I did wrong to go out at night without leave; but of what do you accuse me? I to steal? O, no! never! never! Look into my pockets; examine me; you will only find the penciled pages that I wrote while I was looking at the stars."

"O, I knew it!" said the mother. "I knew he was not capable of the wickedness of which they accused him."

"Woman, be quiet! Children always begin to lie when they are caught in a fault. Let him repent and acknowledge himself guilty, or I will punish him severely."

The child fell on his knees before his father. "Forgive me," he cried, kissing his hands; "forgive me for having disobeyed you by going out without permission, but I have done nothing wrong. Ask the curé what he thinks of me. I am always the first at school. I pray to the good God, and read during the hours of recreation."

"But," said the father, "why do you go out in the middle of the night, instead of sleeping quietly?"

"Look up," said the child, "and tell me whether those beautiful stars, which seem to look down upon us, are not worth being studied and known?"

"Are you crazy? How can you reach so high and so far?"

"Father, there were shepherds once, a long time ago, who were called the Chaldean Shepherds. They studied the stars, like me, and at last they marked their place in the heavens. Who can tell whether I shall not, at last, as they did, make some discovery, and give names to the stars? When I speak of this to the curé he does not laugh at me, I assure you. He has even promised to lend me a book about it."

"Come, come, we must always give way to the children," said the father, half convinced. "To-morrow I will go to see M. Le Curé, and learn if you have told the truth. In the mean

time go to bed quickly.* You deserve to be punished for having disturbed the rest of your mother and me."

But the child embraced his parents so tenderly that they could not retain any anger against him. They all three returned home, arm in arm, in perfect harmony.

The next morning Pierre went to school, as usual; and his father, before going to work, went to see the curé. He found him reading his breviary in his little garden near the church. He told him what had taken place the night before.

The good curé was a learned man, like all the priests at that time.

"You are too fortunate," he said to the ignorant villager. "Your son is a wonderful child, who may well become a great man some day."

The father looked at the curé, open-mouthed and uncomprehending.

"But for him to become what you say, Monsieur Le Curé, must he go about the fields at night, and be taken for a vagabond?"

"That can all be arranged," replied the priest. "There are always in our mountains shepherds who take their flocks to pasture from midnight to dawn. Give your child in charge of the most honest, and leave him freely to his reveries and his studies. I will direct him myself, and lend him books, and I promise you that before long he will be spoken of."

The father kissed the hand of the good curé with tears of gratitude.

When the child learned what the curé had arranged with his father, he jumped for joy. A few days after, his delight was still greater when, on his return from a little expedition to Digne, the good priest sent him a work on Astronomy.

This science was still misty. Many errors which had been handed down from antiquity were accepted as truths. There was none of this precision and certainty which the discoveries of Copernicus, Galileo, and, later, Newton, were to give to the motions of the heavenly bodies.

Nevertheless, the erroneous experiences gathered up by the ages had their interest and their value; the names of the stars, their place in the heavens, the time of their appearance, of their increase and their decrease, the calculation of the return of comets, the lunar phases, etc.—all these have been adopted by modern astronomy.

When little Pierre had this precious book in his possession, filled as it was with attractions, in spite of its errors, it never left him. By means of a little telescope which the curate lent him, he found in the heavens the places of the stars, of which he read the descriptions, and from that

time he appeared to foresee and prepare the discoveries which were afterward to make him famous. He followed with amazement the passage of Mercury before the sun's disc, and the conjunctions of Venus and Mercury. He noted down his observations, which he dared not yet publish. He waited until age and authority should give weight to his discoveries.

If only the skies were bright, and the stars shone, the coldest wind which blew from the Alps could not hinder him. He went out every evening during the whole Winter, enveloped in a little cloak of thick woolen stuff which his mother had made for him. The child's eagerness was such that he never wearied of the sight of the heavens. He followed there the appearance and the course of the stars with ever-increasing interest. He gave names to the stars which had none in his book, and to the largest in the Milky Way. The innumerable myriads of Nebulæ captivated him; but how could they be classified and named? Sometimes he found himself in the company of shepherds, who had observed the constellations, and knew them well, although ignorant of the names given them by science. These shepherds knew how to find the points of the compass at night, by means of the stars, and foresaw with certainty what sort of weather they should have from the clouds which glided across the moon. But at other times the child was with coarse shepherds, with dull minds, who did not even look at the stars, but always kept their eyes upon the earth, where their flocks browsed. Then he pulled them by their cloaks, and made them turn their gaze toward some blazing constellation. He pointed out to them the Great Bear, composed of seven stars, and vulgarly known as "Charles's Wain." This constellation marks the north, and serves as a guide during the night. In heavy frosts he showed them the Belt of Orion, composed of three large stars of the most vivid brilliancy. Again it was the two twin stars, called Castor and Pollux. In Summer he pointed out to them the Lyre and the Swan, two very splendid constellations.

His book had taught him to distinguish planets from fixed stars. He knew the places of Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. These planets are as beautiful to the naked eye as stars of the first magnitude, but they have not the vividness and the vibration of light which is seen in the stars. Venus especially is of extraordinary brilliance when she appears in the evening after the setting of the sun. That only happens every nineteen months. Then she presents a striking spectacle. She might be taken for a new star or for a comet. Some-

times even she is seen in broad daylight, and then the passers-by cry out, "A miracle!"

Jupiter also is very brilliant, but his light is whiter than that of Venus. That of Mars is reddest. Saturn is of a lead-color. Of all the planets the last appears the least brilliant on account of its distance.

The little Pierre knew all this, and liked to teach it to the shepherds who, till then, had been indifferent to the splendor of the firmament.

Soon the fame of the child's learning spread throughout the country. His schoolmates, somewhat jealous of the good curé's fondness for him, tormented him continually, and tried to catch him in some fault in regard to his studies. Pierre was gentle and quiet like all who think much. In spite of the malice of his comrades, he remained their friend.

One day, on his father's birthday, he had invited all the school to a rustic collation. His mother, who idolized him, had spread a long table under the arbor in the garden of their little house. Each child brought a flower to Pierre's father. Then they took lunch, which consisted of the dainties which, in this fortunate country, were found on the table of the poor as well as of the rich.

Night had fallen, and the moon now shone in all her splendor, with a few beautiful white clouds in her train. Pierre suddenly escaped from his comrade's noise and began to study the heavens. One of them, the most jealous of all his schoolmates, seeing this abstraction pulled his sleeve.

"Ah, scholar," he said, "since you know so well what happens up there, tell me whether it is the moon or the clouds which flies over our heads?"

"What! you do not know that?" exclaimed Pierre with a sort of involuntary contempt.

"You yourself are not sure of it, my little man," replied the other, "or else you would have told us quick enough. See here," he added, turning to the rest who had joined them, "what do you think, does the moon move or the clouds?"

All judged from appearances, and answered that it was the moon which was gliding rapidly through the sky.

"You are wrong," replied Pierre quietly, "and I will prove it to you. Come under this great cherry-tree."

They all followed and stood beside him under the branches.

"Now look up," he said; "see, we always see the moon between the same leaves, while the clouds fly far away."

This proof struck all these giddy children, who could not understand so much thought and reflection, and from that day they showed a sort of respect for Pierre.

Some time after that there was a great fête in the village of Chantersier. The Archbishop of Digne, who was on his episcopal journey, stopped there for the confirmation. The church was decorated with hangings and flowers, and in the great doorway a rustic triumphal arch was erected, covered with branches of box and ornamented with bouquets of lavender and rocket. At the windows of the houses which overlooked the square, festoons made of cloth, coverlets, and curtains had been hung. The curé and his priest had put on their finest official robes. All the children of the school had been transformed into choristers, and among them little Pierre was noticeable, his beauty and bright eyes charming every one. He was standing on the sill of the door over which was the triumphal arch opposite to that by which the Archbishop was to enter. In his hand was a paper at which he often looked.

Suddenly there was a great commotion in the village, a sound of wheels was heard. It was the carriage of the Archbishop. Instantly joyous cries arose, but they were drowned by a chant from the church, intoned by the curé, the singers, and the little choristers.

The Archbishop descended from his carriage and, followed by his grand vicars, entered beneath the triumphal arch. The chant ended and the little Pierre, standing before the Archbishop, began his speech in a clear, ringing voice. He commenced by saying what a festival for the country was the coming of Monseigneur, what a blessing for the children upon whom he was to call down the Holy Spirit, what happiness for all hearts! For, not only was Monseigneur the representative of charity and religion, but he represented also science and the fine arts. Monseigneur knew that the worlds which shine over our heads on a fine night testify to the glory of God, that each star like each insect reveals his infinity, that the great Greek philosophers were an emanation of his Spirit, that poets, wise men, and artists attest his grandeur by their works. And, while speaking thus, the child ran over rapidly ancient and modern history, and named the great men who seem to have been marked by the finger of God.

The prelate listened attentively, and seemed deeply moved. He thought at first that the curé, whose intelligence he knew, had composed this speech. When, however, he learned from him that it was the work of little Pierre alone,

he cried: "This child will one day be the wonder of the age!"

He embraced the little orator and entered the church, accompanied by all his train.

When the ceremony was over and the Archbishop was about to depart, the whole population surrounded the carriage, uttering loud cheers. They supposed that the carriage would return to the highway across the fields, and all the bystanders were surprised to see it follow a little winding lane which did not lead to the road which the Archbishop ought to take. Several followed him from curiosity, and this curiosity increased when the carriage stopped before the modest house of Pierre's father.

Monseigneur himself got out of the carriage. He crossed the little garden and sent word to the parents of the wonderful child. They hastened to the door uttering exclamations of gratitude and delight.

"Will you trust your son to me?" asked the Archbishop kindly.

"What, Monseigneur, is it possible?" replied the father, trembling with joy. "You wish to charge yourself with the education of our child?"

"Yes, I wish to do so," replied the Archbishop; "for this child seems to me to be gifted with the Spirit of God, and will, I am sure, be one of the glories of our country."

The mother wept at the idea of a separation. Pierre, who had hastened to them, whispered consoling words.

"If you consent," said the Archbishop, "I will take him away in my carriage. I am in haste to develop so rare a mind."

Little Pierre was beaming. His father drew himself up proudly and thanked the Archbishop, repeating:

"Yes, Monseigneur."

The mother alone felt her heart wrung. She longed to delay the separation.

"But," she said timidly, "I need a few days to prepare his clothes, and all that he will want while away from us."

"I will provide that," said the Archbishop. "Come, good mother, take courage. It is for your son's good. In a few days you can come to see him in the city."

The child kissed his father and his mother more tenderly still. Then he climbed lightly into the carriage and sat down in the place to which the Archbishop pointed, opposite himself.

A week later Pierre Gassendi entered the college at Digne, where he studied the classics deeply, thus preparing himself to become one of the most celebrated among the scholars and philosophers of his age.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

CORSET STRINGS.—Do n't draw your corset strings quite so tightly about your eighteen-inch waist, young lady, although eighteen inches is a monstrous waist—it is a greater waste to throw away your health to secure a smaller one.

Perhaps you think the men admire a tiny waist that can be clasped with two hands. Not a bit of it! Men are sensible enough to know that God never made one woman without lungs and heart inside of her ribs; and if the place where those organs should be is reduced to a quarter part the natural size, they are also sensible enough to know that the lungs and the heart must be somewhere, and if they are squeezed from their natural position, the next question is, where are they?

It is just like this, girls: Thousands of you are every day lacing up a nice little bundle for the angel of death to take away. It is your life that you are drawing the fatal cords about! With your own white hands you are straining at the bands that must hurry you from earth. Every time you tighten your corset-strings beyond the drawing of a free, natural breath that will expand your lungs to the utmost, you are drawing your own life within the natural limits. You are killing yourself to follow a senseless fashion. You laugh at the foolish negro woman who must measure six feet about the waist to be considered fit for matrimony, but I tell you every black negro woman of them is more sensible than yourself, who tighten the fatal strings until there is nothing left of a natural waist but a back-bone, the tip ends of two ribs, a scrap of cuticle, and eight strips of whale-bone. Just as though God did n't know what he was about when he cut out the pattern for his Eve! Just as if you knew better than your Maker how many inches your waist ought to measure. When you can manufacture the lungs, heart, and other organs about which you draw the corset-strings, it will be time enough to make a whale-bone basket to hold them, but while God makes the body, do give him a chance to suit himself about the size of the waist. It is of little consequence that your father or husband has a thousand dollars to pay the doctor every little while.

No matter if your mother mourns over your failing health, and anxious friends sigh and whisper that you are falling into a decline. No matter if your life is cut short by the habit of tight lacing, if you can only show to your fashionable friends a waist six inches smaller than the average. Only think of it! a waist

so small that it can be clasped with two hands! That is even better than wearing the amplest bonnet, and having four new ones a year, is n't it?—*Literary Companion.*

SCOLDING.—A scold is one who reproves tauntingly, no matter how much right he or she may have to give the reproof. Such reproof may check the immediate fault against which it is directed; but it does little if any good. The difficulty is that it betrays a worse weakness on the part of the scolds themselves. It shows that they are controlled by anger or irritation—ungoverned vexation; it reveals a bad temper, an undisciplined mind, and a vengeful heart, that in rebuking one fault intensifies the shame it would awaken by casting up others, old scores, that should have been forgiven and forgotten. The scold vents his anger by saying, not "You are doing so and so!" but, "You are doing so again!" or, "You are always doing it!" The fault for which the unhappy erring one was punished the day before, and the day before that, is brought up again, and he is made to suffer a fresh torture for it. His shame is intensified beyond all bounds of endurance without angry resentment, by feeling that he is enduring the penalty, not only of the present fault, but the fault for which he has already been made to suffer, and that at the hands of one who is indulging a propensity more wicked than his own. He feels this is unjust, his spirit rebels, and in the end he will be sure to avenge himself by some sort of retaliation. Often this retaliation is simply a sullen determination not to improve, but to take his scoldings with stolid indifference, and find a grim satisfaction in the annoyance he is capable of creating.

Censure should always come from proper authority, and it should be grave, calm, and free from the betrayal of passion. Better wait till you are cool, or never reprove at all, than to do it in the heat and excitement of anger. Given thus justly, moderately, and fairly, without reference to previous offenses, it never fails to awaken respect and excite to better endeavors, and it ends in making the censured a better man and a firm admirer of his reprover.

MEN WANTED.—The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from center to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose

consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run. Men that neither flag nor flinch. Men who can have courage without shouting to it. Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep, and strong. Men too large for sectarian bonds. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets, but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set in the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their places and fill them. Men who mind their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work, nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned, and wear what they have paid for.—*Southern Home Journal.*

HAPPINESS IN THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—If a man is so situated that he can not be happy in his family relations, he will not enjoy happiness at all. Man must cultivate, therefore, and look for this great end of his labors at home in the bosom of his wife, and in the affection of his children. Around his own hearth, in the presence of a loving family, the husband and father, himself the affectionate head of the household, can not be otherwise than happy. He has no competition in business there, no opposing candidates for honors, no grasping, unscrupulous enemy, who may seek to take advantage of every weak point to injure him and tear from him his earnings and possessions; but every one near him gives him preference, is awake to his interest in every thing; they emulate each other in doing him heart-felt honor, and without dissimulation or affectation, sympathize with him in all his sorrows, hopes, joys, and triumphs. His loving intercourse at home is followed by no remorse, is attended by no disquieting reflection or regret. He is there perfectly at ease, may be himself without reserve, and be sure that no unpleasant occurrence or consequence can result therefrom. It is his kingdom, and he is beloved by every subject. His wife is the honored queen of home; none dispute her benign sway; she rules by smiles, and the whole family lives in her love, and can be happy only where they possess it.—*Dr. Byford.*

RECIPE FOR CHEERFULNESS.—If I were asked a recipe for cheerfulness, I would say, humbly enjoy the good gifts of God, love those around you tenderly, realize that amiability is a binding virtue, and that we are bound to diffuse joy around us in our homes. But there is just one more item in my prescription; we must be willing to unbend, even to stoop to a little harmless folly. A love for animals will encourage this; the very presence of these true but unassuming friends will do our hearts good. We may talk nonsense to them; they introduce an element of intellectual repose. Dogs, cats, horses, poultry, are so many contributors to the gayety and simplicity of our daily life. We can not enjoy them without loving them. I am not going to enter into

the ranks of those who contend that they have souls; still I hope my reader holds in equal abhorrence with myself the system of Descartes and Malebranche, which would make them out to be mere machines. We have but to contemplate the dog that follows us, watches our movements, shares our fatigues and perils voluntarily, either to sink at our side, or perhaps follow us to the grave and die there—to reply to the theory of mere mechanism. Animals are, in some sort, members of the family. They are the friends of young and old, and old and young alike enjoy and benefit by their gleeful irrational society.—*Count de Gasparin.*

HOLINESS.—Lamartine, in his "travels in the Holy Land," when speaking of the great mountain blocks of white marble says: "In looking back upon them from a distant stand-point they appeared like great masses of gold as the sun shone upon them—bright and dazzling." The children of God are blocks of spiritual marble, and have a brightness superior to that of gold when the polish of sanctification is put upon them. When Jesus Christ, the great Sun of Righteousness, shines upon them, they are bright in the reflection of his image. O, what a sight for delighted angels and glorified souls to look upon from the distant stand-point of everlasting glory! Depend upon it, those bright spirits who unite in rejoicing over repentant wanderers, will neither keep their melodious voices nor their musical harps still, when they see believers made perfect in that love which restores them to the image of their Redeemer.

These are the Lord's white marble blocks, which his all-sufficient grace makes to shine in the beauty of holiness.

"His saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hopes, he knows each fear,
He looks and loves his image there."

There is nothing on earth more like heaven than a number of those white, bright, living stones, joined together in fellowship, and thoroughly polished. We have read of the seven wonders of the ancients, and some of us have seen the Crystal Palace, but that greater wonder which John saw, when rightly viewed, cast in the shade all the palaces of earth.

"That temple divine of living stones,
Inscribed to Jesus' name."

Pure love to God and each other is the cement that holds them together. Christ's Church is a glorious Church; it is called the "Glory of Christ," and the "Fullness of Christ." It is his glory to see his followers perfect in love; his satisfaction is full when believers are emptied of sin and the world, and love God supremely. May we not only be stones in Christ's temple, but strive to get all the polish grace can bestow upon us!

ARE YOU HAPPY?—A correspondent of the *British Workman* says: Rothschild, who was supposed to be the richest man in the world, was once asked this simple question, "*Are you happy?*" "Happy!" he answered, "when, just as you are going to dinner, you have a letter placed in your hand, saying, 'If you

do n't lend me five hundred pounds I will blow your brains out.' Happy when you have to sleep with pistols under your pillow? No, indeed, I am not happy."

Astor, another very rich man, was once asked the same question. "Ah!" he answered, "I must leave it all when I die. It won't put off sickness; it won't buy off sorrow; it won't buy off death." And so it was plain to see he was not happy.

But I went once to see a poor, lame, and aged woman who lived in one small room, and earned a part of her scanty living by knitting; for the rest she had to depend on the kindness of others. I asked her this same question, "Lydia, are you happy?" "Happy!" she answered, with a beaming face, "I am just as full as I can be. I do not believe I could hold another drop of joy." "But why?" I asked; "you are sick and alone, and have almost nothing to live upon." "But have you never read," said she, pointing to the Bible, "all things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's?" And again, "Ask, and receive, that your joy may be full."

RELIGION MEDICALLY CONSIDERED.—A recent number of the Catholic World contains an article entitled, "Religion Medically Considered." The writer points out the physical advantages enjoyed by the Israelites as contrasted with their heathen neighbors, in consequence of the practical rules for living enforced among the former: "On the one hand, love to the supreme God and to one's neighbor as one's self, joined with forbearance, justice, truthfulness, honesty, chastity, temperance, cleanliness even, and rigid adherence to what would now be termed sound sanitary principles; while on the heathen side what may be comprised in three words—selfishness, sensuality, and force. The fruits of obedience to the former were, even here, comparative immunity from disease and its sufferings, with enhanced material prosperity and happiness, and with increased longevity; while to the other there came the legitimate penalties of inordinate self-indulgence, of selfishness and evil living; the fruits of the laws of life which heathenism gave to them."

The writer illustrates not only the damaging effects of the moral social codes of the pagans on the health of their believers, but depicts in strong terms the baneful tendency of the sensual enjoyments of the present age, especially those which are connected with the use of intoxicating drinks.

LARGE LITTLES.—Did a holy life consist of one or two noble deeds—some signal specimens of doing, or enduring, or suffering—we might account for the failure, or reckon it small dishonor to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of small things of the hour, and not the great things of the age, that fill up a life like that of Paul or John, like that of Brainerd or Martyn.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence or indecision, or slovenliness or cowardice, little equivocations or

aberrations from high integrity, little touches of shabbiness and meanness, little bits of covetousness and penuriousness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gayety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, outbreaks of temper, or crossness, or selfishness, or vanity, the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of holy life. And then the attention to little duties of the day, and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to little words, and looks, and tones, little self-denials, and self-restraints, and self-forgetfulness, little plans of kindness and thoughtful consideration for others, to punctuality, and method, and true aim, in the ordering of each day—these are the active developments of holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed.

What makes yon green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of slender grass; it is of small things a great life is made up, and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built of great things, will find little in Bible character to admire or copy.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.—He that stands beneath the cross, and understands the scene, dares not sin; not because there is a hell beneath him, or an angry God above him, but because holiness is felt to reign there. The ground on which he treads is sacred; the glory of the Lord encircles him; and, like Moses, he must remove the shoes from his feet. The cross is a venerable spot. I love to linger about it—not merely that I may read my title to everlasting life, but that I may study the greatness of God, I use the term advisedly. God never appears so truly great, so intensely holy, as when, from the pure energy of principle, he gives himself in the person of his Son to die rather than his character should be impugned. Who dares prevaricate with moral distinctions, and talk of death as a greater evil than dishonor, when God, the mighty Maker, died rather than that truth or justice should be compromised? Who, at the foot of Calvary, can pronounce sin to be a slight evil? Here, then, lies the most impressive sanction of revelation.—*Thornwell.*

HOW TO BE MISERABLE.—Think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, what people think of you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil every thing you touch; you will make misery for yourself out of every thing; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either. For that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory, that he fell from heaven to hell. He was not content to give up his own will, and to do God's will like the other angels. He would be a master himself, and set up for himself, and rejoice in his own glory, and so when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own, he found he had made a hell.—*Kingsley.*

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

ISAIAH; with Notes, Critical, Explanatory, and Practical, designed for both Pastors and People. By Rev. Henry Cowles, D. D. Large 12mo. Pp. 552. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

The ancient Jews arranged their prophetic books into two classes; the major and the minor, having reference rather to their length, than to an estimate of their value. Those of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, constituted the former class; the remaining twelve, the latter. Among the major prophets Isaiah was placed first in order, probably because the earliest in time. It does not appear that these early compilers meant to express any preference for one over another of these ancient prophets, yet, for many reasons, Isaiah has been a preëminently honored name among Christians, chiefly from the forcefulness, lucidity, and evangelical character of his writings. Simply as a writer, he was gifted with transcendent genius, and his merits strike every eye and touch every heart. But evidently he was more than an elegant and eloquent writer. His pages glow with a spirit that we feel is superhuman, and his clear apprehension and vivid imagination see things not only present and past, but grasp eternal and changeless principles of truth and righteousness, and depict coming events with a vividness that has even been mistaken for actual history. Dr. Cowles is in hearty sympathy and scholarly rapport with this ancient and eloquent prophet, and has already made his hand skillful in unfolding the symbols, and analyzing the style and language of prophetic teaching. This is his third volume of Notes on the Prophets; the first on the Minor Prophets, and the second on Ezekiel and Daniel. His same general method is continued through the present volume, the aim being to bring out clearly, yet briefly, the sense of the original. The plan shows the learning of the author without the pedantic appearance of a heavy critical apparatus. Another volume on Jeremiah will appear soon, completing the series on the Old Testament Prophets.

JESUS OF NAZARETH: *His Life and Teachings; Founded on the Four Gospels, and Illustrated by Reference to the Manners, Customs, Religious Beliefs, and Political Institutions of His Times.* By Lyman Abbott. Large 12mo. Pp. 522. \$3.50. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

It is a significant fact that the minds of thinkers, and even of doubters, are directed so earnestly and extensively to the study of the life of that wonderful person Jesus Christ. Nor is it a fact indicative of danger to Christianity, that the eyes of the world are so scrutinizingly turned upon its extraordinary founder, even to the skepticism which still inquires

incredulously, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" there is no better answer than that of Philip, "Come and see." Within the past fifty years, more than ever before, the inquiries of earnest minds in the Church, and the questionings of skepticism have centered about Christ himself, and certainly he has lost nothing in the grandeur and perfectness of his human character, and in spite of all theories and schemes of explanation, more than ever stands revealed in our day as God's Incarnate Son, whose life and works are utterly inexplicable on any other theory than that of his own proper divinity. The volume before us is an acceptable and useful contribution to this order of literature. It is evangelical in its faith, shows a large amount of research in gathering its matter, which is arranged in excellent order, and written in an easy and popular style. It gathers the fragments of Christ's life, as given by the evangelists, into chronological and harmonious order, and very happily connects them with the manners, customs, beliefs, and institutions of his times. Whoever reads the book will understand the wonderful life better, and will appreciate it more. The volume is largely illustrated by designs from Doré, De La Roche, Fenn and others, and is printed in a clear, readable type.

THE ROMANCE OF M. RENAN, AND THE CHRIST OF THE GOSPELS. *Three Essays by Rev. Dr. Schaff, and M. Napoleon Roussel.* 16mo. Pp. 239. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

We properly notice this neat little volume from our own press in connection with the one just named. A very excellent work for preacher or layman would be, carefully to read the detailed life of Christ as given in Mr. Abbott's volume, and then to read the scholarly essays of Dr. Schaff and M. Roussel in the book under notice. Professor Schaff's essay brings out the true character of the Christ of the Gospels in such bold relief, and with such convincing evidence, as to arm its reader's mind against the insidious weapons of Strauss and Renan. M. Roussel's two essays grapple boldly and strongly with the false principles on which the work of Renan is constructed. This book should not be confounded with "The Christ of the Gospels," by Tulloch, published by the Western Book Concern two years ago. They are excellent companions for each other, and both should be read.

RESOURCES OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE. By J. Ross Browne. 8vo. Pp. 878. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

This is a copious record of the vast resources of the American empire lying along the slope of the Pacific. We could hardly ask any one to sit down

and read it all through, but we do earnestly recommend it to every intelligent American, as a most valuable volume to be placed in the library for reference and for study, when special occasions and questions arise. It is an official and authoritative report from Mr. Browne and his corps of assistants, and is a statistical and descriptive summary of the mines and minerals, climate, topography, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and miscellaneous productions of the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains, an area of country stretching from the mountains to the Pacific, and from Mexico to British Columbia. Alexander S. Taylor adds two hundred pages of a very interesting and valuable sketch of the settlement and exploration of Lower California.

ADVENTURES IN THE APACHE COUNTRY. By J. Ross Browne. Illustrated by the Author. 12mo. Pp. 535. \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

It is proper to notice this more readable book in connection with the weighty and valuable one just named. It is from the same indefatigable traveler and observer, and is the spice of the same journeys that are reported in the official work. Of course it is written in a more lively and racy style, but will give the reader a good idea of "the rough and tumble" life of Arizona, Sonora, and Nevada, and of the resources of these territories.

CYCLOPEDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE. By Rev. John M. Clintock, D. D., and James Strong, S. T. D. Vol. II.—C, D. 8vo. Double columns. Pp. 933. \$5. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

We gave the prospectus of this magnificent work, and ample notice of it on the appearance of the first volume. We have only to say that it moves forward in the same comprehensive and able manner through the letters of the alphabet, the present volume embracing C and D. It is impossible to speak of the vast variety of subjects of Biblical, theological, and ecclesiastical interest, that is embraced in the plans of the editors. And multitudinous as are the subjects, they are treated with remarkable fullness and clearness of detail. We are glad to learn that the greater part of the articles for the complete work are already prepared, and the succeeding volumes may therefore be expected as rapidly as they can be carried through the press. When completed, the work will stand at the head of Biblical Cyclopedias, and will be a monument of American industry, scholarship, and mechanical skill in book-making.

THE OLD WORLD IN ITS NEW FACE. Impressions of Europe in 1867-68. By Henry W. Bellows. Vol. II. 12mo. Pp. 528. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

Our readers have seen our notice of the first volume of these sketches of a tour through the Old World. Dr. Bellows is a capital traveler and a charming writer. We are not yet able to settle the question entirely, whether we would rather take the

Doctor's journeys or stay at home, and in our easy chair gather all the facts from his fluent and graceful descriptions of them. One thing is certain, we get all the scenes and incidents in these entertaining volumes, without the labor and exposure of the travel. With the exception of here and there some objectionable matters, they are the most readable and instructive books of European and Oriental travel we have read for a long time. The former volume "did" Europe; the greater part of this one is devoted to Egypt and the dominions of the Turk.

GREATER BRITAIN: A Record of Travel in English-Speaking Countries During 1866-67. By Charles Wentworth Dilke. With Maps and Illustrations. 12mo. Pp. 561. \$1. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

This is a republication of an English book that has been quite popular at home. The significance of the author's title may be found in the following sentence: "The development of the England of Elizabeth is to be found, not in the Britain of Victoria, but in half the habitable globe. If two small islands are by courtesy styled 'Great,' America, Australia, India, must form a Greater Britain." This indicates the author's line of travel. It lies across our own country, through Mormondon, to California and Mexico, across the Pacific, touching at the Polynesian Islands, thence to Australia and the British East Indian colonies. It is a very readable book, and the author writes in a more genial and cosmopolitan spirit than most English travelers.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD EXPLAINED AND APPLIED. By Rev. Francis Bourdillon, M. A. 12mo. Pp. 327. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

We can not better speak of this contribution to our "Book Room" list than in the words of the brief note of Dr. Wise, the American editor. "This volume is intended, not for learned men, but for the intelligent people. It does not give the scholarly processes by which the meaning of those beautiful compositions, the parables, is elucidated, but, what is far better for the spiritual profit of the many, it gives the results of solid learning and much study. It is very simple and vigorous in style, very clear in statement, generally correct in its interpretations, eminently readable, not a little instructive, and full of deep, though quiet spiritual life. It ought to be both popular and useful." The book is very neatly printed and bound.

RECONCILIATION; or, How to be Saved. By Rev. Wm. Taylor, of the California Conference. 12mo. Pp. 208.

INFANCY AND MANHOOD OF CHRISTIAN LIFE. By the same author. 12mo. Pp. 160. London: S. W. Partridge. New York: Carlton & Lanahan. Cincinnati: Hitchcock & Walden.

These are two excellent little books, glowing with the spirit of the Gospel, and radiant with the light of salvation; the one addressed to the sinner, pointing him to the Lamb of God; the other to the babe in

Christ, pointing out the way to a vigorous Christian manhood.

SONGS OF THE TEMPLE. *By B. F. Baker & J. F. Fargo. Music-Book Form. Pp. 360. \$1. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.*

This is a "new collection of hymn tunes, chants, sentences, motets, and anthems, original and selected, with a complete theoretical and practical system of elementary instruction."

THE AINSLEE STORIES. *By Helen C. Weeks, Author of "Grandfather's House," With Eight Illustrations by W. L. Champney and S. L. Smith. 16mo. Pp. 411. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

Mrs. Weeks is a popular writer for the "Riverside Magazine," and writes well for children. This volume is made up largely of stories from the Magazine, which will be welcomed by those who have not read them, and doubtless will be acceptable, in the form of a nice book, to those who have read them. The stories are twenty-one in number and are very readable for the young folks.

STORIES OF THE PRAIRIE, AND OTHER ADVENTURES OF THE BORDER, *Selected from the Works of James Fenimore Cooper. With Illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. 16mo. Pp. 339. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This is an attempt to extract from Mr. Cooper's large and long romances, some of the wild adventures and incidents of frontier life, and, clearing them of

the surroundings of an intricate plot, to make the stirring incidents themselves more suitable for the juvenile reader. The volume contains a vast amount of material for the lovers of adventure. In their present form the adventures are unexceptionably illustrative of border life.

LITTLE LOU'S SAYINGS AND DOINGS. *By the Author of "Little Susy's Six Birthdays," etc. With Eight Illustrations by M. L. Stone. Square 12mo. Pp. 287. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

This will prove a very interesting book to the youngest readers, being the history of a lively, earnest little fellow, who said and did a great many wise, foolish, strange, and amusing things, just as most little fellows do. It is in large type and written in a style easy to be read.

WILD LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR. *Narrated for Young People. By Paul Du Chaillu. Author of "Discoveries in Equatorial Africa," etc. With Numerous Engravings. 12mo. Pp. 231. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.*

All our young readers know the name of Paul Du Chaillu, and many of them have probably read his "Stories of the Gorilla Country," prepared for the juveniles. This is another very interesting book of the same kind, and is full of adventure among the singular people and still more wonderful animals of Central Africa.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LADIES' AND PASTORS' CHRISTIAN UNION.—As many of our readers desire to obtain information with regard to the organization and practical working of the "Ladies' and Pastors' Christian Union," now so efficiently doing its work in Philadelphia, we gladly give place to the following communication from a Committee of the Union appointed for the purpose of diffusing this information. It will readily be seen that it is an excellent method of organizing and employing the women of the Church in the Home Missionary field, under the regular pastorate:

Object.—The object of this association is to engage, as extensively as possible, the women of the Church in home missionary and benevolent work, in coöperation with the regular pastorate.

More than two-thirds of the members of our Church are women, and they are eminently fitted for the work proposed.

They can go among the masses unreached by the preached Word, and tell the story of the Cross to thousands who will never hear the Gospel, unless it is carried to their houses.

There are multitudes of women in the Church who are ready and willing to engage in work, if the way

is opened up before them, and but very few who could not give a little time to the Master's service.

If every woman in the Church would give two or three hours each week, to direct personal efforts, under a well-devised plan, every family in all this broad land would soon be reached by Gospel influences.

The Plan.—A society is formed in connection with each Church, of which the pastor is the president. The parish is subdivided into smaller districts, and two or more women appointed to each, whose duty it is to visit from house to house—ascertain, if possible, the spiritual condition of every family and individual in the district; urge the indifferent to seriousness; warn the careless of danger and ruin; point the penitent to Jesus; invite the stranger to the house of God; urge the backslider to return; console the sick and seek out the forsaken; offer up prayer where it will be useful and acceptable; gather the children of the irreligious into the Sabbath school, and make special efforts for their conversion; where it is possible clothe the naked and feed the hungry; distribute appropriate tracts with personal religious conversation; keep an account of their work and all

special cases of interest, and at the monthly meeting report the same to the society. Such statements of the work are not only interesting, but stimulating, and lead to increased efforts, while the pastor gains much valuable information, and is enabled to give such counsel as the exigencies of the work demand.

These visits and repeated appeals, made in love, rarely fail to work conviction of truth, and penitence toward God, and a desire for salvation, in honest minds.

In those districts where cases of this kind are found, prayer meetings are held, and special efforts made to lead inquiring souls to Jesus.

This association, therefore, presents a simple and practical plan of organization, which holds every woman in the Church to specific work, according to the time and ability she has, and presses it upon her conscience as a personal responsibility, while it brings all into a common compact and affords the stimulus of aggregated results.

Permit us to urge you to prompt and earnest action in this matter. If your Church is not awake to the importance of it, arouse them at once to a recognition of their responsibility. That women can do a great work for souls and the Master needs no proof in the Methodist Church.

Our clergymen are doing a great and glorious work, both directly and indirectly, but they can not, and it was never designed that they should do all. They must have the individual coöperation of the whole Church membership.

The entire system of religious activity in the Church is undergoing a change. Personal responsibility and active effort, under well-organized plans, are the demands of the Church and the times.

There are thousands who never visit the church—the Church must visit them.

In view of the magnitude of the undertaking, let every Christian woman go to work at once to rescue the imperiled, and all join hands in systematic endeavors to save them that are ready to perish.

A form of constitution and other papers will be sent to those requesting them, by addressing the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, Methodist Episcopal Book Rooms, No. 1018 Arch-street.

"THE VOICES OF THE SOUL"—Some of our readers will recall, or be able to refer to a poetic gem bearing the above caption, published in the Repository in February, 1863, from the pen of Mrs. Atalanta B. Cady, of Dayton, Ohio. It is a rare poem, a jewel from a mint that might have produced many more but for an excessive modesty. The mint, however, is closed, and the die is cast away. The *Dayton Ledger*, of January 14th, says: "Not many weeks ago the gifted authoress was among us, beautiful in the life of purity which she so well portrays in her verse:

'On her brow a crown of jewels glittering as the noonday sun.'

But she has passed away. Solemnly and sadly she was borne to the valley where sleeps sweetly the

mortal, while the immortal dwells in beauty and glory, and

'Waits to welcome and to gladden all who toil and win the prize.'"

In her note to the editor of the Repository, Mrs. Cady expressed great fear lest she might seem presumptuous in asking or permitting the publication of her contribution. She refers also to the eminently purifying influence which the Repository had exerted over her in early and in mature life. "From my earliest years," she says, "its pure teachings, its elevating precepts, have been ever before me, and have reminded me of that beautiful story by Nathaniel Hawthorne, the 'Old Man of the Mountain,' or the face in the rock into whose benign image, day by day, and year by year, the admiring boy was gradually molded till, when the silver of age was upon his locks, the people could no longer distinguish the one from the other, and they said, 'It is he, it is he, the Old Man of the Mountain.'"

DEATH OF DR. ELLIOTT.—We are called upon to note the death of another veteran preacher and earnest worker for God and the Church. On the 6th of January, at 7, P. M., the spirit of Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D., I. L. D., heard the voice of the Father and "went up higher." He was born May 16, 1792, at Glenconway, County Donegal, Ireland. He was converted in 1811, and was soon licensed to officiate as a local preacher. In July, 1816, he sailed from Ireland, with his widowed mother and her eight other children, for America. In August, 1818, he was received on trial into the Ohio Conference at its session in Steubenville, and was appointed to Zanesville circuit with Rev. T. A. Morris, now Bishop Morris, as senior preacher. In 1819 he was sent to Duck Creek circuit, with Rev. James Gilruth as his colleague. At the Conference held August 8, 1820, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Roberts, and appointed to Erie circuit, and the year following was sent to Mahoning circuit. From September 5, 1822, to September 11, 1823, he was missionary to the Wyandotte Indians. The next four years he labored as presiding elder on the Ohio district. For the four years from September, 1827, to September, 1831, he was Professor of Ancient Languages in Madison College, and during the first two years was also pastor of Uniontown station. In 1831-32 he was stationed in Pittsburg. During the Conference year of 1832-33 he was presiding elder of Pittsburg district, and also editor of the Pittsburg Conference Journal. During 1834-35 he was editor of the Pittsburg Conference Journal, and the following year he was still editor of it, and also pastor at Alleghanytown. At the General Conference of May, 1836, he was elected editor of the Western Christian Advocate, published at Cincinnati, which position by reëlection he continued to fill for twelve successive years till May, 1848. The year following he was stationed at Springfield, Ohio. The next year at Xenia, and the two succeeding years he was presiding elder of Dayton district. The General Conference of 1852 elected him to edit the Western Christian Advocate again for a term of four

years. From May, 1856, to March, 1857, he was professor in the Biblical Department of the Iowa Wesleyan University, and most of that time also pastor of the college charge. In June, 1858, he became President of the Iowa Wesleyan University. The General Conference of 1860, in his absence, elected him editor of the *Central Christian Advocate*, published at St. Louis, but by request of the trustees he also still continued to be President of the college. In June, 1861, he resigned the Presidency, but was reelected June, 1862. Terminating his editorship in May, 1864, he returned to the active duties of the Presidency. He continued in this position till in June, 1866, he submitted his final resignation. He was a member of the General Conference of 1824-28-32-36-40-44-48-52-64.

In addition to discharging the regular duties of the foregoing responsible positions, he wrote the following works, which were published in the order here given:

1. An Essay on The Subjects and Mode of Baptism. (1834.) 12mo.
2. An Essay on the Value of the Soul. (1835.) 12mo.
3. Indian Reminiscences, principally of the Wyandotte Nation. (1835.) 16mo.
4. Delineations of Roman Catholicism. (1841.) 2 Vols. Octavo. Republished in London.
5. Life of Bishop R. R. Roberts, of the Methodist Episcopal Church. (1844.) 12mo.
6. The Sinfulness of American Slavery. (1850.) 2 Vols. 12mo.
7. The Great Secession. (1852.) Quarto.
8. The Bible and Slavery. (1857.) 12mo.
9. South-Western Methodism. A History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Missouri, from 1844 to 1864. (1868.) 12mo.

After a long career of remarkable health he was stricken with paralysis February 1, 1866. He soon found it absolutely necessary to retire from active life. Of his retirement and last hours, his son-in-law, Rev. L. M. Vernon, thus writes:

"Blessed with a competence, and a pleasant home, in the bosom of his devoted family, and surrounded by hosts of friends of all ages, he passed life's evening hours not only without complaint or repining, but with abiding cheerfulness and buoyant hope. His heart never grew old nor morose, but ever kindled with the fervor and glow of eternal youth. The broad, deep, sweet current of his spiritual life flowed serenely on, ever reaching onward and upward to its goal in the same horizon with its divine origin. With no desire to die, yet in composed resignation, maintaining a daily readiness to go, he calmly watched and waited as for a chariot at his door. From the morning of January 3, 1869, when the painless hand of paralysis heavily pressed him again, he knew his hour was near, and girding his loins with the truth of the Lord he entered the dark valley with unfaltering steps, triumphantly treading his 'last enemy' with his peaceful feet. Lingered in immortal hope and the full assurance of faith till January 6th, at 7, P. M., the Father said, 'It is enough, come up higher,' and

we bowed us down in the dust of woe, for the saintly soul was passing away. The battle was fought, 'the weary wheels of life stood still,' and there the patriarch lay in radiant rest, sublime in repose as heroic in action. Death dismantled him tenderly."

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—Although the General Conference gave us the liberty of omitting one of our steel engravings, and expending its cost in illustrations in wood, our publishers have generously determined to continue our two steel engravings for each month, and give our wood illustrations in addition. Accordingly, we are sure our readers will find that we have not fallen off in the beauty and value of the steel illustrations that we have been furnishing thus far, nor will they during the year. The magnificent picture, "Moonrise and Sunset," in our January number, has been pronounced by the critics one of the finest we have ever used, and "Buds and Blossoms" has not only won the praises of the press, but has brought us many letters of thanks from our subscribers. "Winter's Charms" and the portrait of Newman Hall adorn our February number, and now we present a rare treat from the studio of George L. Brown, the oldest, and by many declared the best, of American landscape painters. A sketch of his life and works, from the pen of Mr. Redpath, is given in this number. "The Crown of New England" is one of his most celebrated productions, and has been reproduced in steel for us by Mr. Geo. G. Smith, under Mr. Brown's own supervision. It is a beautiful picture and delicately engraved. The snow-crowned Mount Washington is in the distant background, and, being the glory and crown of New England, gives the title of the picture. The artistic blending of light and shade, and the minuteness of detail, will bear studying in this picture. We are glad to learn that L. Prang & Co., of Boston, the celebrated American chromo-lithographers, are about issuing a large chromo of this beautiful picture, and we are sure it will make one of the finest of their issues. "A Mother's Influence" tells its own story, and will address itself to the eyes and hearts of mothers. In a short time we will issue another of Mr. Brown's pictures, "The Bay of New York," and we are having prepared some unique and striking steel engravings of Hindoo scenes, from the portfolio of Dr. Butler, late superintendent of our India Missions. In the mean time Dr. Butler is furnishing us some interesting articles on India, accompanied with superior illustrations in wood. While we intend to allow no falling off in the artistic excellence of our steel engravings, we mean to keep steadily advancing in our department of wood illustrations, till this feature of the Repository shall hold as high a place in magazine literature as do our engravings in steel.

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—Our contributors have noticed that we no longer make any reference in our Editor's Table to their articles, whether "accepted" or "declined." We give written notice, as promptly as we can, of the fate of contributed articles, and when declined will return them, if their authors will so order immediately, and send stamps for the purpose.

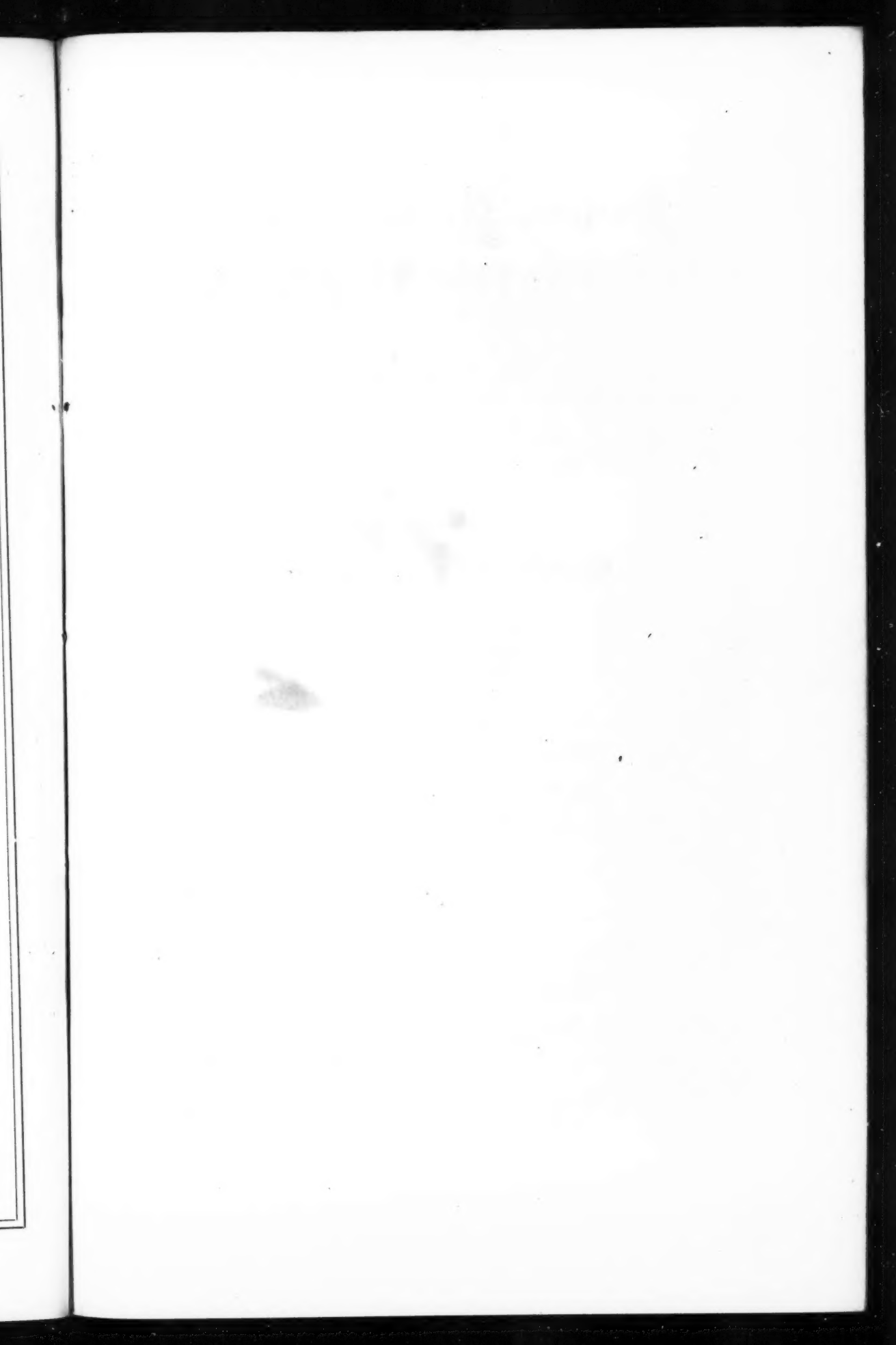




Fig. 1. The Peak

suggested for the known features of the mountain from the original sketches

